OCT 6 1924

POLITICS — A TWO-HANDED GAME
BY ELMER DAVIS

HARPERS MAGAZINE

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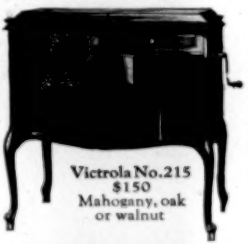

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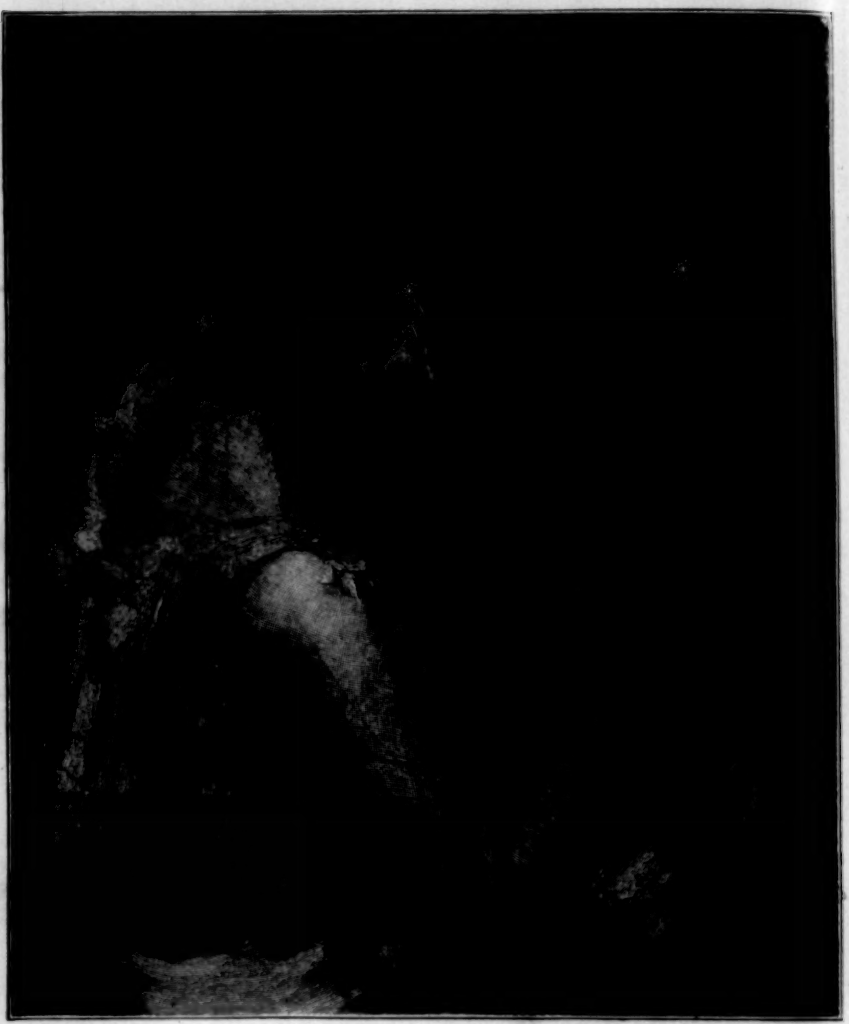

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Miranda

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUIS LOEB

A limited number of the unpublished wood engravings of Henry Wolf, an acknowledged master of what is now almost a lost art, have come into the possession of Harper's Magazine. The one presented here is a perfect example of the charm and delicacy that characterize the engraver's work.

Harper's Magazine

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POLITICS—A TWO-HANDED GAME

Reflections on Campaigns, Ancient and Modern

BY ELMER DAVIS

You have got to take it out of politics or you can't win.—*From the remarks of the Honorable Key Pittman, United States Senator from Nevada, before the Democratic National Convention.*

THE old-style partisan used to say, and seems even to have believed, that he was a partisan because parties meant principles, not men. But that argument is not heard this year from any of the three parties competing for the favor of the voters. Mr. William Z. Foster's home-brewed Bolshevik party is running on a set of very definite and controversial principles, and the wise men expect it to get about fifty thousand votes out of a possible fifty million. But the orators of the other three parties are saying much about candidates and little about principles for the excellent reason that each of the three has a candidate for whom much may be said, while none of them has any principles at all. To this extent at least American politics is getting back to its best tradition.

Of course there are earnest citizens who complain loudly because there is no difference of principles between the parties. The only visible difference of any sort is that the Republican party seems to contain a slightly higher percentage of crooks, and the Democratic party of fools. How about the third party? Well, the third party—in its platform, at least—has done its best to avoid controversial questions and to prove that it is just like any other party. Its stock in trade is an able and popular candidate and a sectional and occupational discontent; and its managers, with excellent judgment, are trying to leave it at that. This has annoyed serious-minded publicists who feel that there is no particular gain in substituting for Tweedledum and Tweedledee the indistinguishable trinity of Tweedledum, Tweedledee, and Tweedleda, but it shows good sense on the part of the third party's leaders. If nothing else, this year's three national conventions proved that.

For in all the duration of American history only one third party has endured, and it endured by swallowing one of its antagonists and becoming the first party.

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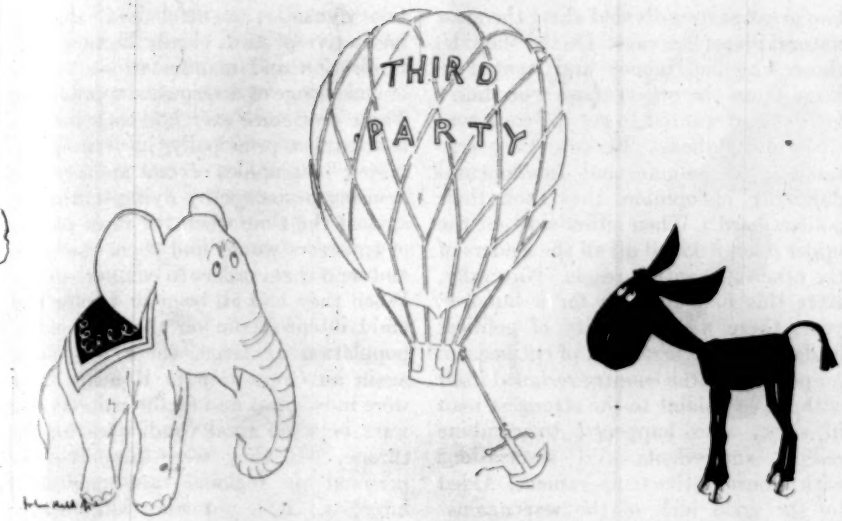
Third parties are born of an issue and fed on discontent. Commonly they die when hard times are over and discontent disappears. The issue goes on and is fought out, but not on partisan lines. For the object of a party is not the triumph of an issue but the acquisition and retention of jobs, honors, and emoluments by the people who run the party. A party based on an issue is ruined whether it wins or loses. If its issue is finally rejected, the men whose political fortunes are tied up with that issue are finally rejected too. If its issue triumphs, there is no further reason for the party. Senator La Follette sees this, and having plenty of discontent to work with, is trying to escape entanglement with an issue.

The one exception among American third-party movements is of course the enduring success of the Republicans. But that was due to the double accident of war and victory. The Republican party was founded to fight for the issue of limiting the expansion of slavery. There is grave doubt if any political organization was needed for that purpose; if slavery had been introduced in the West it would probably have died a natural death of its own unprofitableness, as it did in the Northeastern states. But in any case, if the Republican party had succeeded in definitely and finally confining slavery to the fifteen slave states of 1860—still more, if it had abolished slavery—it would have had no more justification for existence. Its enemies saved it by starting a war after its first electoral triumph. After the war the Republicans were virtually without opposition for a decade, thus gaining time to reorganize as a party which represented nothing in particular but one of the most fundamental of human instincts—the desire to live off the public trough. By the time political conditions returned to normal in the middle seventies, the Democratic party also represented nothing but the desire to live off the public trough. Once or twice—in 1896 and in 1920—the Democrats made the fatal mistake of tying themselves up with a real issue, and the consequences have taught them not to do it again. In this pleasing rivalry the parties have lived and thriven ever since, while non-partisan or bi-partisan action takes care of the issues.

For the two-party system has proved itself the best means of getting things done—not, necessarily, of getting done the things about which people get excited, but of carrying on the business of government without too much waste or corruption. On the continent of Europe a group system of small parties, each of which, as a rule, represents a specific issue or a specific interest, has paralyzed democratic government and driven the nations either to dictatorships or, as in France, to what amounts to a two-party system. The French Right, to be sure, is a coalition, and so is the French Left. But the Republican party was a coalition until La Follette broke away, and is likely before long to be a coalition again. For the last half century the Democratic party has been a coalition between a Southern agrarian interest and a Northeastern industrial working-class interest, elements fortunately so discordant that the party has been spared the impossible task of trying to stand united for anything in particular until a few idealists came to the New York convention and imperiled a brilliant prospect of material success by trying to tie up the party with moral issues.

Andrew Jackson showed a sure perception of the practical realities of Democratic government when he went to the White House on the slogan of "Turn the rascals out." Democracy, inefficient enough under any system, is least inefficient when it operates through two indistinguishable and arbitrary divisions of the politically interested citizen body. One set of rascals, becoming insufferable, can be turned out and replaced by the other set of rascals whose own self-interest will keep them for some years from being quite as bad as their predecessors. When they forget and in



HOW ABOUT THE THIRD PARTY?

their turn become insufferable, they can be replaced by the first set of rascals, now chastened by enforced retirement and willing to behave with reasonable virtue for a term or two. That is what has happened in this country during the past sixty years. But the whole process would have been upset if either party had stood for an issue.

The La Follette people, seeing this and being animated by the same powerful motive of self-interest which inspires all politicians, realize that their best chance is to absorb and replace either Democrats or Republicans as the Republicans once absorbed and replaced the Whigs. Substitute Tweedleda for either Tweedledum or Tweedledee. Three parties are confusing enough to the voter, but the confusion would be ruinous if any of the three represented a result of definite opinions. The two-party system corresponds to the basic instincts of human nature—but it must be two parties neither of which stands for anything in particular, parties that mean men, not principles. If an example is needed, take it from that inexhaustible storehouse of moral illustration—the history of Rome.

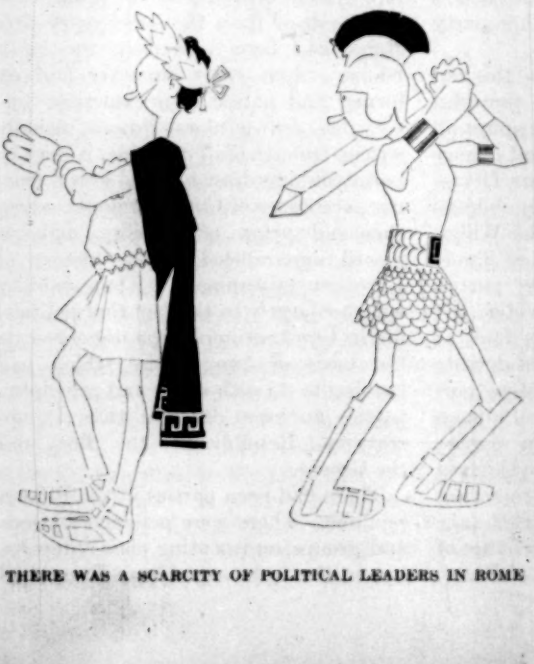
Everybody knows that Rome fell. That is not exactly true, but since everybody knows it, it may be taken for granted. What few people remember is that New Rome—Constantinople, and the eastern half of the old Roman Empire which centered about Constantinople—stood for a thousand years after Rome had been retired to the guide books. Since every preacher and reformer and politician in American history has drawn moral lessons, usually wrong, from the fall of Rome, it may be permissible to draw a moral lesson from the persistence of Constantinople, whose thousand years of stability make a record unparalleled in the history of European government. That stability was due largely to the fact that political life in Constantinople was organized on the basis of two parties which had nothing to do with issues and principles, parties no more different than Democrats and Republicans—the Blues and the Greens.

There had been parties in the Roman republic. There were personal factions and groups representing class interests, but in the main, republican Rome had

two great parties divided along the most natural line of cleavage. On the one side, those who had money and wanted to keep it; on the other, those who didn't have it and wanted to get it—conservatives and radicals. Because they represented a genuine and fundamental difference of opinion, they took their politics hard. When either side got the upper hand it killed off all the leaders of the other side within reach. Naturally, after this had gone on for a hundred years there was a scarcity of political leaders and a general lack of enthusiasm for politics; so the country resigned itself without complaint to the strongest man in sight, who happened to combine radical antecedents and associations with a conservative temperament. Aided by the good luck of the war against Cleopatra which stirred up national patriotism, Augustus managed to assemble most of the politically minded men of Rome in a conservative-radical coalition whose sole issue was the preservation of peace and prosperity, and this was the only party of the Roman Empire.

There was, to be sure, under the first two dynasties a fitful and absurdly ineffective protest, chiefly literary in its inspiration and manifestations, from a lunatic fringe of disgruntled republicans. These gentlemen exercised their political inclinations principally in writing admiring biographies of one another, and devising praiseworthy dying sentiments against the time when the most patient of emperors would find them too much and send them orders to commit suicide. When they had all been so disposed of, amid intense calm on the part of the population at large, there was never again an Opposition in Rome. There were murderous and finally ruinous civil wars between rival candidates for the throne, but they were supported by personal or regional—not partisan—interests. It is not true that imperial Rome had no parties because it had no political life. It had no political life because, among other reasons, it had no parties.

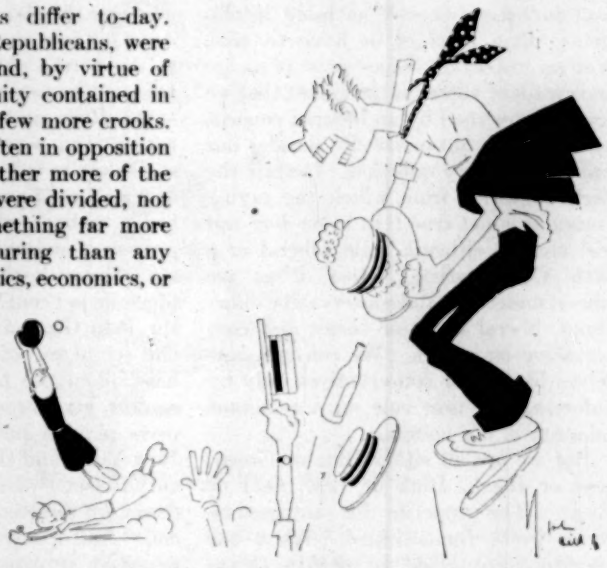
Rome could do without politics, but Constantinople, whose people were more excitable and less practical, could not. But by good luck (for there seems to have been no deliberate intent about it) political feeling in Constantinople came to center about the factions at the race track—just as if party conflicts in New York and Chicago, instead of being between Democrats and Republicans, were between Giants and Yankees, or Cubs and White Sox.



THERE WAS A SCARCITY OF POLITICAL LEADERS IN ROME

Nobody had to be either Blue or Green, any more than any of us have to enroll in a political party; but unless you were either a Blue or a Green you missed most of the excitement in Constantinople. In both parties there were rich men and poor men, conservatives and radicals, extremists and middle-of-the-roaders, crusading fanatics and Laodiceans. They differed roughly as Demo-

crats and Republicans differ to-day. The Greens, like the Republicans, were more often in favor and, by virtue of their greater opportunity contained in their party, perhaps, a few more crooks. The Blues were more often in opposition and hence attracted rather more of the lunatic fringe. They were divided, not by issues, but by something far more fundamental and enduring than any specific doctrine of politics, economics, or religion—by the essential human need of having a traditional enemy who can be hated and howled at, who gives an opportunity to blow off steam. That was what the race-track parties did for Constantinople—they gave its people an opportunity to blow off, usually without injury, the steam which in Rome was repressed and contained until it eventually cooled and condensed into utter apathy to the destruction of the empire.



WE CHEER WILDLY FOR A SET OF OUT-OF-TOWN EXPERTS

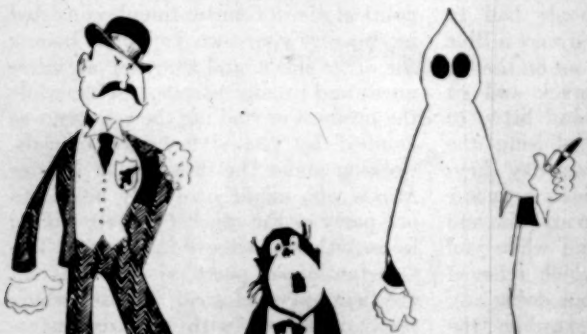
Nobody in Constantinople had to belong to a party, but if you were a Blue or a Green you could turn out on the big racing days, go to the track and sit among your own crowd, and listen to your official spokesman abusing the other party like a present-day keynoter. When the other side's keynoter had his turn, you could boo and hiss and heckle; and once in a long while you could engage in a riot which relieved everybody's feelings without doing any permanent damage. Meanwhile the experts in the palace carried on the government and the average man never had to worry about it. What good does it do him—or has ever done him—to worry about it? He can decide whether he prefers Coolidge or Davis or La Follette, but he can exercise no control over the successful candidate except by voting against him when he runs for re-election. At long intervals, this power of repudiation is effective and salutary. Just as in Constantinople, every half-century or so one or the other of the factions put over a change of ministers or even of the dynasty; but in the main political life in Constantinople consisted in cheering your own keynoter, booing the other side's, and throwing an infrequent and usually harmless brick; while the business of running the country was handled by the civil-service officials, working under the direction of Master Minds who might nominally belong to one party or the other, but were willing to use either to achieve their ends. The Constantinople party system was an excellent psychological release which rarely interfered with the administration. That is one reason why the Byzantine Empire lasted a thousand years.

For while the purpose of a party, from the viewpoint of leaders and active workers, is the acquisition and retention of public office by its leaders, for the rank and file its value is psychological. Being an independent voter requires more time

and industry, as well as more intelligence, than most of us have to give. Yet on important issues most of us are independent voters to the extent that we are not governed by an ordered concept of life which automatically decides our opinion on every question. Despite the high authority from which the saying comes, it is not true that every boy and girl alive is either a little Liberal or a little Conservative. Most of us are liberal sometimes and conservative sometimes, liberal on some issues and conservative on others. We can call ourselves liberals or conservatives only by enforcing the unit rule on a reluctant minority of our opinions.

But we are all either Blue or Green, Red or Black, High or Low, Odd or Even. The appetite for antagonism seems to be fundamental. When our ancestors assembled to perfect themselves in the art of oral spelling, they chose sides and roused the spirit of emulation so that they could work themselves up to the point of spelling not only more enthusiastically but more accurately. When the Chamber of Commerce or the Baraca Bible Class starts a drive for new members, the first thing is to divide the old members who are to bring in the new members into two sides—the Reds and Blues. We all work better, and work harder, if we have somebody to work against.

We all need an adversary who can be hated without going through a painful process of reasoning which may end in the conclusion that after all he is only fifty-one per cent hateworthy. We go to the Polo Grounds and cheer wildly for one set of out-of-town experts playing baseball in the name of New York as against another set of out-of-town experts playing baseball in the name of New York, and thereby get rid of much enthusiasm which might do infinite damage if directed toward some concrete end. And if any man can give a more reasoned explanation of his being a Democrat or Republican than of his being a Giant rooter or a Yankee rooter, he has never done so. He may say that he is a Republican because the Republicans are the party of intelligence and morality—the party so intelligent that it spent two billions on the Veterans' Bureau without relieving the veterans, so moral that it seems to see nothing wrong or even surprising in the sale of Teapot Dome. He may say that he is a Democrat because he believes in popular liberties—this although Democratic states gave the most eager support to nation-wide prohibition and inclined most strongly to the passing of laws forbidding the teaching of evolution. As a matter of fact he is a Democrat or a Republican because his father belonged, or his friends belong, to that party;



PROHIBITION, EVOLUTION, AND THE KLAN ARE NOT MENTIONED IN THE PLATFORMS

"APPLAUSE, MINGLED WITH BOOS AND HISSES"

because he found some specific social or business advantage in belonging to it, as in the case of Northern Republicans who become Democrats when they move to the South; or because he has an abstract admiration for Jefferson or Lincoln, or had a passionate personal devotion to the personality or ideals of Wilson or Roosevelt. Wilson and Roosevelt have as little to do with the Democratic and Republican parties of 1924 as have Jefferson and Lincoln; search the statements of party principle and the record of party practice, and you will find little trace of the influence of any of the four, though plenty of lip-service to these magnificent advertising assets. These and other illogical trivialities determine our choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, as it determined the Constantinopolitan's choice between Blues and Greens. But we, like him, have to be something or miss the excitement and relief that come from a periodical explosion of partisanship.

And naturally if there were any real difference between the parties, partisanship would be harder for the individual. He would have to think. He would have to line up with those who agree with him on what he regards as the cardinal question, and often he would find himself in pretty queer company. He would have to think not only once but every time an issue of consequence came up, and that is more thought than most of us care to give to public affairs. In the shifting realignment of parties which this would probably entail, a man would find himself in strange company and away from home, shouting abuse at his old friends, and what is worse, saying kind things about his old enemies.

For the party the effect would, of course, be still more disastrous. You can't be for anything without being against something else. You can't win votes by taking up one side of a controversial issue without losing the votes of those who prefer the other side. In 1920 the issues about which people talked and grew angry and abusive and intolerant were prohibition, bobbed hair, and the one-piece bathing suit. They were not partisan issues, however. Bobbed hair and the one-piece bathing suit have since been settled. Prohibition, so far as human ingenuity can provide, will never be settled. The issues about which people get angry this year are prohibition, evolution, and the Klan. They are not mentioned in the platforms.

And herein, of course, the Democrats

committed one of their characteristic blunders, which had at least the useful result of making the essence of the two-party system a little clearer than before to a great many innocent voters. The question "What is a party for?" will never be asked again by any man who saw the great men of the Democratic party fluttering and sputtering like wet hens in fear that idealistic enthusiasts were going to commit the party to a definite position on a disputed question. These gentlemen were quite sincere, honestly intent on serving their party and their country. But they were professional politicians, and the major premise of every professional politician's reasoning is that the welfare of party and country depends on his being in office. Turn the rascals out and get the jobs—that is the first commandment.

Bryan's violent objection to the naming of the Klan had more behind it than Bryan's temperamental obscurantism. It was backed by Bryan's own experience. In his youth he tied the party up with certain controversial issues, and the results were disastrous both to him and to the party. In his old age he knows better. Still more illuminating was Senator Pittman's speech, a quotation from which appears at the head of this article, against too downright support of the League of Nations. Newton D. Baker had preceded him with an impassioned appeal for standing by the League, let the chips fall where they may. But Key Pittman is one of the chips and he doesn't want to fall. Like Baker, he was stirred by a great emotion—the deadly fear that prospective victory might be turned to defeat by committing the party to something definite. Certainly he was for the League, but "you have got to take it out of politics or you can't win." If the Democrats are for it the Republicans will be against it, and Heaven knows what may happen; but if the Democrats say nothing about it they may win, by virtue of public disgust with the party in office, and then put the League over. Get the jobs and let the issues wait; seek ye first the spoils of office and all things else will be added unto you.

Key Pittman, betrayed into candor by deep feeling, is the first man in American political history who has frankly admitted that before fourteen thousand people, but it is and has been the guiding principle of political practice. For proof of that one need only consider the characteristically prudent behavior of the Republican party, which after all is the typical party, the norm to which all others approximate. The Republican convention never risked arousing dissension by going into controversial matters. Nobody can vote against the Republicans because of their stand on prohibition or evolution or the Klan, or anything else. The party which was both for and against the League in the campaign of 1920 and in which, after victory in that election, there worked together in perfect harmony a pro-League Secretary of State, an anti-League Senate leader, and a President who was for or against the League as occasion required—is as the legendary grandmother who doesn't need to be taught to suck eggs. Hughes and Hoover, for example, rightly realized that they could do more for the League—or at least no less—in office than out of office, no matter what the terms on which they got office. If the Republicans stay in office they can deal with the Klan and prohibition according to their opinions, but if they are turned out it makes no difference whether they have any opinions about the Klan and prohibition at all.

Is this the cynical self-interest of politicians who are mere parasites on the electorate? Well, if it is, the average man seems to like it. The success of the Republican party is the best recommendation for the principle of being all things to all men. The Democrats this year came very near taking a definite stand on two or three important issues, and in consequence gravely damaged

their chances of beating the Republicans, who took no stand on anything at all. John W. Davis, before his nomination, was generally known as a conservative. When he came before the convention after his nomination he seized the chance to say that he was a liberal; and most of the assembled Democrats seemed to feel that this was only good sense. He had discovered the Republican secret of avoiding issues. So has La Follette, who has been a Republican long enough to know what has made the party successful; if his new party stands for anything very definite or takes sides on a controversial question, it will be his misfortune and not his fault.

And, as observed, the voters seem to like it—at least they vote for men who say nothing and against men who say something. To do otherwise would mean the devoting of thought and effort to politics, and few voters are ready to do that. "Applause, mingled with boos and hisses" was the most frequently recurrent line in the stenographic reports of the Democratic convention, and with reason. Applause, mingled with boos and hisses, is about all that the average voter is able or willing to contribute to public life.

REQUIESCAT

BY WEIR VERNON

OH, do not say high things of her—
Say that she loved the sun,
But danced, light-foot, into the dark
When day was done.

Say that, the leader of the rout
When revelry was wild,
She dreamed the unguessed loveliness,
Shining and undefiled.

Say, careless and too proud for prayer,
Alien on Calvary,
No saint had bleeding feet like hers,
Pursuing ecstasy.

And now, worn out with carnival—
Glad, wine-stained thing of clay—
Say that she finds dark slumber sweet
After loud day

WOMEN COME TO JUDGMENT

A Story

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

(This story was awarded Third Prize by the judges, Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale, and Bliss Perry, in the first competition of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE *Short Story Contest.*—Editor's Note.)

THE four women entered together from the jury room, conscious that they created a stir among the spectators already gathered there. Women taking some of the places always previously allotted to twelve men good and true were still a novelty, and in such a case as this their appearance had heightened interest. Mrs. David Brown led as one used to public appearances and with the look on her face that had called many a club meeting to order. After her, yet with no air of following, appeared Mrs. James Farwell in her smooth street costume of tan covert cloth and with the calm surety of glance which matches unassailable social position. The other two women were of different bearing. Alpha Long, the music teacher, wore a black crepe dress and a black hat that were indefinably bizarre, and took her place without a glance at the courtroom, the disdainful melancholy of her face seeming to leave the whole present business outside her thought. The last woman to come in was nervous. A quivering, conscious half-smile came and went on her face and she stepped along self-consciously. Under her drooping feather hat, soft loose brown hair and pale blue eyes made a picture of an outdated ingénue.

They all sat together in the box and beside them the gentlemen of the jury—recruited from here and there into a strange body without homogeneity except this transient relation to the case—settled themselves, observing the lawyers, reporters, and court officers, and affecting indifference to the people crowding the spectators' benches of the courtroom to hear the beginning of the sensational Holden trial.

It was not, as Mrs. Farwell knew, going to be a pleasant case. She had known it when she was called to jury duty and her husband had immediately suggested pulling a wire or two to remove her. At first it had not entered her mind to serve. The beginning of the summer season with its constant week-endings, the absolute necessity of getting up her golf before the State Tournament, all made it awkward. Besides, she considered that she was not one of the kind of women who served on juries. She had never heard of anyone whom she knew doing it yet. A few had been called but ill-health or some excellent excuse had always released them promptly. Moreover, the case was ugly. Henry Holden had been well known as a rake. That was no news to Nell Farwell, though she had hardly seen Holden for years. But she had no prurient curiosities about the sort of business involved here. She disliked sexy trials and heady scandals, and always skipped them in the newspapers. Like her face, her mind was finely cut and delicate. It wore no mental negligees. All that being true, she was amazed at herself, fingering the printed summons to jury duty, to hear herself say: "They talk, Jim, about a jury of peers. That's what they ought to have. I think I will serve."

Jim had laughed and said, "Oh, well, you'll be challenged anyway. You knew Holden and they'll never let that get by."

"I didn't know him especially well," answered his wife, "and I haven't seen him in years."

And here, despite Jim's prophecies, she was; duly sworn in, one of those who was selected to judge whether Henry Holden was to be punished for depravity or not. The prosecuting attorney she knew but slightly as a clever lawyer whom one saw now and then at big affairs. The other attorney, he of the defense, she knew rather better. Neither had challenged her. The prosecuting attorney had looked her over carefully, probingly, and let her stay. Alpha Long was not challenged. Mrs. Brown, well known for her civic abilities, had been sharply questioned by the defense but had passed at last, probably because they had exhausted their challenges. The other woman seemed to have slid in. There seemed to be no reason, unless one took exception to the weak look of her, the slipshod prettiness, why she should not serve.

Things moved slowly. The preliminaries of the trial—pompous, elaborate, ceremonious — amused Mrs. Farwell. Rigmarole. She began to wish they would get at the business in hand. She

ETHEL GREW RESTLESS AS SHE SAT BESIDE THE POLICEWOMAN

watched Henry Holden, looking so extraordinarily unlike a criminal, talking to his lawyers. He appeared very lawyerlike himself—smooth, partly gray hair, well-made expensive clothes. She thought of his daughter. What a shame it was! How the city—that little upper fragment of it in which Nell Farwell moved—had buzzed with talk of all this. It must be hard on the girl. Mrs. Farwell could not remember ever having seen her. Her own sons were of a different age and she had become bewildered among the recent crops of debutantes. Not that Holden's daughter had made a debut. With a mother dead and a father who was addicted to his clubs and his pleasures, she couldn't have had much of a chance. And Holden never did have much money—at least not for long.

The eyes of the courtroom drew together on the Wallace girl, who came in martialed by the woman police-officer, who had made all the trouble. The policewoman in dark blue suit and hat was a thick blue outline—the girl beside her so ordinary a type as hardly could rouse interest. A Saturday-night girl, a meet-you-on-the-corner girl, with a face that had been pulled at and fussed at before a little strip of mirror somewhere until one hardly knew how it had begun or what the outline its creator intended must have been. A shock of bobbed hair, frizzed by over-hot irons at the bottom until it stood out roughly, a row of pimples on one cheek, thick lips undoubtedly closed over imperfect teeth, eyes darkened and with eyebrows that had been thinned to a wavering line. And yet, like so many of those waifs of fashion, those tag ends of maidenhood, she sported a grace of a sort, an allure of a kind in her underfed little body that was so thin. The policewoman had no doubt dictated her clothes to some extent. She wore a simple enough sleeveless sweater and a black felt hat. But no social worker had ever adjusted the hat to that angle over her eye. That was experience.

She took the place allotted her, swung her head a little defiantly as she caught sight of Holden, who ignored her utterly. The court resumed order. Formality proceeded. The jurors sought for attitudes of comfort which would not belie their dignities. Mrs. Hetherington, the elaborately named blond woman, fidgeted. Her hands strayed to her mouth, her hair, her ears—she adopted brief poses as if in constant search of one that would suit her permanently. And she wearied Mrs. Farwell, who was perforce sitting next to her. Alpha Long sloped into relaxation on the other side, with her chronic condemning glance of irony. Alpha, thought Mrs. Farwell, put that look on ten years ago when chances of matrimony waned and certainties of music lessons waxed. It's a mask, a refuge. She must say that to some one about Alpha. It was good enough.

They adjourned for lunch to a hotel across from the courthouse, a place which Mrs. Farwell had hardly known to exist, a family hotel, where she sawed patiently at mutton chops and drank rather rank tea and tried to eat a stringy romaine salad without success. But deep in her something was enjoying the whole business. This was different living from her common kind. It gave her release from the multiplicity of engagements which held her, all so much alike and so perfectly anticipated in advance. She had no time for exploration among people or among things in the course of her activities.

"How did you get roped in, Alpha? Couldn't you find any excuse?"

"I'm not the startling figure in this case," Alpha gave back in her ironic drawl. "It's you. You quite eclipse the prisoner."

"We are so glad to have such a representative group of women on the jury," said Mrs. Brown, speedily. "At a time like this when women are forced to be in the public eye, so much depends on what women represent us. You know what I mean, I'm sure."

That was what it was like, the first talk between the women during their brief recesses, talk which only served to point out the gulfs which separated them, the incongruity of their thoughts and their very presences. Each of them lived by a separate code, if indeed Mrs. Dale Hetherington, with her droops and affectations and her sheep's eyes at the men in the courtroom, could be imagined to have any code at all.

Mrs. Farwell forgot her companion jurors when the trial was in progress. The thing itself with its strange arranged drama, with its battle of realities masked even here by appearances, absorbed her. The girl, Ethel Wallace, became a weapon in the hand of the policewoman. One caught the woman's point of view in her brief, controlled statements. She was fighting against corruption not for Ethel Wallace especially, but for a host of young girls. Nor were young girls merely young girls to her—soft, gay, light-thinking bits of underdevelopment. They were factors in society, just as men like Holden were a menace to society. The police officer gave a curious impression of being repelled by Ethel Wallace as she sat beside her. Ethel grew restless. She shifted and turned and tried to look abused and pathetic, and concentrated her gaze most easily on a young reporter who sat not too far distant.

They put her on the stand and she wept noisily but pathetically, answering questions with some bungling. She was an unfortunate girl—yes, not quite sixteen. She was strangely bereft of shame at her position. Perhaps it had not ever grown in her—any kind of shame—was stunted by her life. The jurors had already heard about her home. Four girls had come out of it and two of them were in the State Reformatory now. The counsel for the defense brought that out roundly. Ethel Wallace herself was a poor witness and the prosecution knew it. There was about her a look of the streets, a look of sophistication that militated against her case. But there was one thing she must bring out and she did that unhesitatingly. She was sure of the day that Holden had asked her to his office. It was Memorial Day, in the afternoon. So easy to visualize, as she told it. One might not trust the girl in other ways, but there was a very commonness about the tale that verified it. One saw the parade of the veterans and school children, the crowds on the street, the abandonment of industry in the cause of high remembrance; and, floating about, those to whom the day meant nothing, to whom the old blue-coated soldiers, so proud of their places of honor in the parade, were no symbol. Memorial Day was to Ethel Wallace only a day when you didn't have to work. She had escaped the department-store basement, where she usually wrapped packages all day long, and had tumbled from her wretched, clamorous home into the street, her black felt hat jauntily on one side, her gum in her cheek, and her roving eyes searching the crowd for amusement that she wouldn't have to pay for. For she couldn't pay for her own amusement. She hadn't any money.

Not only street loafers but men like Holden sometimes established the link between a good time and a drifting idle girl who wouldn't go home. Holden had seen the girl outside a soda shop in the afternoon. Then he had enticed her into his office—so ran the charge. It was all very specific. The policewoman, so often baffled in her fights with evils of society by being unable to be specific, must have been very grateful for that.

This was the sort of thing that Mrs. James Farwell passed by in her reading when she scanned her newspapers, and indeed, like many women, she prided herself in passing it by mentally as well as visually. One had to keep one's mind off that sort of wretchedness, that sort of perversion. There could be decency in scandal as well as anything else, and if one must have scandal one had to keep to decent scandals, especially those which involved one's own crowd or higher crowds. Yet here were Mrs. Farwell

and Mrs. Brown, that pattern of civic virtue, sitting in judgment on the kind of case from which they turned their minds.

Nell Farwell felt somewhat soiled and disgusted by the whole debasing business. Jim had been right. She was a fool to come down here and let herself in for this sort of nauseating discussion. She found herself stirring like the fidgety woman beside her as the defendant's lawyer probed and prodded the girl, trying to shake her testimony in the two things that mattered: the question of the day of the occurrence and whether she had been a moral girl before Memorial Day. The latter was for effect on the jurors. It did not affect the statute. But Ethel Wallace was pertly sure of herself. She didn't mind the whole business as much as the jurors. And she insisted that she was under sixteen. There was a to-do about that also. But it was proved that Ethel had been born decently in a hospital and the hospital showed her incontestably under sixteen years. The probation officer had made sure of that too. On her stern face, worn like rough stone with the washings of sin against it, was some slight triumph. Mrs. Farwell was distinctly sorry for her. To spend a life hearing so much viciousness, so much dreary sin! This was sin unlit by any of the rosier glow that circumstance and clothing can sometimes give it.

She was grateful for the mid-afternoon recess. The jurors sat in the "ladies' parlor" in high-backed rockers bought by the county commissioners with some thought of giving the women jurors ease. They were fusing now, the four women, fusing in thought of the case. Only the case mattered to each of them.

"A bold girl," said Mrs. Hetherington, and simpered a little, "not a nice girl at all, I'm sure. One has only to look at her to know she is not nice."

"But you have to look also at the things that she has been looking at for years," said Alpha, and put her pointed chin thoughtfully in the cup of her hand. Alpha was losing her expression of scorn. In its place was a drearier look but a truer one.

"Mr. Holden doesn't look that sort of a man," ventured Mrs. Hetherington further.

Nell Farwell's glance raked her.

"You mean because he wears clothes made by Millet?"

"They say that his daughter is going to appear," broke in Mrs. Brown, hastily. "I have never seen her, have you?"

"But why?"

"Some point in the evidence."

"It's a rotten place to have a young girl."

"There's one young girl in there now," said Alpha; "I really don't see why one should spare the other, if she has anything to contribute."

It was clear that afternoon that things were going not too well for Holden. And yet the probability was that he would be cleared. Actually the thing was too serious: the charge too serious and the girl too light. How can one send to prison for several years a man who looks like Holden, when a fly-by-night girl accuses him of something which was only too likely to happen to her anywhere, anyhow? Back of Holden, like a protecting power, stood years of conformance to social amenities, years of business connection, acquaintance even with the judge who presided. The thing was unreasonable as it stood—to send him to prison, to knock a great hole in the wall of social structure, to admit that such crimes existed. The group of men around Holden was so suave, so bland and grave. Perfect lawyers. Yet opposite them, grimly, sat the woman police officer, fighting, and in her hand the weapon of law upraised and sustained by evidence. She was sternly quiet, her reddened hands upon her lap—all the blood in her body running into them it seemed, for her face was drained of color. Now and then the prosecuting attorney spoke to her. He and she ignored Ethel Wallace. And Ethel Wal-

SYLVIA ON THE WITNESS STAND LOOKED INNOCENTLY CHARMING

lace tilted her hat and surreptitiously rubbed at her cheeks with a sodden pad of felt. The day was over. Court adjourned and Mrs. Farwell telephoned for Hector to bring the car. She took Alpha with her and left her at the studio apartment where Alpha lived. They rode silently.

"How long will it last, do you suppose?" asked Alpha.

"Surely—in another day they should have finished."

That showed their ignorance of court procedure and legal spinning. Wednesday came and went—Thursday. By Thursday night it was hard for Mrs. Farwell to remember definitely what had happened on each day. It seemed to her that she had been sitting for weeks on end watching Ethel Wallace and learning about a mire and swamp of immorality surrounded by a barbed-wire fence of law over which one might climb if one were careful, under which one might slip if skillful; men making grave play of their own indignities. And for years and years—forever, she thought—in civilized countries judgments on these matters which involve the lives and spirits of women have been exclusively in the hands of men. Is it so that Ethel Wallaces have been made?

It came to her that this policewoman, whom she would have passed on the street a thousand times without notice, was waging a battle for women and that women should be actually on her side—that they were very lazy. Lazy and reluctant as she was now, with her mind diving off to hope that the case would

be over to-day so that by to-morrow she would have time to have a decent "facial" before the Wards' dinner. She simply could not go to that dinner if this thing strung along. She didn't have the courage with this obsessing her.

Holden's daughter had not appeared. The case was now a maze of details circling around the questions of the Wallace girl's morals: objections, overrulings, irrelevant witnesses. Mrs. Hetherington and Mrs. Brown seemed to enjoy it more than Alpha Long and Nell Farwell. Mrs. Hetherington, protesting in recesses that she was a "home body" and that things of this "nature" disturbed her so much, had become an object of complete scorn to the other women. Besides, she ogled the men jurors, she reset her hat and her hair whenever anyone looked at her, and she took pains to make people look at her. There was a fat man, a well-known butcher, on the jury, and he was persistently chivalrous to Mrs. Hetherington. The others could hear her limpid little giggle rise to the surface as she talked with him. Mrs. Brown was enjoying the experience as an extension of her social conscience, said Alpha *sotto voce* to Mrs. Farwell. It would make a departure for many a speech—a fine talking point. The hours dragged on, and always there remained the question—would the Holden girl appear or not? Of course she must. Holden claimed that on the afternoon of Memorial Day he had been with his daughter, Sylvia.

Friday was hot. Even Nell Farwell's excellent breakfast did not start the day off properly at all. She looked out at the cool flowering shrubs blossoming around the great windows of her breakfast room and was utterly reluctant to leave such a place for the courtroom with its stifling, salacious atmosphere. Jim kept teasing her about the whole concern and her friends took it so lightly as to try to gossip with her about it. She shut them off shortly. That sort of thing was impossible.

She entered the courtroom with a slightly heightened air of *hauteur*, and a young reporter who was there early (because he had been tipped off that Sylvia Holden would take the stand and he wanted the sensation for an afternoon edition) drew a sketch of Mrs. Farwell as she sat there—then, emboldened by his success in getting that stiff look of reserve, he drew Mrs. Hetherington with a few curves and Mrs. Brown with a few angles and Alpha with a soft black lead smear, and passed it over to the court clerk who found it highly amusing.

Then Sylvia Holden came in and everything else in the courtroom was forgotten. She paused for a minute in the doorway where she stood with her father's lawyer, and a look of utter horror was in her eyes, a look so unmistakable that everyone read it correctly and pityingly. After that one became conscious of her face and of her beauty. Sylvia was the one name that could have suited her perfectly. She wore a dark-blue linen dress made by a "home dressmaker" who knew nothing of style and Sylvia Holden gave it all the style it had. It belonged to her with its artless, square-cut neck, its elbow sleeves and straight lines. Her hat was broad and black and shaded a face beautifully oval and stained with summer tan. That was all there was to say about her when one tried, as all the reporters did, to analyze her appearance. But there was so much more that it left everyone, even Mrs. Hetherington, concentrated on her. She looked so good, so unspoiled, so innocently charming that the mere thought of her connection with a case like this made everyone aghast at the contrast. It was as if some one had begun to recite a lyric in the middle of an obscene song and drowned out the song with sheer beauty of music.

"I didn't know that they still made girls like that," said Mrs. Farwell to Alpha, and Alpha answered bitterly:

"She's the product of abnormality, remember. The regular type isn't like that."

Ethel Wallace regarded the Holden

girl furtively yet defiantly, but Sylvia Holden returned none of the curious, prying glances that came her way. She sat like an embodiment of all the trite lovely things that can be said about girlhood and she had exactly the effect on the courtroom that the lawyers had intended. She demanded protection, cried out for it unconsciously, as Ethel Wallace didn't. Ethel Wallace, one would think, could look out for herself. This other girl needed shielding. And everyone thought that it was rotten of Holden to let his daughter be dragged into the case.

She took the stand a little before noon. It was hideous for her. One could see that, though the dark tan skin of her face neither flushed nor perspired. Nor did she fidget. She trembled, which was worse. Her voice shook ever so little, but the fine spirit in her demanded composure and got it. Watching her, Mrs. Farwell was reminded of things she had long forgotten in the press of hundreds of social functions, of the coming of Henry Holden's bride to the city. He had met her in the East and brought her here a bride, and everyone had said that she was charming. But she had mingled little and then, some years ago, died inconspicuously, as if snuffed out. At the time of her death she was almost a recluse—companioned, Mrs. Farwell guessed now, by this girl whose bringing-up was an act of defiance against the flagrancy of the father: possibly the mother's single defiance. The girl was not only delicate and well-bred, but she had a fine, straightforward spirit. The impress of it was unmistakable. The whole courtroom was grave in her honor. There was not a hint of salaciousness in the atmosphere. Incredibly, she had by her very presence washed the place clean.

She told her story and it was simple. The afternoon of Memorial Day her father had been with her. He had spent the morning at his office and had come home to their apartment for lunch and in the afternoon they had gone to see Nancy Fay in a motion picture. She told it simply and easily. At about that stage in the proceedings the court adjourned for lunch.

The women jurors were not hungry. They were tired of each uninspired item which the family hotel had to offer them.

"But why didn't they bring the girl on before, I wonder?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Why waste the taxpayers' money in prolonging a case when the alibi makes it so simple?"

Nell Farwell snapped her up. Mrs. Brown was always talking about the taxpayers' money as if she paid it all.

"Doubtless they were trying to leave the girl out of it if possible. Even her father looked ashamed of bringing her in."

"It's the first time anything has shaken him," said Alpha hardly. "Anyway, as far as I'm concerned the thing's over. I don't see any use in going on. Even if the girl is lying, I think she should be upheld in her lie. What can one do for the Wallace girl anyhow? She's spoilt in grain."

When they went back to the courtroom it was to hear the cross-examination of Sylvia Holden. The prosecuting attorney went at it as gently as he could. Sylvia Holden was not the kind of person one could browbeat to gain favor with the jury. She was too unpretending and helpless, and too clearly not trading on her beauty or helplessness. Her trading was done in spite of her. The attorney asked her where she had seen this motion picture and she told him—at the Majestic Theater.

"You said the Lyric Theater, I believe, before."

Holden's attorney tried to break in, but the court overruled. The prosecuting attorney was very mild.

"Think a minute, Miss Holden. We only want to be sure of our facts. Which theater was it, Lyric or Majestic?"

Sylvia Holden looked at him straight.

"I remember now, it was the Majestic. I am quite sure."

He let her go. She left the witness stand and went back to the chair she occupied beside her father's lawyer. But her eyes went past the lawyer to her father with an odd mature look, and suddenly she seemed not to need protection but to be protecting.

The State called one more witness. It was the manager of the Majestic Theater, who said that the Majestic Theater had been closed all day Memorial Day because of an unfortunate break in the electric conduit. His evidence was corroborated, definite, and it made Sylvia Holden a liar.

While they exposed her mistake she sat almost rigidly, her eyes on the face of the man who was making her out a liar. The attorney for her father leaned over and spoke to her, kindly, reassuringly, and her eyes dropped instantly to her lap. Thereafter she did not move at all.

The lawyer for the defense took up the cudgels in summing up his case. It was clear enough, he said, that Miss Holden had been with her father all of Memorial Day afternoon. Whether at the Majestic, Lyric, Olympic, Doric (for comedy's sake he reeled off a string of names of theaters, some of them imaginary). Personally he never could remember which one he had been in the night before. Miss Holden had been with her father. He dropped it there. This unfortunate young woman had doubtless imagined most of her experience and, being led by a modern and deplorable desire for sensationalism, had decided to exploit some one. Possibly there were instances in which blackmail had been obtained, which had occurred to her. Vice must be stamped out, but attacks on citizens of such a sort must be curbed. The important citizen is a prey to such attacks. So on and on he went persuasively, showing us the way out of the hole, thought Nell Farwell, who resolved then and there to have this lawyer for dinner next month.

Without more ado the prosecuting attorney made his concluding remarks to the jury. He said that Holden could not have been at the Majestic Theater, yet Miss Holden had insisted that it was the Majestic. He let it go at that. No threats of perjury. The fact remained. Society must be protected. The unfortunate young woman—who had been so sinned against—but after all, the rest of what he said was idle talk. There seemed little doubt that Sylvia Holden had been trying to protect her father—and that as far as evidence went she had failed.

Then suddenly it was over. The judge was wiping his spectacles with evident relief that his work was done and telling the jury that they must be guided by the evidence and not by sympathy, no matter how or in whose behalf those sympathies might direct themselves; that they must decide whether the evidence beyond a reasonable doubt warranted a verdict for the State. A reasonable doubt of guilt in their minds would entail a verdict for the defendant. He charged them accustomedly as if he ran through the same speech often but still enjoyed his elucidation of these points. Before the jury was marshaled out, Mrs. Farwell looked again at Sylvia Holden. She did not meet her eyes, for the girl's glance was directed now straight at Ethel Wallace, and the eyes held horror intensified, horror and fear. But Ethel Wallace was powdering her face with that little pink pad and giving half an ear to the stern remarks of the woman beside her. The shoulders of Henry Holden, beside his lawyer, drooped. His fine air of a man of the world had gone out of him. He looked his fifty years, and he did not look at his daughter.

The foreman of the jury was Mrs. Hetherington's fat butcher, and he was determined to pay especial attention to her opinion and to defer to it. He felt apparently that in her he had found the quintessence of womanhood. In the jury room they seated themselves for deliberation and for some reason Mrs. Farwell found herself seeking the side of

"YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT. WOMEN ARE FOOLS TO KEEP ON PROTECTING"

Mrs. Brown. She did not want to sit by Alpha, who was wedged in between a lanky clerkly person and a well-known dealer in real estate.

The butcher had been on juries before. He knew how to go about things. He suggested that they review the evidence informally, and yet it was hard to begin. Locked in a room together, these twelve persons of no previous association suddenly became conscious that it was a difficult business to plunge into discussion of this case which was so embarrassing in incident. All these years, thought Mrs. Farwell, men have been deciding these cases among themselves with freedom of discussion. What are women bringing to it? And she, who had never been especially suffragist and was somewhat intolerant of what she had termed "quarrelsome women talking about their rights," thought of herself as a member of her sex in a strange, responsible, impersonal manner.

It was of course the butcher and Mrs. Hetherington who began the talk—pomposity on his side, tripping delicacy and wordiness on hers. Odd how she flowered in the presence of this admiration! She was more of a personality than she had been when she herded with women. The butcher represented her idea of what man was to woman as clearly as she represented his idea of woman. On that idea, backed by what evidence had been presented but influenced by that idea, they would pass judgment. Nell Farwell longed for a dozen cool, clean, impersonal minds around that table. Instead, as she looked around, it seemed to her she saw a hundred minor feelings. Embarrassment, boredom, the look of men waiting for a lead, Alpha Long smoldering in a

kind of black and illogical hatred at everything. She herself leaned forward, the domination of the social leader in her tone.

"There's only one thing that matters. Was Mr. Holden with his daughter or not on Memorial Day afternoon? Otherwise the Wallace girl's story seems irrefutable."

A man shuffled his feet.

Some one said—Mrs. Farwell found out in the next three hours that he was a teacher in a business college—"Of course there is also the question of whether the girl's previous moral character was good."

"Personally, I fail to see," answered Mrs. Farwell sharply, "what that has to do with the case."

Silence hung for a minute. The difference between the men and the women had been defined somehow in that brief statement. Naturally, as all the men knew, it had everything to do with it. Then Alpha Long said crudely:

"You mean, I conclude, that if the girl was not what is known as a good girl, she has no right to the law's protection—"

"Not at all," said the butcher, "not at all—"

The fat was in the fire. The discussion moved. On and on it went. The teacher from the business college and the real-estate man fell into a prolonged wrangling over a question of whether some minor point had or had not been incontestably proven. They had retired to the jury room at four o'clock. At six some one appeared at the door and had a brief colloquy with the butcher. The butcher's information was apparently such that food was sent in, a strange dinner of hot roast-beef sandwiches and coffee and ice cream sitting in soggy pyramids on top of wedges of pie. The men jurors ate heavily and criticized the food. Two or three were beginning to look extremely bored and one of them, a sandy man who sat by a window and smoked, called for a vote. The foreman looked doubtful but he called for the vote. They knew by this time where the sentiment of the jury was and the preliminary vote confirmed it. Mrs. Brown was for conviction, for conviction with set lips and consciousness of civic virtue. Mrs. Farwell was for conviction. The other two women were for acquittal, as were all the men. Ethel Wallace had made a most unpleasant impression and the sweet look of Sylvia Holden lingered.

Electric lights had been turned on in the room. Nell Farwell was no longer conscious either of delay or weariness. With every hour's passing, clarity had seemed to come to her.

"Perhaps these ladies would like to talk the matter over together," said the foreman, "and see if they cannot come to an agreement?"

It was clear that he had great faith in Mrs. Hetherington and she, evidently inspired by his faith, took up the conversation when the men and women grouped themselves in separate knots at the end of the jury room.

"The way it is with me," she said, "I feel that poor girl was telling the truth. She was confused—that was all. She was such a lovely girl and I'm sure that if there is anything in bringing-up, she must have a good father. That Ethel Wallace made a very poor impression on me, indeed." She glanced into the mirror of her little handbag and something in the gesture was familiar to Mrs. Farwell. It came to her. There, but for some chance, but for the handle of the "Mrs." title, sat Ethel Wallace grown up. Such a one was Mrs. Hetherington, wavering eternally in the sight of men's eyes and the reflection from her pocket mirror.

"But the evidence," said Mrs. Brown, "one must decide these things on evidence. We're all sorry for Miss Holden, of course. But if she committed perjury, which seems probable, are we the ones to take upon ourselves responsibility for not judging by the evidence alone? And the Wallace girl must be protected by society."

It was wordy, thought Nell Farwell, and not the way she felt at all. She was depressed by this business of judging. It

had seemed such a simple thing to do—to decide on the merits of the case. Now the starch was out of her mind and soul. Judgment was not a matter of weighing on an accurate scale—it could not be—it was a matter of trying to average what all these personalities thought, and what they thought was founded on their experiences. Alpha, for example, had no moral sense. She didn't believe in conventional morality. She saw that the Holden girl was the best of the lot and for her she was trying to cast her vote.

"I'm sure that Mrs. Farwell agrees with me," said Mrs. Brown. "Won't you tell them what you think, Mrs. Farwell? Women have a great duty to perform. I don't suppose you know what an enormous proportion of these cases are always decided in favor of the man. Now that women have been called to serve on juries, it seems to me that it is our barest duty to take up the cause of purification. Mrs. Farwell feels with me, I am sure."

Mrs. Farwell lifted her eyes—experienced, wordly-wise—but tired, simple.

"I am thinking of our duty to Sylvia Holden more than to anyone else. You think she lied about being with her father, Mrs. Brown. Well, perhaps she did. It looks so to me. I think she did so, because, stronger than her instinct for fineness and truth which is apparent to us all, was her instinct—bred in her artificially—to protect her father. The mother must have been like that. All these years she had protected her husband and it came easily to the daughter. It was the thing she put first—to save him from Ethel Wallace. I don't care about seeing Mr. Holden convicted. I'm not sure the Wallace girl told the truth, not sure of what were her attempts at provocativeness or what relation they should have to his resistance; not sure that we can determine enough about their joint psychology to decide how far to condone possible lack of resistance—" she looked around at the stiffening faces of the men and smiled in faint derision. "But I do think that if that poor child Sylvia Holden starts out protecting men now, she will be doing it all her life—for her father or some other man. The iron had better be put in her soul now while she's young, while tissues heal easily, so that she will see that there is a justice—crude, like this—cruel enough, but something

"I'M GLAD IT'S OVER, SYLVIA," SAID MRS. FARWELL

that will not let evil escape because it happens to exist in your own family or social group."

So deeply spoke Mrs. Farwell, with utter lack of embarrassment—she who at many a dinner table had refused to ever let the conversation get "heavy." Unconsciously her voice had risen or dead silence had fallen, for as she stopped an echo rang faintly. She hesitated in thought for only a second and concluded:

"The way to protect Sylvia Holden, who is the single lovely thing in this whole unlovely case, is to make her understand that, gracious and gallant as she was, she couldn't save him, that it was a useless lie."

The men broke away at that. Some one suggested that they had better stick to the facts and quit the theorizing—that this was a court of law and not a story-book. But a tired and inconspicuous man who had said he was a clerk in a bookstore and had an air of trying to conceal frayed cuffs, broke into the discussion.

"I do not think she lied," he said, "at least, I am not sure. I have been casting about in my mind and now that the thing has come to a deadlock it may interest you to know that the actress Nancy Fay was here on Memorial Day and that the picture she was in was "Daughters of Nobility" and it was at the Lyric. I saw it myself. Miss Holden said she saw Nancy Fay. I've been trying to recall what picture I saw and it came to me that it was the one I mention."

"She said she was at the Majestic."

"She could easily have been confused."

"Maybe you are confused now," said Mrs. Brown sharply.

"No, I am not. I always go to the Lyric because it's cheaper. I only go on afternoons of holidays and yet I remember that I saw that picture in the afternoon and told my mother about it in the evening. I never go on Sundays because I have to get the stock ready for Monday's trade. Memorial Day was the only holiday this summer except the Fourth of July. On the Fourth we went to the country. I have checked it up carefully in my own mind."

"Why didn't her attorney bring that out? He must have corroborated the events beforehand," said the business-college teacher.

The gentle Mr. Stebbins seemed to address himself exclusively to Mrs. Farwell, though they all listened.

"I think the lawyer did not wish to confuse the girl further. Besides, he couldn't really prove her father was with her. We have to judge of her veracity about that. But on this point there seems to be some reason to believe in her truthfulness, or attempt at it. After all, what the attorneys have asked us to do is to judge which girl needs support most?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Jordan the butcher, "certainly not, sir. I protest. We are to judge on the evidence. And on the evidence, further corroborated by this rather delayed statement of your own, Mr. Holden is clearly not guilty."

Mr. Stebbins stepped back with an air of never contradicting a customer. But his eyes, superior to his manner, stayed on Nell Farwell.

"What you say is all true, Mrs. Farwell. You are quite right. Women are fools to protect and keep on protecting, destroying moral fiber in themselves and men too. But don't drive the iron too deep into that girl's soul. There is such a thing as a branding-iron which you might use by mistake. I know."

Jordan the butcher felt the thing getting out of hand. He glanced at the men and back at Nell Farwell as if to say, "This comes of women on juries—with theories, refusing to sum up the evidence—everyone knows how these cases should end."

"Well," he asked aloud, "does this evidence of—er—Mr. Stebbins—change your minds, ladies? It corroborates Miss Holden in every detail except in the minor misstatement. Does it clear up your mind, Mrs. Farwell?"

"My mind was quite clear before, Mr. Jordan," said Mrs. Farwell, "but Mr. Stebbins does alter my point of view. He has created a reasonable doubt on some points—a reasonable doubt as to what my vote should be, I think. I respect his judgment and I will vote for acquittal."

Mrs. Brown was nettled. She disliked being left alone and she had not followed this intricate understanding of the bookseller and the lady. She picked up a phrase.

"Why Mr. Stebbins did not tell us this before I cannot guess. It changes the face of things. Of course, as the judge so wisely said, if any reasonable doubt exists we should not bring in a verdict of guilty. We are bound by our consciences to clear the defendant if there is that doubt. Now Mrs. Farwell says—"

While Mrs. Brown wound up her compromise in a stiff little speech, Mrs. Farwell moved toward Mr. Stebbins. But at her approach his eyes fell and he was again a shy little man with stringy cuffs, a bookstore clerk who had perhaps drawn wisdom from shelves laden with experience of life.

The butcher, already swelling with importance to make his report to the judge, again took the ballot. The acquittal was unanimous. Mr. Jordan glanced benignly at Mrs. Hetherington to see if she had noted how things came out his way, the way of the masterful man. But his eyes fell first on Alpha Long, black and glowering, and then on Nell Farwell, again wrapped in her cloak of power and social position. His eyes dropped. There was something funny about this case—an uncomfortable difference from most cases he had known.

The spectators had long since gone. Sylvia Holden sat alone in the back of the courtroom. She did not go to her father when he got his verdict. The lawyer stood talking in low, satisfied tones to Holden. But Sylvia's eyes went to Ethel Wallace, grown restive under the bleak, discouraged gaze of the policewoman. The Wallace girl began to talk noisily and angrily. Sylvia slipped out the back door of the courtroom.

Mrs. Farwell followed as soon as she could. She found the girl as she had hoped, still in the building, sitting huddled on a marble bench in a half-lit corridor, waiting for something or somebody.

"I'm glad it's over, Sylvia," said the older woman, sitting down.

Sylvia nodded.

"And I'm sorry you had to go through it. Men don't realize—"

"Men," said Sylvia, in low, tearless bitterness, "are beasts. All beasts. I hate them all with their fat, sleek, curious faces, their disgusting eyes! And women are bad—worse. That awful girl who didn't care what they said, who sat and flirted—that woman who giggled on the jury—I hate everyone!"

She was close to hysteria. The hours of waiting had done that. But Mrs. Farwell saw that Stebbins had been right. While the jury had struggled for a verdict, Sylvia Holden had brought hers in against the world. She found it guilty, black with guilt. Mrs. Farwell knew what she must do. She said to herself grimly that there was at least a reasonable doubt that the girl was wrong about men and women. It would be her job to defend the world before Sylvia Holden and win her case.

"Come, child," she said, "let me take you home."

"I never—never will talk about—that—again," answered Sylvia, "and I don't want to go home. How can I go there?"

"I don't want you to. Come home with me. To-morrow we'll see. Talk to your father and plan. I'm going to Europe next month. It's a long way off, Sylvia. I think you're coming with me, away from this and everything. Come, dear. There are things I want to prove to you."

MAGELLAN FINDS THE STRAIT

BY ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

(Magellan's voyage round the world was not only one of the crowning exploits of the age of the Great Navigators; it was one of the great adventures of all time. Last month Mr. Hildebrand told how Magellan—originally a Portuguese, by name Magalhães—won the support of the King of Spain for his wild project to reach the isles of the East by sailing westward to find a new passage to the ocean that Balboa had just discovered; and how he organized his little fleet under extraordinary difficulties, not the least of which was the threat of a mutiny engineered by the jealous Portuguese authorities. In this article we accompany Magellan on the expedition itself, cross the Atlantic with him to South America, learn what came of the threat of mutiny, and see him go on through doubt and disaster to thread the Strait that bears his name to this day.—*Editor's Note.*)

ON Tuesday, September 20, 1519, Magallanes sailed from San Lucar. The fleet proceeded on a southwest course for the Canaries: five ships, with a fair wind in pleasant weather, surging over the long rollers.

The watches were arranged for sea routine and signal communication between the several ships. Each night just after sunset when the weather permitted, the ships were to close within hailing distance of the *Trinidad* to receive the orders for the night and to salute: "*Dios vos salve, señor capitan general y maestre, é buena compañia.*" God save you, and good company!

The fleet touched at Teneriffe, and remained five days, taking in meat and wood and water and loading pitch. And a caravel, flying the standard of Spain, rounded the point and stood up for the anchorage.

She rounded up and backed her foresail; a boat left her side and rowed to the *Trinidad*. A messenger from India House. He went into the cabin with the Captain General.

The letter was from Diogo Barbosa. "Keep a good watch, since it has come to my knowledge that your Captains have told their friends and relations here that if there is any trouble they will kill you . . . your Captains have resolved not to obey you, particularly Juan de Cartagena." Magallanes gave the messenger a simple acknowledgment: he was grateful for the warning, but he would go on, of course. Across the intervening space between their two ships Captain Mendoza looked questioningly at Captain Cartagena.

At midnight on the third of October the order was given to get under way, and the ships hove their anchors out of Spanish ground and stood away to the southward, following the Captain General's lantern. At dawn the Peak of Teneriffe was a patch of thick dark mist on the horizon astern.

The course drew gradually nearer to the African coast as the fleet reached down to the eastward of the Cape Verdes. Here between the islands and the main they found bad weather, as might have been expected. All down the Guinea coast they met with rough water and hard headwinds and violent squalls. The demonstration concluded with a howling gale. It was impossible to set a rag of sail; the ships went wallowing off before it under bare poles. Each night the *Trinidad's* lantern showed ahead, reeling over the waves, half hidden by flying mist and level rain; each day dawned on a dim wild world of low dark sky and hissing moving water. It was discouraging work, endless and hopeless. But one black night

St. Elmo's Fire appeared; pale flames streamed from the mastheads and a glaring ball of light hung at the flagship's maintop, sputtering, wavering in the wind, lighting the decks and the men's faces, and showing tears in their eyes. The good Bishop was mindful of them, and the good omen promised that the gale would end. A heavy rain succeeded, flattening the seas, and the sun shone brightly in the morning.

The Trades blew fresh, the water sparkled, the distant mountains of Africa stood up sharp and blue in the clear air. The ships made sail all together, and the *Trinidad* set the course: south by west.

Now this was not the course that had been mentioned and agreed upon, and Captain Cartagena—wanting, perhaps, to see how matters stood—crowded sail on the *San Antonio* and drew up abreast the flagship. He hailed and asked the course. South by west. And then he asked why it had been changed. "Follow the flagship and ask no questions," was the reply. The *San Antonio* dropped back again where she belonged, and when the course was changed again, no questions were asked.

The routine was resumed. But when the *San Antonio* ranged up to salute, it was a quartermaster who hailed: "*Dios vos salve, señor capitan y maestre, é buena compañia.*" Magallanes called Captain Cartagena on deck; he was "Captain General," and not "Captain," and he expected to be properly addressed. "I sent the best man in the ship to salute you," shouted Cartagena, "and another day, if you like, I will salute you through one of the pages." The *San Antonio* dropped back to her place and for three days thereafter offered no salutes at all.

On a certain day, not long following, the flagship hove to and set the signal: All Captains report on board. They gathered accordingly in the Captain General's cabin; the matter in hand was the trial of a sailor in the *Vitoria*,

MAGELLAN ENTERING THE PACIFIC

A fanciful engraving made in 1500 by Theodore De Bry, showing the famous navigator surrounded by mythological figures. (Reproduced by courtesy of the *Yale University Press.*)

and the investigation of the case being finished, Captain Cartagena spoke again of that change of course. He said that the agreement had been for a southwest course, but the Captain General had altered it, as if he were keeping near Africa for some reason of his own; now they were standing across the Atlantic on a course that was taking them to the nearest point of Santa Cruz, which was Portuguese territory. What was the reason for this, and why had not the Captains been consulted?

Magallanes wasted no words with him. He clutched him by the jacket. "You are my prisoner," he said, and turned him over to Captain Luiz Mendoza for custody. There were the two of them together.

The command of the *San Antonio* was given to Antonio de Coca.

On November 29th they made their landfall in the New World—Cape San Agostino, on that outreaching sweep of coast which approaches most closely to Africa. The people came swarming down to the beach to trade; the very things that the fleet needed were the things that were most plentiful: fowls and potatoes and pineapples and tapir-meat. Indeed, nothing could more surely make for peace than the schedule of trading values which was in effect: six fowls for a fishhook; two geese for a comb; enough fish for ten men for a mirror or a pair of scissors; a basket of potatoes for a small bell or a leather thong. Señor Pigafetta got six hens for a King of Diamonds.

On December 13th the fleet entered Santa Lucia Bay at Rio de Janeiro. It rained for the first time in two months, and the natives made an obvious inference and were grateful to the fleet. They came out around the ships in their big dugout canoes, thirty or forty of them in a boat—naked, black, with shaven heads, their paddles shaped like shovels, so that there was a devilish look about them. But they were very cordial and friendly. The phrase "friendly natives" meant more to medieval explorers than it is possible to understand; it would have meant more still if these men had known what was before them and how rare a thing was friendliness.

The next anchorage was the Rio de la Plata. The name Santa Maria was applied both to the river and the cape on the northern side of the estuary; it had once been thought to be the strait that led through into the South Sea. De Solis had explored it, and though it was plain that the water was fresh and could not lead to another sea, he had gone inland looking for China—for faith dies hard—and had been killed and eaten by the natives. The shores had a hateful and malicious look. The weather had become uncertain and the sky was never clear.

A man appeared on the beach. It seemed incredible—yet it was true that he was almost a giant in size. In the old books there had been travelers' tales of giants in these outlandish parts. Others appeared, both men and women, and stood staring, plainly afraid. The Captain General sent a hundred men ashore, and the giants ran so fast that they could not be overtaken. They were gone. Had they really been giants?

As they proceeded down the coast the country became a terrifying region of portents and wonders. The barren headlands had a wild and haunted look—without trees, almost without grass or shrubs; the sand-hills were desolate and lifeless; alongshore the bottom shoaled suddenly in murderous banks and sandy patches; and a surf as high as the hills rolled in on the beaches in sullen thunder. There was a hopeless quality in it, a dead and dreary despair. The gloom increased with progress toward the south—in the aspect of the country itself and in the effect of it upon men's minds.

By the time the fleet reached forty-nine south the season was well advanced—it was early in March—and the weather was growing steadily worse. There were frequent squalls with flurries of snow and hail—a merciless, dis-

spiriting process of exhaustion. Each hour brought the limit of endurance—and a worse hour followed.

Then there came a howling gale from the southeast. It blew as no man in that fleet had ever seen it blow before. The seas swept in at thirty miles an hour, boiling white, and each succeeding hill of water caught up the ships and set them nearer shore. To look for shelter would be simple folly. No man, unless he had resolved on death, would run a ship blindly for that yelling beach in the faint hope that some way would open up before her through the banks or some chance gap in the coast would lead her into the protecting land. They set what sail they dared risk, came about onto the offshore tack, and went sagging away to sea. They were laying over, buried up in foam, jumping like mad things, leaking, groaning with the strain, steering wild. But they got offshore.

St. Elmo's Fire appeared again.

When it was over the fleet reached back in toward the land, with a northerly wind. To the southwest a dim mountain showed over the rim of the sea. Where there were hills it was likely that the coast was broken. They steered for it. It was harbor they wanted. It was plain that the year was over and that winter was upon them.

An opening appeared. There was a bar across it with a broad bank of sand in the center, and an intricate channel with swirls of tidal current on either side. The *Trinidad* hove to just outside and the Captain General studied the lay of the land. As the tide made, the breakers covered the bank and the long smooth surges rolled through between. He sent a man to the foretop to watch the color of the water, and leadsmen to the bows; he swung his yards and stood straight in. She yawed in the swift current; the rollers caught her and flung her forward, head down, roaring. Then, almost in a single instant, she was through. The others fell into line and followed. Behind the point the water gradually shoaled, and the fleet dropped anchor. Port San Julian, the winter quarters. It was the last day of March, 1520.

The aspect of the shores was desolate, but there was firewood in evidence and a plentiful supply of fish and seafowl. The ration of bread and wine was reduced. Alvora de la Mezquita was appointed to the command of the *San Antonio*, to replace Antonio de Coca.

The reduction of rations brought an immediate protest. In the men's view of it the rations should have been increased, not reduced; they had had all the hard treatment they were disposed to stand, and now that they were in harbor for the winter, were they not to live easy? The captains were of the opinion that the expedition had already failed. There was no strait here, nor any sign of one—nothing but snow and ice and cold and bitter desolation. Nothing was being accomplished by remaining. The King wanted no more than what they had already done. But if the Captain General was not willing to turn back, at least let him increase the rations again. Were they all to die in this horrible place?

Magallanes replied that he would assuredly die—if not here, then somewhere farther on—or accomplish what he had set out to do. There was a strait; the King had ordered him to discover it, and he would discover it. As for food, there was plenty of it in the country; the bread and wine had not failed them, and would not so long as they adhered to the rations which he had ordered. Had they no faith in the spring? Were they Castilians? What had become of the valorous spirit of Spain? Then let them have done with such faint-hearted talk, and set about their business.

Early on the morning of April second the Captain General ordered out a boat. They were to go to the *San Antonio* for men, and then proceed to shore to look for water. Within five minutes the boat came back.

It had happened.

The boat had rounded up beside the *San Antonio*, and had been told to keep off. But they came with orders from the Captain General. This was not the Captain General's ship, nor the *Concepcion*, nor the *Vitoria*. "For whom are you?" cried the coxwain. Gaspar Quesada appeared on deck. "For the King and for myself," said he.

Magallanes did not ask about the *Santiago*. She was commanded by Juan Serrano, who had been with Lorenço de Almeida off Cannanore. Well, what was the rest of it?

During the night Gaspar Quesada, Juan de Cartagena, and Juan Sebastian el Cano with thirty men from the *Concepcion* had gone aboard the *San Antonio*. They entered the Captain's cabin where Mezquita, just returned from the *Trinidad*, faced them. They had drawn swords in their hands. They had seized the *Concepcion* and the *Vitoria*, they said, and they demanded his surrender. They had been hazed long enough under pretext of the King's orders; now they were through. If it kept up they were all dead men. Was it yes or no?

Just at that instant there appeared in the black doorway behind them Juan de Elorriaga, Master of the *San Antonio*. "In the name of God and of the King Don Carlos," he said, "I summon you to go to your ship. This is no time to go through the fleet with armed men. Release our Captain."

Quesada whirled on him. "Must our work remain undone because of this madman?" he cried, drawing his dagger. He stabbed Elloriaga, and stabbed him thrice again as he fell. Mezquita surrendered.

Quesada remained in charge of the *San Antonio;* Mendoza had gone to the *Vitoria;* Cartagena took the *Concepcion*. It was bad enough that three ships out of the five should have turned against Magallanes. The forces were ninety-eight against one hundred and seventy. But it appeared at its worst when he looked around him; they were on the other side of nowhere, at the ends of the earth.

In the evening a message came from the mutineers. They had done this in order that he might no longer illtreat them. If he would agree to fulfill the King's instructions they promised obedience. If not—they had three ships. Magallanes replied that he was willing to treat with them; if they would come to the flagship he would hear what they had to say. But the mutineers could not consent to come to the flagship. They proposed a conference on board the *San Antonio*.

Magallanes considered. What chance would he have, whether he was alone or not, to refuse them anything they might demand? No. It would be better to strike. Soon, before they expected it.

He sent for Duarte Barbosa, and . . . a man for dangerous work . . . yes . . . the *alguacil*, Gonzalo Gomez de Espinosa. He wrote out an order to Luiz de Mendoza: report at once on board the flagship for conference. Espinosa was to deliver it; he was to have with him six men with hidden weapons. They were to keep together while the note was handed over; if Mendoza refused to obey the summons they were to kill him. At once, before he had time to shout "To arms!" Espinosa understood. Meanwhile Duarte was to take fifteen men in the *Trinidad's* spare boat and row up under the *Vitoria's* stern. If they heard a sound of a fight—a cry, or noise of naked steel—they were to board and take the ship. They must not fail.

The boats were put over and the men dropped into them; their faces showed for a second in the lantern light, and then they vanished utterly. The whole anchorage was perfectly black. Duarte's men were very quiet, but Espinosa's oars thumped loudly and grew fainter in the distance. The wind was moaning and outside—as always, day or night—the surf boomed on the beaches. A hail was heard beside the *Vitoria* and a light showed for a second over the rail.

FERDINAND MAGELLAN

From the painting in the Museo-Biblioteca de Ultramar at Madrid, probably the best likeness in existence.

Aboard the *Vitoria*, in the captain's cabin, Espinosa delivered the note. The six men stood around him. No one spoke or moved while Mendoza unfolded the paper. Then he laughed. "Ho!" he said, "I'm not to be caught that way!" Instantly Espinosa stabbed him. He struck at his throat—it was likely that he wore chain mail under his cloak, and Espinosa was the man to know it.

There was a moment's silence, and then Duarte and his fifteen men came piling in over the rail. An extra ration of wine had been served out to all the *Vitoria's* hands, which did not improve their courage. They surrendered at once without resistance.

On the morning of April third the *Trinidad*, the *Vitoria*, and the *Santiago* lay in a line across the harbor mouth and the mutineer's ships were like bears at bay. In the night's brief interval the situation had been completely reversed; the balance of power had shifted to the Captain General's side; the rebel ships

were trapped; and, now that they knew what they might expect and saw the chances turned against them, the mutineers' courage changed to despair.

Quesada and Cartagena made the best plan they could. To send men to the Captain General with a message would simply be weakening their forces by so much, for the men would be seized. But Alvora de la Mezquita might be sent; he was not to be trusted as a mutineer, no matter what might be the outcome, and he was moreover a kinsman of the Captain General's. He was under hatches, in chains, knowing nothing of what had happened.

Quesada went down. He was going to release Mezquita, he said, and send him to Magallanes to ask for terms. Mezquita replied that there would be no terms. This was obviously true, on second thought; the more so since Mezquita gave up his chance of life to say it. Well then, they would go to Spain. They would slip out in the darkness that night, and Mezquita, stationed up forward for the purpose, would hail the Captain General as they passed and ask him, once more, as a last chance, to give up the voyage. Mezquita saw that this was folly. He saw himself as a witness in a court of piracy, and at the same instant saw that Quesada saw it. He was left alone again.

That night it came on to blow. The wind was south along the coast and directly out of the anchorage. It was a black night, of course—all nights were black in Port San Julian. It was quite plain that this was the mutineers' chance.

The three ships, like sentries before a prison door, loaded their cannon, got out their grappling irons, and stood under arms. The whole world was a pocket of black. There were no lights on the *Concepcion* and the *San Antonio*, and it was impossible even to keep fixed in the mind the positions where they lay. There was no sound anywhere except the dreary wind and that eternal roar of surf. Hours passed. They stood there, waiting, unable to see or to hear, forbidden to speak; they reached out their hands from time to time to feel their comrades near them.

Just before midnight a faint sound was heard—a confused clatter and thumping. Then all was still again. Then there came a sudden guarded shout. And all at once the *San Antonio*, invisible, lurching through the dark, dragging her anchor, unable to turn or steer or make sail, drifted stern-first into the *Trinidad*. The ships reeled, and every man braced his feet. The gunners fired a broadside. The grappling hooks were thrown across. Torches flared up blindingly. The *Vitoria's* men boarded from the other side and the mutineers surrendered.

The crew of the *Santiago* were sent to take the *Concepcion* and, having done so, mounted guard. Not a man was wounded. Only Juan Rodriguez de Mafra, sitting in chains in the hold of the *San Antonio*, saw a cannon ball come splintering through the side of the ship and go humming across between his legs.

In the morning the body of Luiz de Mendoza was quartered and impaled on stakes on the shore.

The mutineers were tried and sentenced. Gaspar Quesada was beheaded and quartered; Juan de Cartagena and Pedro Sanchez de la Reina, a priest, were sentenced to be marooned. They, and more than forty others found guilty, were put in chains until the fleet should leave.

The weather had been the real cause of the mutiny. The wind and the cold and the desperate coast had discouraged them all, except the Captain General himself and those few others who were able to take what came without being crushed by it. After that bitter gale at the end of March the sudden relaxing of resistance and the security of the harbor—even in that God-forsaken country—gave men time to sum up, to think of the position they were in and how they were to get out of it. Mendoza and Quesada

and Cartagena had been waiting for their opportunity, and the circumstances of Port San Julian on the very first day had afforded it.

The Captain General looked ahead, trying to see how he was to occupy the months that were to come, and was gripped with a maddening impatience. To imagine weeks and months devoted to killing time when there was so much to be done! He was never a man to be idle. He did not know how to wait. The fleet had been out for seven months, and they were no more than started on their road; they were simply in a position to begin.

An earnest attempt was made to determine the longitude. It failed of any intelligent result. But it was certain at least that Port San Julian was across the Line of Demarcation, and in Spanish territory. It would be a criminal neglect of opportunity if the land were not explored; it was Spain's, and worth investigating. He determined, therefore, to send an expedition to explore the coast to the south, to examine the country, to avoid subsequent delay to the fleet, and —perhaps—to find the strait.

The *Santiago* was ordered ready for sea. She was a small and handy ship, drawing less water than the others. Serrano of course would take her. Toward the end of April the *Santiago* hove anchor and made sail. They saw her go boiling down the harbor and turn out into the channel; she plunged into the first of the advancing rollers at the entrance; her reeling topmasts were visible for a time over the point. Then she was gone.

In all this time at Port San Julian no one had appeared on shore. There was reason enough, indeed, to consider the country uninhabited. But late in May a man appeared on the beach, dancing. He was a giant and he danced mightily, stooping now and then to catch up handfuls of sand which he threw on his head. This might reasonably be assumed to be a sign of welcome and of submission. The Captain General sent a man ashore with instructions to meet the demonstration in the spirit in which it was intended. The man landed. The giant paused to watch him step out and pull up his boat. Then the two danced together for some time. Then they got into the boat and the man rowed the giant to an islet where a smithy had been set up.

When the Captain General arrived at the islet the giant was utterly astonished at his appearance, and made it plain by signs that he thought he came from heaven. But the giant's appearance was even more extraordinary. He was huge; the Spaniards came hardly to his waist. His face was painted red, with yellow about the eyes, and there were heart-shaped patches on his cheeks. He was clothed in skins, very neatly sewn, and he wore enormous fur boots. It was Magallanes who gave these people the name of Patagones—"big-feet." They gave him some food, for which he seemed grateful, and showed him a large steel mirror. He was badly frightened at the sight of his own face and jumped back, upsetting four men. The mirror was presented to him with a comb and some bells and he was set ashore. He disappeared over the hills toward the west.

Six days later another came. He also danced lustily, his feet sinking in the ground to his ankles at every leap. He seemed to like the Spaniards and remained with them for a long time; they baptised him and gave him the name of Juan, which he learned; he was able also to say "Jesus," "*Ave Maria*," and "*Pater Noster*" very loudly and clearly. He was given presents and afterward disappeared into the west.

Then two men appeared together. They shouted and waved their arms and while the boat was coming for them they sat down on the sand. The boat brought them back to the *Trinidad*. They were sick-looking men: haggard, in tatters, hardly recognizable. They were from the *Santiago*.

Their comrades were safe—that is,

they were on shore. Sixty miles down the coast they had come to a large river which Captain Serrano had named Rio Santa Cruz, and there they had entered. It was, indeed, the only opening in the whole range of iron-bound coast. They spent a week in catching fish, with which the river was swarming, and then they prepared to return. But they were caught in a heavy onshore gale. Their rudder was broken and the ship, unable to get about to claw off, was driven ashore. She struck broadside on, swung on her heel, and put her bow in the breakers; every wave picked her up and dropped her on the sand; she opened like a basket and her whole rig went by the board. There was no hope for her, and they climbed out into the head rigging and dropped to the beach.

They were thirty-seven men. They caught fish and managed to keep alive, and when the sea went down they saved what they could from the wreck. Finally, these two had volunteered to cross the river on a raft of planks and go back to San Julian for help. They had been eleven days on the way; they were nearly dead, but they had done it.

Magallanes called for volunteers for a rescuing party and selected twenty-four men, who took a two months' supply of biscuit and set out.

The natives began to come more often to the harbor, with a growing interest in the ships. Since Don Carlos had requested that some of the inhabitants of the visited lands should be brought home to Spain, and since these Patagonian giants were certainly unique and as curious as any people likely to be found on earth, Magallanes decided on the capture of some of them. When a favorable opportunity occurred, two were caught and bound. They raved savagely, struggling like madmen, and called on Setebos, their Greater Demon, to aid them. They were taken aboard and given food; each ate a basketful of biscuits and drank half a pail of water at a gulp.

One, who was later christened Paulo, made signs which were understood to mean that he did not want to be taken from his wife. There could be no objection to her going to Spain also, and a party went ashore to find her. There was some misunderstanding of the intention, and the women fled, jumping about so agilely that the Spaniards could not shoot them, and as they ran they fired back over their shoulders. Diogo de Barrasa was hit in the leg by one of the arrows and died immediately from the effects of the poison. The women all escaped, and thereafter it was not safe to go ashore at Port San Julian.

The shipwrecked crew of the *Santiago* returned. The rescuing party had found them intact and safe, though they had suffered greatly from privation and exposure. Serrano reported that in his opinion the fleet might profitably proceed to Santa Cruz.

There were reasons enough, besides this, for leaving Port San Julian. The place had become impossible: to its desolation had now been added the monotony of five months; the natives had become enemies; and the remains of the bodies of the executed mutineers still hung on the poles on the beach; worst of all, there was no water. Rio Santa Cruz would afford a change, at the least; moreover, it was farther south.

Juan de Cartagena and Pedro de la Reina, the mutineers, were given a large supply of bread and wine, and put ashore.

No one knew what was coming; before them was awful weather, a dangerous coast, the reminder of one shipwreck, and uncertainty in every changing hour—but every man in the fleet was glad to escape from the curse of Port San Julian.

A cross was erected at the summit of the highest hill, which was named Monte Cristo, and the land was claimed for Spain. Mass was said ashore, and the crews went to confession. They sailed on the twenty-fourth of August, 1520; on the twenty-sixth the fleet crossed the bar at the mouth of Rio

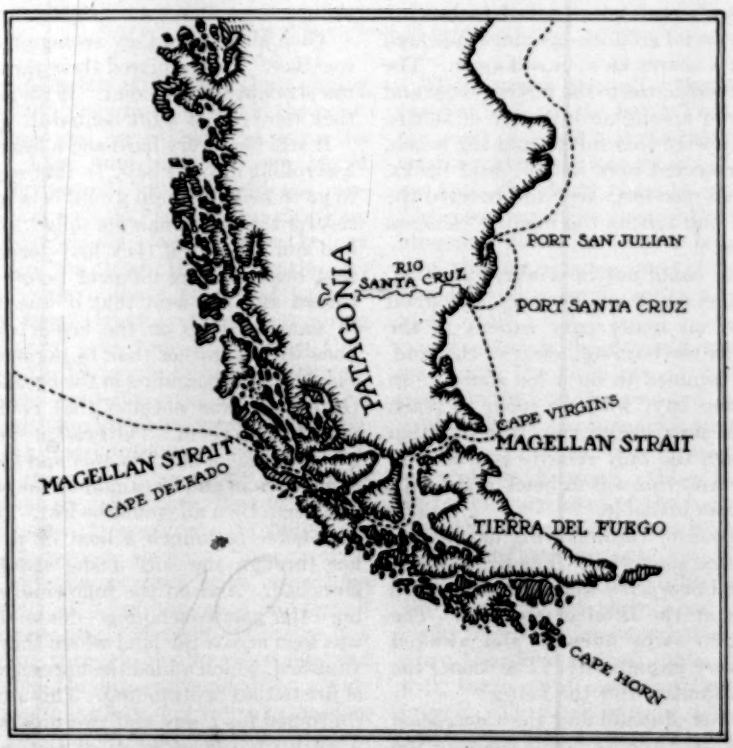
Santa Cruz and anchored opposite the island behind the second point on the south shore.

Guanacos and fish were plentiful, and drinking water was taken from the river, a day's boat trip upstream. Strict economy of food had become the first essential now, for there was every evidence that winter would last forever; there was no break in the cold, and the gales followed one another in weary procession. And yet the days were surely growing longer.

The Captain General felt his impatience grow, and with it there grew a realization of the need of haste. He was near the strait—perhaps. It was inaction and uncertainty that were unendurable. Make sail.

On the eighteenth of October the fleet left Rio Santa Cruz.

The coast was low, destitute even of hills. On the second day there was a range of cliffs ending in a lofty cape. Then there was more low land, and a river—it promised nothing. There was always a danger that some opening might be passed during the night; and the nights were very long. A broad range of shoals fronted the shore, making it necessary to keep well off; at times the land was not visible even in daylight, and the ships stood in as close as was safe, to look—and saw always that dreary and unbroken line of dunes and shingle. Then once more there were white cliffs, plainly visible even from



THE SOUTHERN TIP OF SOUTH AMERICA

The dotted line shows the course of Magellan's fleet down the eastern coast to Port San Julian, Rio Santa Cruz, Cape Virgins, and through the Strait to Cape Deseado on the Pacific.

outside the shoals, and plainly unbroken. Then there was another lofty cape. Four days of slow and wearing progress to cover one hundred and thirty miles of discouragement.

It was on Saint Ursula's day, the twenty-first of October, that the cape was sighted, and the Captain General named it the Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. Beyond it was a low sandy point covered with tangled and matted kelp which had been blown out of the water. Beyond the point there was a great indentation in the coast.

The bay was too large to take in at a glance; the light that filtered through the shifting clouds distorted and hid the distant coasts; hills seemed to be on the shore, and were later found to be ten miles inland; points of land seemed to be islands and were proved to be continuous solid ground; openings appeared and at a nearer view, closed again. The fleet stood across to the farther shore and anchored among an intricacy of shoals.

They were four miles from the beach, and protected only by the sand banks. The tide rose forty feet and covered the banks, and during the night it came on to blow.

There could not be a worse position. The ships made sail, hove up, and stood off and on under easy canvas in the center of the bay, well clear of the land. To be jammed in on a lee shore in an encircling bay, with no room to reach out and nowhere to run, is a situation for which the only remedy is a shift of wind. And this was in black night with the shores invisible.

By noon of the following day it had moderated somewhat. The *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* were sent to leeward to look at the head of the bay. The other two ships hove to and awaited them, very impatiently. The sooner the fleet was out of this the better.

The *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* reached over to the north shore of the bay; they were nearly out of sight. The changing light hid them and then revealed them; it was only between two waves, and when they chanced to roll so that the light was reflected from their sails, that they could be seen at all. They were at the very head of the bay. Then their sails showed as square notches cut in the coast behind them; they were coming back.

The Captain General watched them come. There was a point of land under their lee, and they seemed to be trying to keep off it—it was a continuation of the same line of shore where the sand banks were. If there was a shoal under their bows, with the wind they were carrying, they were gone. A current and their own leeway were sweeping them down; they drifted with terrible speed and seemed to draw nearer very slowly. A line of white water now lay right across their path. They must do something—soon.

Then all at once they swung off, both together. They squared their yards and ran straight for the point. In an instant they were out of sight behind it.

It still blew very hard and a heavy sea was rolling into the bay. In that weather to go to look for them would be a foolish risk for the two remaining ships. If they had run ashore—if they had decided in that brief exciting moment before they turned and ran west that it was better to slam hard up on the beach and be done with it, rather than to sag into the shoals and lie pounding in the breakers—then there was nothing that could be done to help them. The head of the bay was hopeless; if the *Trinidad* and *Vitoria* should run in and be caught as the others had been, then all would be lost. It was impossible to launch a boat or to land her through the surf if she should be launched. And on the following morning—the gale continuing—dense smoke was seen across the land where they had vanished, which added the apprehension of fire to that of stranding. This anxiety continued for a day and two nights.

Early in the morning of the second day the wind shifted and blew offshore. All at once the *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* came flying round the point.

THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN—A PRESENT-DAY DRAWING

"Indeed, Magellan Strait is the end of the earth. . . . Submerged rocks and heavy overfalls and whirlpool currents—and, for these ships, no charts, no courses, no basis of experience."

They were ten miles away but coming very fast; they ran out beside the point of shoals and headed straight down the bay. They were carrying every rag of sail they owned: topsails, spritsails, mizzens, bonnets on the courses; crowding along like clouds, stamping over the long swells of the storm, thundering through white water, flying flags and banners from every truck. They were firing bombards. As they got nearer they cheered. The crews lined the rails, yelling like madmen, waving their caps. Serrano stood on his quarter-deck. He ran the *Concepcion* down past the flagship's stern; she went plunging by, rolling thunder before her, flinging up her head in streamers of foam, lurching, reeling, wallowing, smoking through it in one tremendous dash, with everything cracking aloft—it was as if she herself were cheering. Mezquita took the *San Antonio* through on the other side and rounded her up, surrounded by a halo of whistling spray, her canvas rumbling like volleying cannon, her banners snapping in the wind. Everyone was cheering. They had found it! It was there! The strait was behind that point of land!

They made sail all together and reached back up the bay. They passed the point of shoals and the tide, rushing mightily through, caught their scurrying keels and drove them to windward. There was a narrow place with the wind humming down it; then a broad bay; then another narrows; and then a wide sound, leading south under a range of broken hills until it faded in misty distance. Already the daylight was nearly gone, and the fleet ran in behind an island on the northern side and anchored.

Magallanes summoned his captains on board the *Trinidad*, and Serrano told the story of the discovery. They had gone up to the very head of the bay, risking everything, for a close inspection of the coast, but there was only a sudden turn in the shore, and no visible opening. They had hauled their wind to come back, forced to report another failure, when the shoal showed under their lee with the current sweeping them down upon it. They had hung on desperately, pointing as high as they dared, to fetch out, yet keeping a good full to fight the tide. It was evident that they couldn't make it. It was a matter of seconds

until they struck. They looked helplessly around them—and the coast astern, where they had thought there was no more than a sharp turn, opened up. Up helm, swing around, square yards, and run. They had seen the first and second narrows, and the bay between, and then they had anchored to wait for a shift of wind. Men had been sent ashore to build fires as a signal to the Captain General.

As for going on, there could be no question of it. There was little doubt that this was the strait which they had come so far to seek, and their achievement, and the rewards and the glory of it, were now within their reach. Moreover, each day was bringing summer nearer.

But there was a dissenting voice. Estaban Gomez, now Pilot in the *San Antonio*, wanted to go back to Spain. They had done what they set out to do, he said, and it would be the part of prudence to return now for another fleet, for their supplies were dangerously low, and if some bad fortune should overtake them in the South Sea, the ignominious result would be, simply, that they would have nothing to eat.

The Captain General replied, "If we have to eat the leather on the yards I will still go on and discover what I have promised the King, and I trust that God will aid us and give us good fortune."

There was no more to be said.

That night they saw many fires to the south, low down on the beach and moving about on the water, and from this circumstance they called the country Tierra del Fuego.

The sound at whose head they lay extended toward the south, and halfway along it, on the eastern shore, a broad opening led into another. The Captain General sent the *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* to explore this eastern arm, while he, with the *Trinidad* and the *Vitoria*, went south.

Fifty miles south of the anchorage the strait narrowed and turned west. The coast to port was much broken; one could not be certain which way to turn, or indeed be confident of getting through at all. But a great cape appeared, a grand and savage thing, twelve hundred feet high, with swirling clouds about it—the end of the continent. It seemed an appropriate mark. Beyond it the mountains piled up in fantastic confusion; weird crags that changed their aspects as the snow squalls passed across them, pinnacles that hung in the air as if they had been frozen in the act of leaping, glaciers and waterfalls, tortuous coasts that might have been crumpled in a furnace; and a mad and shouting wind, furious without sense or motive like the insane voice of an uncompleted chaos. Straight through this the passage led away northwest. The wind was ahead and screaming; the ships beat up against it in a hundred tacks, back and forth from shore to shore, now gaining, now falling back, at times almost stripped bare by the gusts swooping through the squalls. It was killing work at sheets and braces. The mountains stood around in a horrible sort of indifference, and under their lofty cliffs the most heroic efforts seemed no more than puny gestures. Twenty-five miles beyond the cape they found a cove with a little river running into it, and here they anchored. It was named the River of Sardines.

From this anchorage the Captain General sent an expedition by boat to explore the length of the passage, and to discover that cape—which they so much desired to see; which must exist somewhere—which was touched by the waters of the strait and the waters of the great South Sea.

The boat returned. They had seen the desired cape. Cape Dezeado they had called it. It lay about a hundred and twenty miles away, straight through to the northwest. As for them, they were worn out.

It was good news that they brought, yet no one could rejoice. The crossing of the South Sea, now that it had come

close, became a matter of grave importance in comparison with which the dangers that were past seemed insignificant. The provisions undeniably were very low. The South Sea might be very broad. And—no matter; it must be crossed. There must be islands in it. . . .

A more immediate cause for anxiety turned the Captain General's mind from the main chance: during five days of waiting at the River of Sardines there had been no sign of the *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion*. In that country, in that weather, shipwreck was a matter of any moment's probability. They were long overdue. It was unendurable to wait without knowing, and the Captain General went back to look for them.

He found the *Concepcion* alone.

Serrano could report nothing of the *San Antonio*. At the very first she had outsailed him and in the thick weather he had lost sight of her. He had waited and she had not come; he had gone on to explore the bay, as he had been ordered to do, and had not found her. There was nothing useful in the bay. He was still looking for her when the Captain General found him, and he had seen no trace of her. She had utterly vanished.

The *Vitoria* went back to the Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins to look for the *San Antonio*. There was no trace of her. Captain Barbosa planted a banner with a letter of instructions on a little knoll in the first bay; another was set up at the island inside the second narrows. And then, very solemnly, the fleet got under way and struggled back to the river of Sardines.

The banners whipped to pieces in the wind, and the standards rotted and fell. Estaban Gomez had taken the *San Antonio* back to Spain.

The situation had been grave before. It was critical now. The largest ship, with all her supplies, was gone. Of resources, those that remained had comparatively nothing. The chances of failure were overwhelming. But courage was left, and loyalty. The Captain General asked his captains if they were willing to go on. They were. He thanked them . . . he could not have gone on alone. . . .

Even then they could not entirely give up the *San Antonio;* she might have missed the route, or misunderstood the instructions, or been blown to sea. They waited for her. But the conclusion was irresistible in the end. Make sail.

That navigation of the Strait was a marvelous achievement. In all the years since 1520 the passage from Cape Virgins to the Pacific entrance, even by smart and able fore-and-afters, has rarely been attempted. And Magallanes' ships were square-riggers, and of a type absolutely at its worst under these conditions. Indeed, Magellan Strait is the end of the earth. No portion of the world frequented by man has worse weather; there is no fine season and, winter and summer alike, snow, hail, rain, and wind are absent for only very brief periods; every feature which can add difficulty and danger to navigation is here present in a superlative degree. Bold coasts, of a complexity utterly unknown elsewhere; passages so narrow that a lee shore is never more than five miles away, and is generally much nearer; water so deep that it is impossible to anchor, except too close to the shore for safety; sudden and violent squalls in which no ship is manageable and which no canvas can endure; an atmosphere too thick for visibility; submerged rocks and heavy overfalls and whirlpool currents—and, for these ships, no charts, no courses, no basis of experience; nothing but a blind decision of expediency, made in the last moment before disaster. But Magallanes took them through! Not only did he take them through; he kept them within the strait for more than five weeks.

On November 28, 1520, the three ships cleared Cape Dezeado and set a course northwest into the great South Sea.

(Next month Mr. Hildebrand will describe Magellan's adventures in the Pacific.)

CIVILIZATION—THE PERILOUS ADVENTURE

BY ELTON MAYO

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(Mr. Mayo, an able psychologist, has recently been investigating labor problems in Philadelphia, and has come to the conclusion that many an industrial disorder is due in large measure to mental obsessions to which the study and application of psychology furnish the key. In this article he throws fresh light on an ever-pressing problem of business and of society by revealing the extent to which a new study of the human mind may aid in bringing about industrial peace and a happier social order.—*Editor's Note.*)

THE historian looking back at ancient civilizations, such as that of Imperial Rome, sometimes asks how far the mere size of a material organization tends to bring decadence and death to social endeavor. The question has more than a historic interest now; it is a preseht and a practical issue. Our own civilization has achieved an organization of material resources far surpassing any historic precedent. Does this mean that we are in danger of a like disaster? We live in the midst of wars and rumors of wars: we know that beneath its fair surface civilization is suffering extensive social and industrial unrest. Are these facts but symptoms warning us that our own hour approaches? Or shall we be able to face these difficulties, conquer once again, and renew that adventure of the spirit which is civilization?

Civilization is primarily an adventure in freedom. It is better to be civilized than savage, because it is better to be relatively free and fearless than to skulk through the primitive forest in active dread of an animistic god or devil behind every bush. Civilization is more than this, of course; it is a social and material organization of peoples. But when the emphasis falls on the material organization rather than on the adventure, the urge to be civilized tends to diminish. The most notable period of Anglo-American history is probably that which stretches between the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria in England. In this period new continents were discovered, new scientific conquests won; life itself was a romance of unknown possibilities to the humblest citizen. When the spirit that leads to this form of achievement diminishes, or is shared by too few, society tends to internal disagreement and, later, to decadence. It is always the dream and the story which inspire progress. Only for so long as it promises adventure for the bulk of humanity will the struggle of civilization endure.

A civilization, and especially a large-scale civilization, cannot remain stationary; it must advance or decline. Before the era of scientific research and systematic investigation it was almost inevitable that large social organizations should relatively soon pass their maximum of achievement. Large-scale problems of material organization cannot be solved by the haphazard methods of so-called common sense; scientific understanding is the basis of civilization. But it is not merely or mainly the inability to solve material problems which leads to decadence. The Parthian and Byzantine empires fell into an internecine conflict of which they could not make an end, though they desired to do so. Societies suffer and die from ignorance; and the special form of ignorance which perpetually assails progressive societies

is ignorance of human nature itself. Man tends from the first to look outward at the world of nature rather than inward at himself. In our time he has developed a magnificent apparatus of scientific understanding of the world about him, an apparatus which enables him to bend the forces of nature to his purpose. But the development of an equally adequate understanding of the nature of man is woefully in arrears. As a result, we use much of our knowledge to destroy rather than to create. Our difficulties at the present are mainly human—international hatreds, intra-social misunderstandings; and we tend to deal with such difficulties as our forgotten predecessors dealt with material problems, that is, after a fashion suggested by the merest opportunism. This is so because we have failed to investigate scientifically the human material which constitutes society.

The defect of method is nowhere so plainly evident as in the field of industry. If some inorganic material cannot readily be adapted to industrial processes we employ a chemist or a physicist to discover why. But should a group of workers show signs of resisting adaptation to some industrial system, we usually lose our tempers and endeavor to force them to accept it. The proposed system is never based on accurate knowledge of humanity; it is always dictated by clearly formulated business needs and by rough guesswork at human feeling and desire. This form of procedure inevitably exacerbates the human difficulty; it solves no problem, at best it arrives at a mere settlement—by scuffling. Throughout the world this method has been unwarrantably exploited, it has been dignified with the title of "collective bargaining." The principle of the primitive squabble has been accorded a pseudo-scientific rank.

It cannot be too often or too strongly said that the systematic study of individuals is a necessary precedent to the understanding of society. The easy method of the crowd-psychologist ignores this fact—and ends in confusion and misstatement. The business man equally ignores it—and industries are torn down by strikes. Everywhere round us is a litter of human fact, disregarded by all save a few, and yet directly relevant to the major issues of our time. Take, for example, the extraordinary persistence of superstition. This is one of the "small matters" which society determinedly disregards when making up its accounts of "progress upon the whole." Yet it remains a very serious human problem. It is to the superstitious attitude of mind, and all which it implies, that many of our present troubles will ultimately be traced. The ignorant and the neurotic are not alone in their observance of superstitious practices; as many instances may be found amongst the educated classes. The problem has nothing to do with enlightened religion: we are facing a question as to why an essentially primitive attitude of mind should persist in the most advanced societies.

Recently a leading business man of Philadelphia refused to leave a factory he was visiting by the most obvious exit. He had come in by another door and must therefore leave the building by the same door: otherwise he suffered premonitions of "bad luck." This same belief is found widely spread through the country and mining districts of Pennsylvania and Virginia. If a visitor enters a house by one door and leaves by another, the death of some resident in the house may be expected. It is somewhat astonishing to discover in the United States and among native-born Americans (the educated not exempt) a superstitious belief with respect to visiting strangers which is held by the savage islanders of Java, New Guinea, Borneo, and the South Pacific generally. The elaborate ceremonies of purification after a visit from a stranger have been abandoned, but the fear itself persists. The apparent identity of superstitious beliefs is not confined to this single instance. Over a

wide field there is a most striking resemblance that calls for further investigation. A bird flying into a house or against a window means a death; this again is an omen that would be similarly interpreted in the Pacific. Civilization has apparently developed the outward and visible signs of intellectual freedom, but not the inward reality. Many new superstitions have been added to the original and primitive list—superstitions with respect to the significance of a fallen picture, shoes left on a table, the new moon seen in a mirror, and so on indefinitely.

If the average human mind has this side to it—an aspect of utter irrationality—are we wise to neglect the fact in making up the accounts of civilization? What part is this irrationality playing in the creation of industrial disputes and social unrest? These questions call urgently for answer. Until answered, they leave us in doubt whether Frazer's volume on *Taboo and the Perils of the Soul* is not a better guide to the problems of industry than learned treatises on economics.

Close study of the neurotic in recent years has resulted in important discoveries with respect to the mentality of the person of average normality. The eccentricities of the abnormal were formerly supposed to be without significance for the psychologist of the normal. It is now known that the study of neurotic disorders performs much the same office for the psychologist that a microscope does for the biologist. That is to say, it enables him to examine closely natural structures magnified far beyond their natural size. In this way psychology, like biology, has been led to take notice of many important facts which formerly escaped notice. In a former article I showed that "absent-mindedness" a little exaggerated becomes hysterical preoccupation—a "hysterical fugue"; also, that this fact has an important bearing on the education of the normal child. In this article I hope to show that the so-called obsessional neurosis is an exaggeration of a common tendency to terror-ridden reveries and that this, in subtler form, is playing a large and unsuspected part in the misdirection of civilized destiny. Psychopathology has called attention to the almost universal presence of fear-obsessions in clinical cases; it is the duty of social psychology to discover the relation of these same obsessions to unreason and distress in the world beyond the hospital.

The obsessional neurosis is a form of "nervous breakdown" which is exceedingly distressing to the sufferer and his relatives; it is very commonly encountered in these days. Melancholic preoccupation, conviction of sin, chronic indecision, suicidal tendencies are the most usual symptoms. One patient, a military case, lay for eight hours on his bed, rigid and unsleeping, because he could not decide whether to transfer himself to another hospital in the morning. The same patient had formed a habit, whenever he went for a walk, of allowing his "feet to decide" which way he should take. If he came to two roads he was careful not to choose which he should take, until his feet seemed actually to have entered upon one or the other. The burden of decision is the burden of possible sin; all definite decisions are carefully avoided. Another patient, a woman of forty, after entering a small public garden, walked round it most of the afternoon weeping because she could not decide to go out of the gate. Finally some one, observing her condition, asked what was the matter; this apparently helped her to decision for, without answering the question, she left the garden and went home. This same woman if she began to sweep a room was unable to stop. The text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do do it with thy might," would come into her mind and she would continue her work to the point of physical exhaustion, fearing lest she might not have done it "with her might." This

type of case is, almost without exception, much preoccupied with religious fears. In some this leads to the imposition upon themselves of increasingly complicated religious forms which must be observed with detailed accuracy. One woman had developed a long string of promises to God which had to be repeated at stated periods of the day and night. This complication of ceremonial does not, however, lead to happiness, so in other cases there is an endeavor to throw off the yoke of religion altogether. This frequently takes the form of a "compulsion" little understood by the sufferer himself. Thus one young woman of thirty, after a period of great apparent devotion to religion, became unable to go to church at all without suffering mental and physical symptoms that terrified her. She always felt ill if she heard a church bell, her symptoms were always accentuated on Sundays. She always crossed the road to avoid meeting a clergyman or to avoid walking past a church. She also suffered from chronic agonies of indecision in all the major and minor affairs of life.

With regard to all these cases it has been observed that they suffer the effects of melancholic reveries which show a continuous development from earliest infancy to adulthood. Childish fears persist and develop into adult obsessions. Fear of death, of the dark, of "the unforgivable sin," of God, and everlasting punishment—these things still preoccupy the unhappy adult mind. The great majority of obsessional neurotics show a history of an unusual and unhappy infancy. The incidence of the disorder is very high among only children, children who have been subjected to excessive discipline, children of divorced parents, and children brought up in institutions. The adult symptom may seem at times to be so mild as to be almost negligible. A highly placed business executive was once sent to me for examination whose only apparent symptom was inability to sign his name if anyone was in his office with him. He had to ask his secretary and any chance visitor to retire before he could begin to sign documents. In his case as in others, however, the abnormal revery-development had its origin during an unhappy infancy.

It has long been known that children are easily terrified, that they are specially apprehensive in unusual surroundings, that to them the dark holds more awful mysteries than the day. But just as we find in democratic societies a comfortable conviction of "progress upon the whole," so also do we find here an easy and comforting belief that the average child learns somehow or other how to control and get rid of these incipient obsessions. Until very recently it has been no one's special business to inquire why these infantile fears persist and develop in certain individuals, or whether it is not possible that some such fears persist and develop in everyone. This is a difficult inquiry. It is easier to hold fast to one's own scrap or shred of sanity and to assume that a pill or salts will sufficiently atone for a continuously mistaken education in other people.

The fact is that education, in the broadest sense of that term, matters much more than has commonly been supposed. The prime duty of the educationist is not to impose a profession or a trade upon his student, but to set him free. Freedom for the individual means the clear light of understanding, and emancipation from fear—obsessions, superstitions, and the powers of darkness. For the individual as for society, the course of civilized development runs from fear to freedom. The mental situation of the infant is curiously like that of the savage. He sees as far, he hears as much as we do; but he understands much less. For the first few years of life his mind is largely preoccupied with the difficult task of learning the management of limbs and body. Walking, running, speech, the handling of objects, the judgment of distances by

sight—these things all demand the most careful attention. But somewhere about the age of two or three a great change comes; the infant lifts his eyes and, behold, there is a world. Some things in it he knows—people, and objects such as chairs which have helped his staggering walk. But most of it is unknown, and especially its wide extent. The change is profound and the period critically important. For a time the child's power of concentration diminishes; wonder emerges, and a more generalized fear than he has previously known. Terror-dreams begin at this age—which probably means that with the generalized fear comes revery of a primitive order. From the age of three onward the infant mind recapitulates in some degree the mental history of the race. He has, of course, many advantages over the savage. Civilization helps him forward to a restricted area of understanding and emancipation, and prescribes a regular life for him the while. But in spite of his apparent acquiescence in a civilized regime, there is nevertheless at the back of the infant mind a very definite repetition of primitive attitudes and beliefs. Between the ages of three and eight his world is dominated by magic. The daily routine of speech and play does not altogether express the essential child; it is rather a species of civilized scaffolding behind which the essential child is forming himself by revery upon what he sees and hears. The scaffolding is important to the building but must not be mistaken for it.

It is therefore the child's reveries, his secret or behind-the-scenes reactions to the events of the day, which specially concern us. His habits of routine may be largely determined by other, and adult, minds. It is his variation or adaptation of such routine which interests us. Externally and to all seeming he may do exactly what parents or nurses require; but his interpretation is very different. It is in this respect that his attitude resembles that of primitive man. The briefest examination will suffice to show the immense importance in his secret life of magic, ceremonial, and taboo. Like the savage, he invents ceremonies which are designed to protect him from evil chance. Sometimes the resemblance is exact. A small boy of ten years was sent to school for the first time; previously he had been taught at home. Though backward at games, his mental development and aptitude for study were beyond his years. In spite of this he used to take minute precautions, as he walked to and from the school, that no one who passed him should tread upon his shadow. If some one did by chance do so, the boy indulged in a peculiar three-step shuffle which was supposed to act as an antidote. All of this happened without the knowledge of his parents or schoolmates. Only later, when fighting down the magic practice in adolescence, did he make it known.

If we compare with this Frazer's statement of the savage attitude, we have to admit something more than coincidence. "Often he (*i.e.* the savage) regards his shadow . . . as a vital part of himself, and as such it is necessarily a source of danger to him. For if it is trampled upon, struck or stabbed, he will feel the injury as if it were done to his person. . . ." The same small boy invented another shuffle of four steps which he used if he failed to step over the shadow of another person. Again, Frazer says, "Conversely, if the shadow is a vital part of a man or animal, it may under certain circumstances be as hazardous to be touched by it as it would be to come into contact with the person or animal."

The small boy under discussion lived in a part of the world very remote from Philadelphia; it is of special interest to me, therefore, that I should have been witness to an illustration of precisely the same attitude a few months ago in this city. An adult seated on a sunny veranda was teasing, not unkindly, a very normal small girl of nine. Suddenly the child moved forward and

stamped hard with her foot upon the veranda floor. "There," she said, with a conviction of successful retaliation in her tones, "I've jumped upon your shadow." Anyone intimately acquainted with children knows that these instances are not isolated or unique, but characteristic. Many other types of magical practice held in common with primitive man might be quoted. People ordinarily do not notice such things because they have not been trained to observe them.

Do we ever ask ourselves what we should think of the events of the day if they occurred against a background or in a setting which was largely unrecognizable by us? Yet this, or something resembling this, is the situation of the infant and the savage. The child and the savage look out at a wide world which they do not understand; they feel their impotence and are afraid. The world may hold for them the thrill of splendid possibility; it certainly holds the threat of unanticipated disaster. The roads by which success or disaster may come are alike unknown. But something must be done; life has to be lived. Whether child or savage, the individual has to reassure himself somehow or other before he can give attention to the affairs of the day. Magic is the means he employs. The pretence of control by words and ceremonies where no real control exists has the effect of setting at ease the unstable or fearful mind; it makes possible attention to hunting, play, or domestic duties. Rub the feet with the skin of a snake you have killed and no snake will attack. Repeat a certain word three times at midnight and you will win your heart's desire.

I do not mean that child or savage clearly understands this need of reassurance or that magic is in any sense "make-believe." What I mean is rather that such practices originate in a human need of something to act as a set-off against ignorance and impotence: magic makes life livable. Many mothers of the present day, nominally civilized, put "teething necklaces" upon their babies or tie a red cord round a wart. Many successful men of business wear an iron "rheumatic ring" or carry a potato in the pocket to "absorb the evil humors" of rheumatism. The point is that there is the closest possible relation between generalized fear and magical practices. Ignorance implies fear or, it may be, a combination of desire and fear. This is overcome by a magical fulfillment of the desired end, by the substitution of magical for real control. This "night-mind" of the child and the savage survives in the civilized adult; few, if any, are wholly free. In a distorted and exaggerated form, it discolors the reveries of the neurotic.

There is much said in these days of the necessity for "mental hygiene" and especially of the necessity for a mental hygiene of industry. Since no very clear distinction is drawn between medical and mental hygiene, the claim is sometimes obscure or in some degree confused. There are those who advocate periodic medical examinations of industrial workers, coupled with facilities for referring eccentrics or paranoid cases to a psychiatric clinic. This is excellent and probably necessary; but it does not begin to touch the real problem of mental hygiene in industry. The "night-mind" of the child and the savage survives in the civilized adult; few, if any, are wholly free. The social psychologist is chiefly concerned with the average adult, the man or woman who, though never likely to suffer actual "nervous breakdown" or to need the attention of the psychiatrist, is nevertheless partially actuated by irrational reveries of the type we have discussed. Human behavior that is determined by superstition and magic is no mere unimportant relic of our ancestral past. It is at once a symptom of a social ill and an aggravation of that ill. Wherever groups of men and women are gathered together it will be found that this partially concealed irrationality, more than any other mental factor, is determining their group attitude and behavior. In the Queens-

land political elections of 1916 the party fight between Labor and "Nationalism" was conducted after the usual "democratic" fashion of appeal to fear-obsessions. The Nationalists were accused of attempting to exploit the worker; the Labor party was accused of a desire to attach the savings of the middle classes. Labor won the election and immediately there followed a "run" upon the State Savings Bank. This "run" lasted for days and had to be taken in hand by the police. Long before the bank opened depositors gathered, bank books in hand, to withdraw their savings. There was no reason at all in this panic; all the financial resources of the State of Queensland were the depositors' security. The party system has been guilty of many crimes against democracy; it is easier to appeal to fear than reason. Gilbert Murray, in an essay written twenty years ago, said that "the submerged self . . . counts for most in the movements of masses and of nations." This statement remains true; the socio-psychological is the problem which most urgently demands the attention of civilization.

The alternatives which life offers to the individual would seem to be either a life of high adventure (and best if intellectual) or a life dominated by fear-obsessions. The unconquerable human spirit, if it finds no outward issue in action, turns upon and rends itself. Statistics show that mental disorders of this latter type are definitely increasing. More illuminating than statistics is actual investigation work in factories. Hardly ever does one meet an individual who finds life a high adventure; pessimism and discontent are rife and universal. The reveries of middle-aged men and comparatively young women alike show an extraordinary tendency to the implication that life is not worth living. An avid grasp at the magical comfort of patent medicines is the outcome. It is apparently no one's business to ask what the disregarded mental condition of revery is doing in industry. And meanwhile society suffers symptoms of an unrest which should be a sufficient warning of the danger of neglect.

Modern machine production is exceedingly monotonous. An operative may be asked to repeat two or three simple operations for the whole of his working day, five or six days in the week. An industry which has thus ordered its work is said to be "well organized" or "efficient." It may be that this form of operation is actually necessary to mass production. If so, its effect upon the human organism will have to be considered. Work of this type, once it has been learned, demands the minimum of concentration; it is in fact performed in the mood of revery. The worker cannot actually concentrate his mind on other things, but he can nevertheless think passively of matters utterly irrelevant to his work. This is, in fact, the mental condition of every machine-worker I have interrogated. "You think of other things." "You need no brains for this work"—assertions such as these are common. If the inquiry, in favorable instances, be taken farther in order to discover what "other things" are thought of, one finds that personal ills or injuries form a large part of such thinking. A male worker said, "We get disgusted, we are always getting disgusted." A woman operative, renowned for her speed and skill, declared that she always worked best and fastest when she was "mad" with something or somebody. Many firms have already made the discovery that it is exceedingly unwise to assign intelligent workers to monotonous work. One large English manufacturing house has instituted intelligence tests with the avowed purpose of discriminating against intelligent workers over a large area of its industrial operations. "Intelligent workers dislike monotony and create trouble." An American firm, which employs mainly women, will have none over a certain "intelligence age." This for the same reason—that the intelligent are "trouble-makers."

It becomes evident that we are sadly in need of a social psychology or a mental hygiene which will discover what civilization is doing to humanity. "Vocational selection" as the psychologist conceives it may be an excellent thing. Vocational selection as industry practices it may be of very doubtful benefit. Here is a definite instance of danger consequent on our general failure to apply to human investigation the scientific principles which direct material inquiry. In any business situation there is a clear statement of the economic aspect coupled with rough guesswork at the human factor. As a result, the solution that is reached is merely economic—and humanity is expected to adapt conveniently its inheritance of racial capacity to the economic requirement. A dangerous oversimplification of the problem—which suggests the possibility of worse to follow. If psychologists and psychiatrists alike refuse to participate in social investigation, we shall move toward two alternatives. Either we shall put a premium upon unintelligence as the area of organized machine production is extended, or we shall give rise to an increasing resentment in the "submerged" mentality of the workers—a resentment that will ultimately wreak a terrible vengeance on the social order.

When shall we learn that civilization can be based only upon scientific understanding? Human nature is a natural fact, like lightning, and as unconquerable. If we endeavor to use electricity without understanding, we suffer damage or destruction. Until understood, electricity was known only by reason of the apparently wanton damage it did; in these days it provides us with light, warmth, and a safe passage into the city. What civilization most needs is such a research as that begun by Michael Faraday, but pointed in a new, and human, direction. Faraday began investigating the how and why of certain electrical toys which everyone disregarded; he was derided for his pains. But out of his research has come man's power to annihilate distance, to ride upon the storm. For the psychologist and psychiatrist there is a present and urgent necessity to investigate certain aspects of human mentality equally disregarded by civilization. And out of this research, however slow or beset with possibilities of error, will come the power to amend and advance civilization, to defy the possibility of decadence. This is not one way but the only way to save society.

YOUTH

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I NEVER thought that youth would go
Who was so blithe and fain,
Or if he strayed I thought a song
Would call him back again.

But knowledge came one April day
And woke me with a start—
When I walked alone in a wooded lane
With perfect peace of heart.

A CALABRIAN GOES HOME

A Story

BY VIOLA PARADISE

TONY was going home to kill his wife. He turned his head toward the open sea, away from New York's haze-blurred skyline, shook himself, ground his teeth and groaned. He would kill her. His brother, too. Hadn't he spent the money that should have bought grand glittering presents for them on a revolver and a stiletto? Glittering presents. Which to use? The stiletto. He would plunge it between her smooth firm breasts, just where on his wedding night he had put his hand—how timidly!—feeling her heart pound, pleased at her modesty as she shuddered away from him. He shuddered now. He shook himself again. No, not the stiletto. Time enough to think out the details. But first, he'd tell her what he thought, he would take her by the throat—

A sob shook him. Her smooth throat! She would be sitting there so calmly, with her distaff, her long clever fingers drawing out and twisting the *ginestra* into thread. The charcoal would be glowing in the *braciere*—or perhaps it would have burned down to ashes, and maybe an egg would be roasting in the ashes. She would see him come in at the door, she would smile her faint tolerant smile as if he were a little boy, she would say his name, and get up slowly. . . .

But no, she would not smile. She would know—must know—by now that he was coming home to kill her. Perhaps she would start as he came in, perhaps she would scream. (Oh, God, don't let her scream! I couldn't do it.) . . . And Bruno would be there, the poor wayward stormy clubfoot brother whom he had always looked after and protected against the plaguing of the village boys, against his own caprices; Bruno who had worshiped him, and now had grown up and had stolen his wife—his, Tony's wife! Oh, he would have vengeance; no one would blame him. Only a coward would let some one else steal his wife. And his own brother—terrible!

At first he had not believed it. It was down in the mine; he was switching a car of ore into the lift. And then he saw Giovanni, just back from their native village in Calabria. He shouted to Giovanni and Giovanni shouted back but did not come over to him. When Tony had finished with the car he had hurried to where Giovanni was standing, and Giovanni had shaken hands, but turned his head away.

"What's-a-da matter?" Tony had asked in English.

"Nothing, *niente*, how are you? Well I gotta get to work," Giovanni had said, embarrassed.

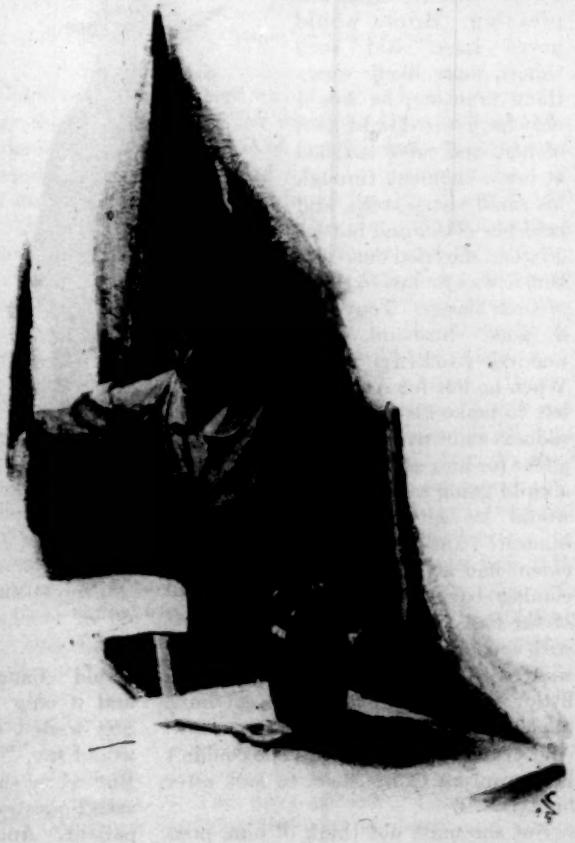
"But first, what's a hurry? You saw Lucia and Bruno? Did they tell you that in three months I go home to bring here Lucia? Gotta little money in the bank. What's the matter—*Cos' è stato?*" For Giovanni had turned his head away. "Giovanni, she ain't sick, my wife?" And then Giovanni had told him.

He saw the car coming along the track but could not move. And in the months afterward in the hospital he had tried to believe it was all because the car struck him, that it was not true. But he knew it was true. And so now he was going home, to be a murderer.

That was it: to think of himself as a murderer. But not to think of Lucia of the rich voice and lovely head; not to think of Bruno with his limp and his eyes glowing in his peaked face. "*Dio mio!* I will not think of them. . . . I should never have married her, I knew she loved him, I knew her father made her marry me. But I loved her more than Bruno. He only—*Madre di Dio*, don't let me think of them, let me think only of *me, me*, a murderer. . . ."

The boat lurched, he was feeling seasick. Ah, that was good, you can't think when you are seasick . . . A murderer, that's what. He'd go straight into the room, and she, with her soft voice, and her calm eyes . . . Madonna!

In the Calabrian mountain village Lucia was waiting. Not since the end of Tony's first year in America had she gone to the fields with the other women, for Tony had sent money, had written that she must not work, had promised to come back soon, to take her to America. Three years now since he had gone, three years and a month since they had married, four years since her father had forbidden her marriage with Bruno. Bruno, not at all like a cripple in spirit. Now stormy, now gay, a little wicked, irresponsible, but with fire in his veins, and hot words, and boldness. Ah, she had liked his boldness. The first time was the day she had gone to the village well at noon, when nearly everyone was indoors. He had laughed at her a little and said, "I could prick that Madonna smile of yours with a sweet, sharp kiss." And she had started, had almost dropped the jug from her head. But she was well brought up, she had dropped her eyes, and had gone home to her father's house. In bed that night she had trembled, and wondered how it would feel to be kissed. Bruno was foolish, kisses weren't sharp. . . . And yet maybe they were, sharp and sweet—like Bruno's laugh. Tony, now, he did not laugh aloud, he had a sort of fumbling chuckle. Oh, he was very nice, *simpatico*, and steady, and the older and not a cripple. And Lucia was an obedient girl, not wanting things too



LUCIA WAS AFRAID. TONY WOULD KILL HER NOW

hard, perhaps a little lazy. But one day, her fifteenth birthday, as they came back from the vineyards, Bruno had pulled her aside, had suddenly given her that kiss, that impish kiss. . . . Oh, why had her father not let her marry Bruno?

Yet Tony made a good husband. She even loved him—he was so fond of her, so gentle in his awkward way. Rather like a child; and a little stupid. Yet he could say sweet things. "I love you," he had said, "because your voice is—nice. The other girls in the village have hoarse voices." That was pleasing. Bruno would never have said such things, more likely something taunting; he would only have seized tight hold of her, and have laughed at her a moment through his small sharp teeth, and held her close, and not let go when she cried out. . . . But it was wicked to think of such things. Tony was a good husband, and needed looking after. When he left for America, left to make his fortune, a sadness came over her and a fear for him as if he were a child going away. How would he get along by himself? And when an accident had kept him from coming back at the end of the first year she ached with anxiety for him, she wanted to pet him, and to scold him a little; it was just like him to get hurt. Such a blundering boy, so awkward! And even this last accident, she couldn't help wanting to be there, to look after him. . . .

"GOD PITY YOU BOTH," SAID THE OLD PRIEST

But she must not think of him, poor Tony! Time enough. He would be well all too soon, he would come home to kill her. Why, *why* wouldn't Bruno take her away? Poor Bruno, so miserable now, his fire quenched, his laughter gone. His love too. Had it ever been love? The waiting was hard and bitter. The women of the village would not talk to her, would only call her shameful names. Even her own relations had cursed her. Where could she go alone? She was glad her father was dead. A shiver of fear pierced her at the very thought of her father. He would have beaten her, he would have killed her for this disgrace. Then that thought passed; she would have laughed, only there was no more laughter in her. For Tony would kill her now. Yes, she was afraid. Only, as soon as she really thought of it, she could see Tony with his fumbling way, and the feeling changed to something different, with shame and despair and pity mixed in it. Besides, she wanted to die. Now all there was to life was waiting, wondering: which would come first, death or birth? What would become of the child? Oh, it would be better to have Tony come quickly. Yet it would be sweet to have the little baby for a while, first—Bruno's baby! And if only, if only Bruno would change back to his old self, and if only he would take her away! She waited day after day, hoping he would say, "To-morrow we are going." But when she looked at him, the unasked question in her eyes, he grew impatient. And once he said, angrily, as if she had accused him, "I am no coward,

AT THE BLACKSMITH SHOP THEY ASKED ME, "WHEN DO YOU TRAVEL?"

I do not run away, *sono Calabrese, io!* At the blacksmith shop they asked me, 'When do you travel?'—snake-eyed sons of devils! Only once they asked me that. I promised the point of my knife to the next. Dogs!" And his sharp eyes looked at her in wrath. He stamped his crippled foot. And then, his spirit suddenly deflated, he said absently, "What will be, will be."

The whole village knew what was going to happen. Nothing like this had ever happened here before; but in a village the other side of Catenzaro, and again not far from Nicastro, there were tales of men who had left their wives too long and had had to come home for vengeance, for vengeance that was almost a duty. Tony would come, no one doubted, when he was well. Giovanni had written about the accident in the mine. Just let her wait, this Lucia. And what a blessing her parents were dead, not to know this disgrace! And when as soon as the disgrace had become known, Tony's old mother had died, then the village said, "It is of shame she died; she is a murderer, this Lucia that has the soft voice and the Madonna face! Bah!"

There was plenty of food for scandal. For on her marriage Lucia had come to the house of her husband's mother, and Bruno had lived in the house too. It was a large house for this village, it had four rooms. The goat and the *asino* had a room for themselves, not in with the family. And now that Tony was gone and the old mother was dead, Bruno and Lucia were living in the same house alone. Shameful! said the village.

The priest came to protest. Bruno, defiant and stubborn, said, "I will not go away. Let her go if she likes!" and Lucia said, "Where could I go, Father? You need not worry, we are moral now, waiting for death." And the bewildered old priest tried first to scold her, saying, "That you, you should have done this! To betray your husband, to cause the death of your mother-in-law!" and then he muttered, "He must be arrested when he comes—Tony! He must not be allowed to commit murder!" But he knew he was powerless, and he left the house saying, "God pity you both!" and he wrung his hands.

The days passed. Things to do—milking the goat at dawn, and mixing the warm milk in a bowl with coffee for

Bruno to drink before going to the fields; cleaning the house, cleaning out the straw from the room of the goat and the *asino;* polishing the brass *braciere* so that it would look bright and warm even when the charcoal had burned down to ashes; making *pasta;* weaving the spun thread into strips to bind the new baby in—the poor new baby, what would happen to it?—going down the steep cobbled street to the well, but at noon when the other women were indoors, but not going empty handed: with the jug on your head you could still spin, then if some one passed, your eyes need not be seeking shelter. And before you knew it was sundown, another day had gone in little tasks that turned the mind away from fear. But then evening had come, and the mind turned fear-ward. And when Bruno had had his *pasta* and wine, and sometimes a stew of meat and dried chestnuts, he would go out into the night. And Lucia would linger over washing the dishes to drag out the time; she would sometimes change things about in the room, hanging the festoons of dried mushrooms where the peppers had hung, and moving the strings of dried chestnuts to another hook. But presently she would change them back. It was not that she cared how they looked, only that the familiarity of the room seemed almost cruel. But the strangeness would be worse. Sometimes she would not work at all in the evenings but would go quickly to bed before Bruno should come in. But sleep came tardily. She could see Bruno's tight eyes and his bitter mouth and his limp. She would think, "I ought to be praying, to beg forgiveness," yet she could not think long about her sinfulness. Instead, she would think, "He hates me, he never loved me, or he would take me away."

They did not talk much now. But sometimes they talked. One evening Bruno had said, "The wickedness is done. To-night I will come to you as before."

"No." Her voice was almost a whisper.

"Yes, there can be no more harm. The sin is done already."

"No. It would bring a curse upon the baby."

"The curse is there already."

"Oh, no! Madonna, no!" she cried out and she touched the yellow stone in her ring to ward off evil from the baby, and made the sign with her fingers which should turn away the evil eye.

He said, "Then you do not love me!"

"About love we cannot talk." (If only he would say, "To-morrow we go away!")

He glared at her with angry eyes. "Almost I could kill you myself when you look like that—so still—so, so—yes, almost I could kill you."

Her voice was low again, he could only just hear it. "That is my husband's right."

He caught his breath sharply and stared at her as if she were a stranger. Then he seemed to crumple up. He turned away and said, muttering to himself, "No, I will not rob you twice, my brother." And after that she felt something new in his manner toward her—as if he were seeking out in her a cranny for his scorn.

Another night, when it was storming outside, they talked. He said, "You look so calm and still, but you must be frightened, no?"

She knew it was not of the storm he spoke. She said, "Yes—I don't know." (How strange to be talking like this, she thought.) "Sometimes I do not feel anything. But you, are *you* frightened?"

"I? Oh, yes, it is likely that I am frightened!" he scoffed. But suddenly he changed. "Yes," he said simply, "I have fear."

The admission shook her—she felt flooded with pity for him. He was proud, and he had admitted fear. She wanted to say, "We will go away together," but she too was proud. Instead she said:

"Run away, Bruno. Please run away!"

He made a contemptuous sound in his throat, he spat with disgust.

"Don't spit, you are dirtying the floor. Please run away."

He shuddered. She looked at him. His sharp bright eyes stared at the ceiling. He tipped back in the heavy chair, stretched out his legs, and then suddenly sat up straight again. He looked so insolent one moment, so pitiable the next. She was sorry for him.

"Maybe," she said hesitatingly, "maybe he will not kill us."

He started up, his eyes blazed. "Of what are you thinking!"

"Yet it may be, who knows? One can always hope. Compassion—he may have compassion."

"My brother is no coward!" There was angry pride in his voice.

"But—but Bruno!" she was strangely stirred, troubled. "Bruno, it sounds as if—as if you wish him to kill us!"

He looked away, his hands were clenched, it seemed as if his whole body were clenched. "There is honor," he said through his teeth.

She breathed several long deep breaths. "Yes," she assented. "Honor. And fate."

He walked to the window and opened the shutter. It was not quite dark, the hills were all budding in the early spring. He turned back to her after a while, softened, yearning. "But it was too short—the happiness," he said, "to pay with two lives. Lucia—to-night—"

She shook her head, shuddering. He turned sullen and scowled.

After a few minutes she asked:

"Bruno, if it had been the other way . . ."

"I would have killed you," he said fiercely.

"And—Tony?"

A cry of anguish escaped him. "He took care of me when I was little! I—I couldn't have killed him! And I should have known—a man can't help these things. But a woman—"

"Bruno!" For a moment she was stunned. Then anger welled up in her—rage, "You—you—but it was *you*—"

She could not find words. She rushed from the room.

It was not for several days that the new ache in her found understanding in her mind. But now, more than the

BRUNO'S HAND WENT TO HIS BELT, BUT DROPPED AGAIN. THEY STOOD THERE SILENT

words of the priest, more than the scorn of the village, more than the curses of her relations, more than the terrible loneliness, more than the misery of her own reproaches, his words lashed her. "A man can't help these things. But a woman—"

And for the first time in her life she felt hate. For a while it chased away all fear. Sorry for him! Never! Her very shame went thin before her hate. She even thought of running away—not from death and Tony, but from Bruno. Yet sometimes she would dream of Bruno's thin sure hands gripping her shoulders.

Spring was heaping itself up, a crescendo of greens. The world looked happy, full of promise. And then a rumor spread through the town (a letter had come from Giovanni) that Tony was out of the mine hospital and had started for New York.

The priest gave the news to Lucia. He was angry, distraught. "You have been wicked, you must go away. Otherwise you will make your husband do murder! You have made enough disgrace in this village, God pity you!" But she only shook her head.

Yet his words had put panic in her heart. Her slow-moving mind now thrashed about futilely, trying to think of some place to go, something to do. Now for the first time the thought of death was imminent and terrible to her. Death—only a matter of weeks. If Tony had started for New York when the letter was written—why then, almost any day now, *even to-day* he might come! No, no, one could not die like this, one could not stay still and invite death when the whole world was full of spring, when. . . . Her eyes sought every corner of the room, stayed a moment on the little shrine which Tony had carved for her just after their marriage, and dropped from the shrine to the chest beneath. She crossed herself and then went to the chest where the woven strips for the baby were piled, and the knitted things. She began tumbling them out on the floor. A trunk, that was what she needed, a trunk. Why, at any moment Tony might come in at the door—ah, that was he now!

No. Only Bruno's limping footstep, Bruno whom she hated. Suddenly her panic was gone. Run away? Never! She began folding up the strips. Then she took up her distaff and began to spin.

He sat, his feet on the frame of the *braciere*, his chair tipped back. Presently he said, "You have heard the news?"

She stole a swift glance at him. His face was white. She did not answer him.

After a long while she said, "If the baby *should* come first, do you think your aunt—after I was—dead—?" She ground the word out.

Now he did not answer. She felt him shrug his shoulders. She said, "Some one must take pity on a little baby. It's not a little baby's fault."

"Tell that to your husband, perhaps." His voice was sneering.

Then she said her first bitter words to Bruno. "It is your heart that is crippled." And she looked at him with scorn.

He clenched his hand to a fist, he raised it, he was limping toward her. But she looked at him without fear, and said before he reached her, in her low rich voice that did not tremble, "My husband's right."

He dropped his hand.

The panic to run away was gone. Even hate was gone. And the fear was not a steady terror, it came and went in waves. She could go about her work, she could make cakes of *polenta*, she could even work on the baby's christening dress for an hour at a time without it. And then it would flood over her, suddenly, and she would crush the dress to her body.

A week went by. She would lie awake at night, thinking, "He is nearer, he is nearer." Again and again she calculated the probable hour of his coming.

"WE WILL GO AWAY. I—I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU, TONY."

If he took the postman's bus from Catanzaro it would bring him to the nearest town to her village, ten kilometers away, at noon. Then he would come at three in the afternoon. Only, he would never arrive by day. And he would not take the bus: that would mean talking to the postman. No, he would walk up, following one *scorciatoia* and another, at night. She saw him stumbling along in the dark, through the woods, past the fields fragrant of the turned earth, through first one village, now another. And the dogs would bark and startle him. And perhaps there would be a moon. And he would sleep by day in lonely places. Surely, it would be at night when he would come, but not late at night, not after the time for the door to be bolted. But if the door were bolted what should she do? He would beat on the door, and she—would she let him in? Could she get up out of her bed to make it easy for him to murder her? She shuddered, her heart was cloven with fear.

Bruno too seemed preoccupied with the door. Before he went to bed he would bolt it. But often in the night she heard him get up and stealthily unbolt it, and then perhaps an hour later bolt it again.

One night she heard different sounds. Bruno was moving about in his room.

She heard his chest open and close. She sat up in bed. "He is going to run away!" she thought. And then, "He must take me, he must!" She got out of bed, and then remembered that she hated him. She stood still, leaning against the door, listening. Suddenly she heard sobs. He was crying, "Tony, Tony." She thought, "He can't run away, he loves Tony." She got back into bed, listening as he cautiously moved his chest back into place against the wall. She could not hate him any more.

Now she thought only of Tony. How would he do it? A stiletto? She tried to picture him coming in madly, purple with anger, rushing at her with the stiletto. But she could not see him like this. She saw him tired from his long walk, poor Tony. Not enraged, but his teeth set in hate, and his hands, his clumsy, stupid hands fumbling with the stiletto. "Oh, God, let him be quick about it, if it must be," she prayed. "Let him not muddle and fumble!" Her horror changed now. Maybe before the stiletto found her heart he would have to stab, and stab. . . .

Sometimes she felt numb from too much fear. To-night as she closed the thick wooden shutter over the window, she looked at the new moon with a star just below it. She thought, "I ought to make a wish—at least a wish for the baby." But she could not wish—just looked at the moon a few moments, stupidly. Now all the work was done, Bruno had gone out after supper, he would come back at any moment, or perhaps not for hours. And meanwhile she had a reprieve from thinking about the door, whether to bolt it, whether to speak to Bruno about bolting it. And there was still a breath of twilight left, Tony would surely not come before dark. And now, with the window shuttered and the door closed, she could not tell when it was dark. She could pretend it was still light outside. But the village was quiet, quiet.

She did not hear his footstep, only the latch click, and her heart stood still. The door opened. She got up from her chair, and stood rooted. There was Tony.

Tony—white, shaking. Tony—hands hanging at his side, a revolver in one, a stiletto in the other: both glittering in the light of the candle that burned to the Virgin in the shrine, with a restless glitter, because his hands were trembling. He opened his mouth but could not speak. His eyes were frightened—and thirsty.

"Tony!" The words came of themselves, "Tony, you are sick!" And she made a movement toward him, and then remembered.

He raised both his weapons. He stepped toward her.

"You—You—*Aie!* I cannot!" The weapons dropped to the ground. He sank down, sobbing, torn and wracked by sobs.

She was at his side, her hand stroking his hair; she was saying, "Do not cry, Tony. Do not cry. I—I will bring you something to eat. Do not cry, it will be better. There—do not cry." And it was only when she bent toward him, to kiss away the hurt as one would with a child, that the full remembrance came over her. "Madonna! What things do I say!" she cried, jumping away from him. She felt faint, she staggered to the wall, she threw her head back and tried to stuff her fists into her mouth.

There was a sound outside. Tony, though he was sobbing more gently now, did not hear it. But Lucia felt as if Bruno's limping footsteps were on her heart. The door opened, the rush of cool night air brought Tony to himself. He stood up trembling, his hands not clenched, but stiff, bent, as if he had started to clench them, and had been frozen halfway; his mouth open but silent.

Bruno's hand went to his belt, but dropped again. They stood there, silent. Lucia looked only at Tony, yet she knew that Bruno was again the

little brother—wayward, but ashamed; frightened, but not quite frightened.

Tony groaned. Then he said, in a hoarse shaking whisper, "Go away from here."

Bruno did not answer, did not move.

"Go away," Tony repeated, "till to-morrow."

"I—I cannot go away—so—and let you—it would be cowardice. I cannot!"

"Go away. There will be no killing," said Tony, faintly. "We are a family of cowards."

"*Maledetto!*" Bruno swore, his eyes blazing. "You—you—"

Lucia winced for Tony, at the scorn in Bruno's voice. But Tony said slowly, tonelessly, "Cowards. Go away. Till to-morrow. Then it will be empty—this house."

"But you mean—you do not mean—you and Lucia—*together!*"

"Yes." It seemed as if he were talking to himself. "To some new place, where our dishonors are not known. This house to-morrow is Bruno's—yours; and the things in it. Now go away." He turned his back to them both. After a moment he said, "Lucia, I am hungry."

Bruno gasped, stood a moment breathing hard, and then limped out of the room, out of the house.

Lucia felt dazed. The months-old fear was gone, but instead there was a terrible sadness and pity. She picked up the revolver and stiletto from the floor and put them on a little shelf. She left the room, and came back: a jug of wine on her head; in one hand a loaf of bread, in the other an egg. She set the bread and wine on the table, and raked apart the ashes in the *braciere* to make a bed for roasting the egg. Her eyes were wet but her hands were steady; she moved about slowly, calmly.

"A little wine now," she said in her low voice, "to strengthen you; and when it is hot, the egg."

"Lucia!" He struggled for words, but she said, "There, there, we can talk after you have rested." She began cutting the bread.

He watched her long fingers, he looked at her smooth olive throat, at her Madonna-like face, and her figure grown so strangely heavy. Then he said, "Lucia, it is all muddled. Lucia—I—can you bear to go away with me? I am stupid and a coward. I—I should—I ought to kill you. But I can't. I—I—love you. I cannot help it—when you talk in your soft voice—" He choked.

She came behind his chair and put her hand on his shoulder. To herself she thought, "He asks my pardon—*he*—for not killing me! *Poveretto*," she said aloud, "do not tremble so, we will go away. I—I will take good care of you, Tony." She kissed the top of his head. "Now the egg must be hot enough."

He sighed—like a child's sigh after weeping. Then he said, "I am a poor sort of man for you. Even—even about the baby I cannot feel ashamed. Even the way you look—big—nice—oh, Lucia!"

She was opening the egg. "Here—it will give you strength. Now some bread . . . And a sip of wine. There."

East West North & South of a Man

By AMY LOWELL

I

HE rides a white horse,
Mary Madonna,
Dappled as clouds are dappled,
O Mary, Mary,
And the leather of his harness is the color of the sky.

On his head is a casque with an azure plume
Which none may observe with unswerving eyes.
A proud gentleman, Mary Madonna.
A knight to fill the forest, riding it crosswise,
O Mary, Mary.
His hoofprints dint the beech-mast,
His plume brushes the golden leaves.

No flute man this, to sigh at lady's elbow.
This is a trumpet fellow, proper for jousting or battle,
Mary Madonna,
To hack an enemy to pieces, and scale his castle wall.
O Mary, Mary,
A point for piercing, an edge for shearing, a weight for pounding, a voice for thundering,
And a fan-gleam light to shine down little alleys
Where twisted houses make a jest of day.

There are dead men in his hand,
Mary Madonna,
And sighing women out beyond his thinking.
O Mary, Mary,
He will not linger here or anywhere.

He will go about his business with an ineradicable complaisance,
Leaving his dead to rot, his women to weep and regret, his sons to wax into his likeness,
Never dreaming that the absurd lie he believes in
Is a gesture of Fate forcing him to the assumption of a vast importance
Quite other than the blazoning of ceremonial banners to wave above a tomb.

II

Hot with oranges and purples,
In a flowing robe of marigold color,
He sweeps over September spaces.
Scherezade, do you hear him,
And the clang of his scimitar knocking on the gates?
The tawny glitter of his turban,
Is it not dazzling—
With the saffron jewel set like a sunflower in the midst?
The brown of his face!
Aye, the brown like the heart of a sunflower.
Who are you to aspire beyond the petals,
To touch the golden burning beneath the marigold robe?
His sash is magnificence clasped by an emerald;
His scimitar is the young moon hanging before a sunset;
His voice is the sun in mid-heaven
Pouring on whirled ochre dahlias;
His fingers, the flight of autumn wasps through a honey-colored afternoon.
So, Scherezade, he has passed the dragon fountains
And is walking up the marble stairway, stopping to caress the peacocks.
He will lean above you, Scherezade, like September above an orchard of apples.
He will fill you with the sweetness of spice-fed flames.
Will you burn, Scherezade, as flowers burn in September sunlight?
Hush, then, for flame is silence,
And silent is the penetrating of the sun.

The dragon fountains splash in the courtyards,
And the peacocks spread their tails.
There are eyes in the tails of the peacocks,
But the palace windows are shuttered and barred.

III

Pipkins, pans, and pannikins,
China teapots, tin and pewter,
Baskets woven of green rushes.
Maudlin, Jennifer, and Prue,
What is lacking in your kitchens?
Are you needing skewers or thimbles,
Spools of cotton, knots of ribbon,
Or a picture for your pantry,
Or a rag-rug for the bedside?
Plodding, plodding, through the dusty
Lanes between the hawthorn hedges,
My green wheels all white and dusty,
I as dusty as a miller,
White as any clown among them
Dancing on the London stages.
Here I have Grimaldi's latest,
Songs and ballads, sheets of posies
For your feet to ring-a-rosy.
Songs to make you sigh and shudder,
Songs to win you bright eye-glances,
Choruses, and glees, and catches.
Do your cupboards need refilling?
Take a peep into these hampers.
I have goods to loose your purse-strings:
Smocks, and shifts, and fine-clocked stockings,
Aprons of a dozen sizes,
Muslin dresses sprigged and patterned.
Can you look and not be buying?
Maudlin, Jennifer, and Prue,
Here are dainties for sweethearting,
Tinsel crackers plumped with mottoes,
Twisted barley sticks and peardrops.
Here are earrings, chains, and brooches,
Choose what gift you'll have him give you.

If the sweetheart days are over,
I have silver forks and bodkins,
Leather breeches, flannel bed-gowns,
Spectacles for eyes grown feeble,
Books to read with them, and candles
To light up the page of evenings.
Toys, too, to delight the children,
Rocking-horses, tops, and marbles,
Dolls with jointed arms, and flying
Kites, and hoops, and even the Royal
Game of Goose the world is playing.
When I camp out on a common,
Underneath an oak or linden,
And my horse crops at his supper,
Finding it along the hedgerows,
Then I play at Goose, with one hand
Taking sides against the other.
First my right hand holds the dice-cup,
Then my left, each has its counter.
'Tis a pastime never tires.
Coppers, coppers, for the pedlar.
Maudlin, Jennifer, and Prue,
Fare you well, I must be jogging.
Horse-bells tinkle at the lane-sides,
Green wheels growing whiter, whiter,
Lurching van of whims and whimsies
Vanishing into the distance.

IV

Who would read on a ladder?
But who can read without a ladder?
Cheerful paradox to be resolved never.
Book by book, he steps up and off to all the four quarters
Of all the possible distances.
Minerva have a care of him,
For surely he has none for himself.

His eyes are dim with the plague of print,
But he believes them eagle-seeing.
His spectacles have grown to his nose,
But he is unaware of the fact since he never takes them off.
A little black cap on his head;
A rusty dressing-gown, with the quilts run together,
To keep out the cold;
A window out of which he never looks;
A chair from which he never rises.
But do you not know a wharfside when you see it,
And are you not moved at watching the putting off of the caravels of dream?
Food gets into his mouth by accident
As though fish swam the seas to come there,
And cattle crowded the thoroughfares to reach his lips.
If there are intermediaries, he is unconscious of them,
As he is of everything but his cat,
Who shares his vigils
And has discovered the art of projecting herself into his visions.
He loves a thousand ladies, and foregathers with a thousand caravans.
To-day is as remote as yesterday,
And he is avid of either with the intensity of a partaker of each;
He could hobnob as blithely with Julius Cæsar as with King George or Samuel Gompers,
And his opinions on affairs of the moment are those of an eyewitness
Although he never sets foot out of doors.
Indeed, Minerva, you should watch the step of this gentleman,
For he runs so swiftly past events and monuments it seems incredible he should not trip.
The walls of forbidden cities fall before him;
He has but to tap a sheepskin to experience kingdoms,
And circumstance drips from his fingers like dust.
An habituated eye sees much through a pin-prick,
And are not his observations folio wide?
He eats the centuries
And lives a new life every twenty-four hours,
So lengthening his own to an incalculable figure.
If you think you see only an old man moldering between four walls,
You are greatly mistaken.
Minerva over the door could tell you better
If her stone face would speak.
Talk to him and he will not hear you;
Write a book and he knows you better than you know yourself.
Draw the curtains, then, and bring in tea, with plenty of buttered scones.
Since neither the old gentleman nor Minerva will speak to us,
I think we had best ignore them and go on as we are.

THE BLACK BLOCKS OF MANHATTAN

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

(The recent migration of hundreds of thousands of negroes to New York has created a black city within the metropolis. Mr. Bercovici's fascinating picture of the extraordinary Harlem of to-day is no mere study in local color; it is an analysis of an American problem as new as it is formidable.—*Editor's Note.*)

UNTIL ten years ago Harlem was a district of New York. A suburban section within the city, inhabited by second-generation Germans and German Jews. To-day it is a city in itself—negro town, the heart and the pulse of the colored population of Greater New York. Harlem cannot hold the entire colored population of New York; neither can the older negro district, the 59th Street section; nor could Brooklyn. There are obstructions and objections and restrictions everywhere against them. The center of the colored people is in Harlem. Indeed it is the center, the intellectual center, of the colored population of the United States.

There are between three and four hundred thousand colored people in Greater New York. In the last census there were not one tenth that many. But Chicago rioted after St. Louis had gone on a "nigger spree." Atlanta, Georgia, had its dance. Lynchings, burnings, persecutions are the main reasons why colored folk have been flocking to New York, where a "nigger slaughter" is not so frequent an occurrence.

All shades and all sizes. Woolly-haired, immense, half-lumbering Africans as black as pitch. Brown-colored bronzed men and women, mahogany blonds, down through all nuances to the almost white negro, straight haired and blue eyed, whom nobody suspects.

Not all white men of Europe are of the same race, of the same blood, of the same faith. Not all negroes are alike, although most of their ancestors were ravished from Africa. Since their arrival in this country there have been many inmixtures into their blood. I have seen perfectly black negroes of long Spanish faces, with the cruel penetrating eyes of the Moor and the elegant gait of Iberians. I have met red-haired negroes with a wistful Irish smile. I have friends of a lighter shade, from New Orleans, where they have so thoroughly mixed with the French that they are hardly to be distinguished; with all the love of color and softness of one race and the precision of mind and clarity of the other. The Italians have mixed with the negroes, and the Slavs and the English, and the Mexicans and the Indians.

Of these mixtures the ones with Indian blood are the finest—the women especially, with skin like golden bronze dyed in deep red blood. The big gala eyes swim in clear white pools, and the hair is like shavings of ebony, lustrous and rich, plaited down over the trim and beautiful necks. And there are Jewish negroes—Abyssinian Jews, squat and long bearded, hooknosed *falashes*, real Jews—who because of their color are compelled to live among people of an alien faith instead of among their own co-religionists.

Four hundred thousand negroes in New York! There has never been such a number of negroes in any one place, not only on this continent but on any other continent before or now. Every twelfth person in Greater New York is a negro or has negro blood. Four out of five negroes have white blood and are

none the better for it. Much of the best the race has achieved is the work of pure-blooded Africans. They have their own life, their own dreams. More isolated in their social relations than any other single group, their dreams and ideals may be sectional but they are their own. Thicker walls separate them from any other population—not only color, but a thousand and one aversions; a thousand and one superstitions; a thousand and one traditions. We have been taught that the negro is a different sort of animal because of his color, because of his particular odor, because of the coarseness of the grain of his skin, because of his speech, because of his tastes for certain foods. Each of our major senses has been prejudiced against them. And yet . . . four out of five negroes have white blood. There is at least as much white blood in the American negro race as there is black. And that is so not because of black immorality, but because of white immorality and the inhumanity of our ancestors. The whiter a negro the weaker he is physically. The pure blacks are giants. When slave dealers went to Africa they selected the strongest specimens, for work and breeding. Only the strongest survived transportation on a slave ship.

And yet a great deal of the true native art of this country is of negro origin: folklore, the spirituals, jazz, the dance, and some of our best poetry. They brought that in their souls from Africa. It may be argued that the origin of native American art is African.

Anyone who can keep dry eyes and calm heart during the singing of spirituals by negroes should be avoided for his callousness. Any white man who can gaze into negro eyes without horror for the wrong done them during centuries should be . . . condemned to read the prophet Isaiah's fifth chapter for the rest of his life, mornings and evenings.

Four hundred thousand negroes in one city! They have not increased immorality. They have not increased crime. They have their own proportion of vice and their due percentage of criminals; neither more nor less than any other single group in this city. They have their gambling dens and cabarets and houses of prostitution, and corrupt politicians and swindlers, and saints and institutions and churches, and artists and novelists and musicians, exploiters and exploited—and bankers. Not one quality, not one single vice of modern civilization is missing. They are, as a matter of fact, living as separate from any other group as any other group lives separate from them. The pity of it! For so much lightness, so much gaiety, so much naïve merriment is lost. Nowhere in the city except in the Harlem or in the Brooklyn negro sections does one hear so much frank laughter. Nobody can laugh as engagingly as a negro. It is one of the first things which strikes a visitor. New York is a laughless city. But there is laughter in Harlem, in the Brooklyn negro quarter in Bensonhurst, on 59th Street, and even in the narrow Carmine Street and Minetta Lane, where the congestion is such that one can almost cut the air with a knife. There one finds laughter and song and dance.

A friend of mine recently said to me, "Harlem! The old Harlem is dead. I have lived there all my life until not long ago, when I was squeezed out by the negro population invading the old section. All the *Gemütlichkeit* of it is gone. Gone are the comfortable *Weinstüben* where one could smoke his pipe and peacefully drink his glass of Rhine wine. Gone is the old *Liedertafel* and the hundred-and-one social organizations, and the *Turnvereins* and the singing clubs where one could pass the evening peacefully. They have all moved elsewhere, and the new places do not have the atmosphere of the old ones. It used to be so pleasant to pass a Harlem street on a summer evening. The young ladies were accompanying their *Lieder* with the twanging of the soft zither, and the stirring robust melodies from the Lutheran Churches used to

fill the air on a Sunday. It is all gone now."

It is all gone. But in my recent long peregrinations through the Harlem streets I have failed to see the little notice under the *To Let* signs, "No Jews need apply," or the other little notices in German, "*Keine Juden, und keine Hunde.*" An American city with such signs on its doors was a shame. The absence of them largely compensates for the absence of the other things my friend so much regretted.

At 138th and 139th Streets, between Edgecombe and Columbus Avenues, are two rows of houses that were designed by Stanford White. Built in pre-negro days, they had been the pride of the neighborhood, homes of fairly well-to-do white people until not very long ago. In my eagerness to see what the negroes have done to Harlem, I visited these streets again. They were still there, the houses, and although inhabited every one of them by negroes, still as beautiful, still as tasteful, still as clean. The little bits of color in the curtains, the flower assortment on the sills and in the cement urns of the broad sidewalks made them more agreeable than ever.

The story of the passing of those houses into negro hands is the story of negro Harlem. Below the surface of that story is the story of the negro migration from the South. When the 59th Street district around Seventh and Eighth Avenues was no longer able to hold, even after they had been sardine-packed, the negro invasion of this city, Harlem was in one of her periodical real-estate slumps. The old-fashioned railroad flats, mostly dark and cold, and uniformly built, were being vacated steadily for the better houses built in the Bronx and elsewhere. Not a house but had several empty apartments. Yet they would not rent to negroes.

In his eagerness to cover his carrying expenses, one of the shoestring landlords rented an apartment in the middle of the block to a mulatto family. By the end of the month the rest of the tenants living in that house had vacated their apartments. By the end of the following month the whole house was occupied by negroes. Before that they had been living packed four and five families in one apartment in the 59th Street negro section. Tenants of houses adjoining, to right and left and across the street, began to abandon the block. Before winter that whole block was a negro block. And as the negroes were not in a position to pay rents as high as the whites who had abandoned them, the houses were soon up for sale. They passed into the hands of negro owners and such owners as did not object to having negro tenants, expecting to increase their rents as soon as conditions permitted. In this respect the negro owner has, like Emperor Jones, learned a thing or two from the white landlord.

The white population fled as if in dread of a contagious disease. Block after block was deserted by the white tenants. Negro real-estate agents, seeing their chance, infiltrated in other blocks by buying a house and going to live in it themselves. No one refused to sell. Dollars were dollars. Some of those who objected most strongly to negroes sold their houses. It was enough that one negro family should come to live in a house for the whole block to be abandoned to them. And because of this invasion, 138th and 139th Streets, and Edgecombe and Columbus Avenues, though distant from the steady biting-in of the infiltering colored population, were being steadily abandoned by white people vacating in advance of the invasion. The beautiful houses designed by Stanford White stood empty for a long time until the bank owning the mortgages, which had been allowed to become defaulted, decided to tear them all down and sell the ground. These houses were a useless burden and a loss on their hands. They could then have been bought for five or six thousand dollars apiece, although they had cost fully five times that amount to build. Upon the advice of Mr. Jacques Nail,

a negro student real-estate agent, the houses were sold on small payments to negro tenants instead of being torn down. The invasion, which had till then been only from the south to the north, began to run from the north to the south, until at present hardly a house in that section of Harlem between 120th Street and 140th Street, and Lenox and Amsterdam Avenues, but is inhabited by colored people. Churches, banks, stores, theaters, the power to grant political offices, municipal offices, everything has passed into the hands of negroes. A city in itself—brown-black town—Harlem. And they have not left Harlem as they had found it. A visit to Harlem would help dispel the idea that "niggers" are shiftless—when they have an incentive for their work, something more than corn and sowbelly. But it will also teach how prejudice might, because of enforced congestion, cause one of the most serious holocausts this or any other city has ever experienced. As it is, the infant death rate is just keeping pace with the birth rate among the negroes of Harlem.

The beautiful Abyssinian Baptist Church on 138th Street was designed by a negro architect, built by a negro contractor, with negro labor, and money collected from negroes in the city. Not a thing within the church but was done by negro hands. The pastor, the Reverend Dr. Powell—a tall colored man with a thunderous voice and big curly head of hair—looks very much like the picture of Alexandre Dumas, the celebrated French novelist, who was himself partly of negro blood. I have yet to listen to a better choir than the one directed by the choir leader of that church. I have yet to listen to a better church organist than the colored woman who was treading the pedals and combining the stops of the magnificently voiced organ of that church. This church, like most other negro churches, is really more than a church. It is a social center.

At one of the recent services Doctor Powell announced they were going to have classes conducted by capable physicians for instruction in sex. Children of all ages were urged to come and there were also classes for the parents. So far as I know, it is the first time that such a course has ever been undertaken by a church. Doctor Powell does not hold that ignorance is bliss in all matters. "Why dodge the sex question when the living are a testimony to its existence?" he thundered. "It is because of ignorance that so many diseases have spread."

There are numerous courses and classes within that church. It has an employment bureau, sewing classes, cooking classes, a gymnasium; and Doctor Powell showed me with great pride his home, "Furnished very much as are the best homes on Riverside Drive, so that a colored girl looking for employment in one of the better homes might, by helping to take care of my apartment, learn how to work and earn her wages elsewhere," he explained. "The Southern negro girl on coming here must be helped to become a capable worker."

At the revival meetings, while the hymns and spirituals are sung the old folks "get religion." The women, in shrill, piercing voices, scream out, "Yea, Lord! Yea, Lord! Yea, Lord!" while the droning voices of the multitude moan and wail. Voices break out, self-denunciatory and praying for the Lord to come to their aid and save them and protect them against the evil spirit that is within. The whole congregation joins in prayer, only to be interrupted by a rousing voice citing a whole chapter from the Bible and commenting upon it. Rising to his feet, another man is so moved that he loses complete control of the language he has been speaking and passes on to an incomprehensible gibberish, into a tongue he himself no longer understands, a subconscious language (if one may say so) which has been stirred from centuries past, beyond the time of other days, like under enharmonics of life; the base of all emotions and reactions. Really, these people have

religion. They go to church not as an obligatory call, a duty, a formality. It is part of them.

I saw a young white boy of splendid physique and beautiful blond hair and blue eyes distributing literature between hymns. "Surely," I asked Walter White, who was with me, "this young boy is not colored?"

"He is," Walter answered. He himself is blond and blue eyed and fair skinned. "Only one drop of colored blood makes a white man a negro, but nine-tenths of white blood in a colored man does not make him a white man. It has been so decreed. See how white he is. Should he live among white people and should they find out he is of negro ancestry, they would draw away from him as if he were the worst kind of criminal."

There are a hundred little churches housed in apartment ground floors, with little windowpane pictures of saints and gold-lettered wooden signs on the walls. Some of them have the most fantastic names: Eureka Church, The Oasis Church, and similar titles. And services are announced in the quaintest possible language, in removable enameled letters. The reason for these many small churches is to be found in what follows. A colored man after having lived in New York for a little time returns home, South, on a visit. Going to church on Sunday, the brother is asked by the preacher to step up to the front and tell his brethren about the great city. The visiting brother is well dressed, looks prosperous and happy. He generally draws such a glorious picture of the opportunities, the tolerance, and the economic conditions here that the whole community, including minister, doctor, and undertaker, follows him to the city within a week or two. The hardships they encounter could only be braved and vanquished by laughing, gay-hearted folk. Any other kind would succumb.

Within the last year nearly five hundred thousand negroes have migrated from the South. It is because of this that housing conditions are appalling in Harlem and in other negro quarters. Really no one would dare publish the results of investigations into density of population in some Harlem districts; or the Brooklyn districts, for that matter. After these houses had passed into colored hands, rents were raised until they are to-day, relatively speaking, probably the highest in the city. Apartments for which white people had paid forty dollars a month a few years ago are now rented for a hundred dollars or more. Families have doubled up, and tripled up, to pay the exorbitant rents from the wages obtained in such occupations as are open to the negroes. One must not forget that only very few occupations are within their reach. Trades unions long refused them membership. Whenever they have won such privileges it was only for fear lest they be used as strikebreakers during an industrial war. As it is, many trades have barred them from the possibility of earning a living.

There is greater privacy in the low dives and cabarets, in the streets, in dark hallways, in the numerous saloons which flourish in spite of white prohibition, than in the homes. Because of high rents, less than a hundred colored children graduate yearly from the high schools of the city. They must work. There would be starvation in many a negro home if child-labor laws should be strictly enforced. High rents caused by segregation is the reason for black immorality and lawlessness and the blind pigs leaning on the walls of the police stations. The white messenger who collects the protection money has his drinks served in his own cup which he carries in his pocket—and complains of black immorality! Most of the expensive dives in Harlem are supported by white customers who complain of black immorality.

Chris Matthews, formerly one of Harvard's greatest athletes, related to me recently that for a year he had been refused permission by his team-mates to eat at the same training table with them.

In Annapolis they had drained the water from the pool after he had taken his swim, in spite of the fact that he had been instrumental in winning the championship for his team. I have listened for hours to tales of riots and lynchings, as told by Miller and Lyles, the co-authors of "Shuffle Along" and "Running Wild," and the tales of Walter White and Wendell Johnson; but the tale of the lynching of Matthews' soul seems to me the most tragic one. Though his body still lives, they have killed him.

And in spite of that, and in spite of all the misery they have endured, what joy and gaiety and merriment they are capable of! What full-throated laughter, what spontaneous giggling in which every limb and the whole body takes part in an expression of joy or merriment! Heinrich Heine in one of his essays said that the dance is the song of the limbs. The colored people have made laughter the dance of the inner voices.

There are some six weekly newspapers edited and published by colored people for colored people in the city, not to speak of several magazines of more serious import. The professional men of all walks meet and know one another thoroughly. There are numerous lodges and groupments and societies where they come to discuss things. Like the intellectuals in other districts, they also have their coffee houses, where they stay till the wee hours of the morning talking about this and that.

At the Abyssinian Jewish Synagogue, the black-bearded, dusky-faced men affirm that Moses, Jesus, Solomon, and David were Ethiopians like themselves. They point to numerous passages in the Bible, interpreting this way and that to confirm their views and opinions. They sit day after day, night after night, discussing in the old Hebrew the Old Testament, which they have at their finger tips. With that curious separatist spirit so marked in the Orient, the few hundred Abyssinian Jews are split into a hundred factions because of the interpretation of a verse in the Bible. How little color has to do with the marked characteristics of a race or nation! In their studiousness, their professions, their family life, their sad humor and their lack of ability to laugh as loudly and as frankly as the others, they show themselves to be much more Hebrews than the white Hebrews are. And when I asked one of them what he would really wish his condition in New York to be, he told me, "To live among the other Jews." They resent the epithet "negro," and their inability to mingle with their white brethren of the same religion makes them bitter against their privileged co-religionists. One of them told me, "There is no chance of any of us ever crossing the line; for there is no white blood in us."

And his wife stood up in her enormous corpulence and added, "And there shall not be."

To which her husband replied, "Except if a white co-religionist marries into our fold."

They are very poor, for their children also are forced into poorly paid professions because of their color. Most handicrafts are closed to them. The negro is not persecuted in New York. He is segregated and tolerated. Only the poorest paid work is open to him whose skin is not white.

One night I was sitting at a table with two negroes and their wives at one of the "protected" cabarets of the town. There were about a hundred people in the establishment, but I was the only man in street clothes. They were all immaculately dressed. The women were resplendent in gorgeous gowns. Rivers of diamonds were displayed, shining brightly in the subdued lights of the place. They danced, frantically, joyously, with the most sensuous abandon of body and spirit, to the jazz played by a gyrating band, the musicians actually dancing on the platform while they played. The drinks were unusually expensive, and though because of their profession (which

I suspected) the visitors should have known better, the only difference in the wine, in spite of the different prices, was the color and the shape of the bottle in which it was served.

My male companions at the table did not wait long to strike up friendship. A tall, corpulent man leaned over to me and questioned gently:

"Your name, please."

I told him. Whereupon he rose and ceremoniously introduced me to the rest of the company. He eyed with displeasure the bottle in which my wine was served, for it was not of the highest priced. It shamed his table. He asked me politely to consent to partake of his wine. When I had consented he spilled my wine in the brass bowl and put the empty container under the table out of sight. As the waiter did not appear quickly enough to suit him, Mr. Smith raised his eyebrows and said:

"Is it not remawkable haow these ma-an servants are procrastinating?"

"They is procrastinating!" the other assented, happy to mouth so high-sounding a word. "Yes, sir, they is procrastinating—yes, sir!"

While the music played and the dancing women exhibited their diamond-studded garters through the bottom slit in their gowns, and the phosphorescent white combs in their hair were gleaming, he inquired of my profession. And then he spoke of his.

"The other gentleman, Mr. Jones, and I is partners. I's a sci'ntist and di'tishon and chemist. A sci'ntist, that's what I is, a di'tishon. There are plenty of learned folk in Harlem, sir."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's what I is. We two, my partner and me, is going to change the color of our race and make it happy. We are going to make 'em white, so they can live everywhere and go everywhere and be even the President of the United States. The only trouble with the colored race is that it ain't white. Not that I says we is inferior! No, sir! Only when you are in Rome you've got to be like Romans, as Lincoln said. So we will make 'em white."

"Is that so?"

"All this straightening-out hair business, permanent wave, is not the thing; ain't near the real thing. The hair is like tassel on corn. To change it you must change the seed. It is not sci'ntific. I am a di'tishon. I believe in doing things fundamentally."

Suddenly he raised his voice and looked to the people about him. People crowded our table now though the music played.

"Why am the Northern people blond? Why am they blond? I asks." And his large belly shook like jelly while his black eyes rolled furiously in the white pools. "I say they am blond because they eats fish: cold-blooded animals they eat, and because of that they have fair skin and blond hair. Color comes from within, and not from outside. That is sci'ntific. But you cannot change the whole colored race into a white race at once. Burbank he ain't done changing the nature of fruit by paintin' it. You've got to do it sci'ntifically. And through the mothers especially. And so when a woman has got sense enough to come to me I look at her and study the grain of her face. Then if she is very black I prescribe a diet of fish with a little vegetables three times a day. And I give her the right kind of face powder. And it's the face powder I's interested in with my partner here."

(Mr. Jones puffed at his cigar and bowed in acknowledgment.)

"Still, the business is idealistic, it is. But there ain't no reason in the world why ideals should be losing propositions! No, siree! And if a woman of lighter shade comes up I give her a diet of two-times-a-day-fish and a little more vegetables of a certain kind and give her a different kind of face powder, a little lighter. And if a woman whiter than that comes she gets fish only once a day and the use of a different kind of face powder. There are eight hundred and forty-nine different kinds of face

powders to choose from. And I selects the right kind after studying the grain of the face and the hands. I's a di'tishon and a sci'ntist, a chemist."

"And then you think that diet will straighten out a woman's hair?" I asked.

"I ain't interfering with another end of my business; that is hair culture. No, siree! But do you knows the Bible? Do you know the Bible, I asks." He waxed more enthusiastic as he continued. "Do you remember how Jacob got them striped sheep from his father-in-law Laban? He fooled him by putting the half-peeled branches from the trees in front of the water well to which the ewes used to come to drink. And so most of the sheep were born flecked because the ewes looked at them. Well, do you remember it?"

I nodded.

"Well, that am exactly how I do the things. Nothing like the Bible for an honest man. Study the Bible for ideas. I have a woman eat fish and give her the proper shade of face powder, and she'll be looking into the mirror at herself a dozen times a day. Women is that fallacious, vain, and perspicacious. And watch her offspring. That is sci'ntific. Like Laban's lambs got striped, her offspring is gwine to be whiter. It's in the Bible, sir. If you believe in the Bible you can't dispute this here fact, or you is a heathen. For I'se a sci'ntist and di'tishon and benefactor and student."

I told him he was wonderful, whereupon a dozen more gentlemen and ladies, evidently already the clients of the firm of Smith and Jones, crowded our table. And my friend affirmed to them that I had said he was wonderful.

"And this gentleman knows, for he is a celebrated sci'ntist himself and a student of the Bible."

Who will ever imitate the nice jollity and naïveté of the man! The music played and the couples danced and as they passed by the women patted his cheek, assuring him that he was wonderful. And they were getting such tender and sweet glances in return!

There are a hundred, a thousand different charlatans of his kind in Harlem, who want to make the colored people happy by making them look like whites. Every other house on the Avenue holds a practitioner of some sort. The colored people are so easily separated from their money. They are naïve and confident. Not only all the sciences, but also all the superstitions flourish in like way. There are a horde of representatives of schools of medicine I have never heard of—podopractors, manopractors, pedipractors—doctors all of them.

The advent of Marcus Garvey, who styled himself the emperor of the African race a few years ago, has had very much to do with the factionalization of Harlem. The full-blooded negro was made to feel through Garvey's propaganda that he was better than his brother of lighter skin. The blacker, the greater the pride. And a thousand and one disputes have been going on since Marcus Garvey's advent. Undoubtedly this negro Moses started out as a saint with high ideals, with great love in his heart. His desire to take his people out of this country and lead them back to Africa had a solid emotional background. It was unfortunate that he should have become involved in the financial intricacies which ultimately led him to jail. He was a picturesque and imposing figure with a sad and eloquent voice and magnetic gestures. Somewhat of a *poseur*—yet genuine. There are any number of people to this day in Harlem who still believe he was honest and who cannot be convinced that he had ever swung aside a single penny which they had given him. They have bought shares in the different enterprises that he had started; and the Black Star Line, so much scoffed at when its lone vessel was confiscated by the Prohibition Agents for carrying whisky, is still something of which they dream. "Garvey was jailed," they say, "because he is colored." They will tell you big interests were behind his persecution. He was a

black genius of organization, and therefore dangerous. Some even spoke of him as the Ghandi of the negroes.

Marcus Garvey's influence is still strong in Harlem. It has worked havoc in the relations between the West Indian negro and the native negro. This antagonism breaks out in all fields. It is of frequent occurrence that a West Indian should ruin another negro in business. They boycott one another's stores, restaurants, and dancing places. There is no peace between the West Indian negro and the rest of the population. They neither associate nor intermarry, and seldom if ever belong to the same society, lodge, or congregation with the others. It also so happens that the West Indian negro is of more astute commercial makeup than the other negroes. Most of them have become quite wealthy in a very short time. They are not as happy-go-lucky as the native negroes. They save and invest their money in sound ventures, and do not part with their gold for hair-culture salves and the like. They are seldom as profoundly stirred in their emotions as the others are. They take religion more casually. They don't dance as well. They are quite satisfied to stay black, are proud of their race. There is less white blood in them than in the native negro.

A most interesting little man is Mr. Roach, the owner of the Renaissance Dancing Hall. A wealthy man and influential in the community, is this Mr. Roach. He confessed to me he had once had literary ambitions, and had drawn his inspiration while serving as cook for Mr. Irving Bacheller. Later on he became a servant to a Miss Watkins whose writings he admired. But it availed him naught. He had great difficulty. Write as he would, imitating as closely as possible either of his two masters, his stuff did not sell. In despair he became a valet to Mr. Wilton Lackaye, the actor, whereupon he promptly had better luck by selling a moving-picture scenario for sixty-five dollars. This made him think about motion pictures. He owns to-day a screen theater, has invested in a colored production company, and is the proprietor of several buildings and dancing halls. Had any of his stories been accepted he would to-day be a publisher.

A little below the Renaissance, on Lenox Avenue, is the Lafayette Theater, once the home of the Ethiopian Players of which Charles Gilpin, now of national fame, was once a prominent member. The Ethiopian Players have produced a number of negro actors who have won national fame. They have staged Shakespearian plays, plays by Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Ibsen, and plays by local authors, mostly on negro subjects.

Among interesting Harlem figures are men like Doctor Dubois, the editor of the *Crisis*, and Mr. James Weldon Johnson, the poet, whose commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the emancipation of the negro was published in *The New York Times* in 1913. It was one of the most widely commended poems of the year. His poem, "The Young Warrior," set to music by H. T. Burleigh, almost became the national hymn of Italy during the World War. Mr. Johnson has published several books of poetry of his own, and is the editor of *The Book of American Negro Poetry*. Walter F. White, my companion during my Harlem days, is a novelist and one of the best-known figures in Harlem. Welcomed everywhere, known everywhere, a fluent talker and fiery orator, as ready with tears in his eyes as he is with a smile on his lips, he knows Harlem and knows his people. He is for this and many other reasons one of the most valuable assets of the negro race. He has investigated almost every riot and lynching for the past ten years; and should one want a nightmare without going to the trouble of eating Welsh rarebit, he can have it if he meets and listens to Walter White.

Claude McKay, the poet, author of *Harlem Shadows*, though a Jamaica negro, is one of the most pampered poets of Harlem. Young, handsome, and fiery, with undeniable talent, he is loved

by everybody, and even his escapades are being recounted with great gusto. McKay is now in Russia, the guest of the Soviet Republic. Another interesting figure was Mrs. Lillie C. Walker, who has become both famous and wealthy from her hair-straightening process. Branches of her parlor are now in operation all over the country, and her bottled preparation is selling in almost every drug store. Mrs. Walker, who in her lifetime made several million dollars through her invention and through shrewd real-estate investments, was also a speaker and a singer, and one of the most race-conscious negroes in the country. She left her estate to her daughter when she died, who, a most handsome amazon as though hewn out of dark bronze, stands fully six feet in her stockings. She is living in great luxury in a palace she has had designed and built for herself by a negro architect, in Irvington, New York, surrounded by social secretaries and all the luxuries of life. A well-traveled and cultured woman, she too is a very proud negro. Her father having been killed in a riot, she is anything but passive on the subject. Rising from her chair as she talked to me, she looked more like an African empress than the offspring of a former slave. Speaking about negroes whose relatives and parents have been killed in riots or in lynchings, her frame trembled, her lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears. She looked like an avenging nemesis. But white Irvington objects to her living there. She is as isolated as if she lived on an island a thousand miles from shore . . . except when her own people come to visit her.

In general, what one feels very distinctly in Harlem is that it is composed practically of two elements: those whose ambition it is to "cross the line" or have their offspring cross the line to live with the whites as whites; and another, much better element who refuse to live with whites under false pretenses, who want to live as negroes, race conscious, who hope by their achievements to compel the white people surrounding them to recognize them as their equals. And they insist that their best men have been full-blooded negroes. To them the great numbers of their kind invading Harlem and New York is very agreeable. They have them all together. They can hold meetings with larger crowds. They can lecture to them. They can make them race conscious and with their help agitate for such legislation as is favorable to the negro.

People like Mary Burroughs and the crowd of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People are laboring for the education of the negro by making his life more complete, by pointing out to him values in literature, by making him conscious of a poetry all his own, a theater all his own, encouraging sculpture and painting and higher education; building a new edifice on an old foundation by pointing out the great arts that have flourished at all times in Africa, in olden times and down to the time when their ancestors were ravished from the coasts of Africa and brought here as slaves. Native music and dance are almost entirely of negro origin. A visit to musical comedies such as "Shuffle Along" and "Runnin' Wild," which have been tremendous hits on Broadway and in most of the principal cities of the country, proves their contention. These comedies have been written, staged, and executed from first to last by negroes, and have a quality all their own. The tunes and dances are both intoxicating and infectious. Not one risqué or obscene joke. And yet the woman dancers have been forced into tights by our censors, while the white dancers in revues and follies romp bare-limbed in other theaters. And when a man like H. O. Tanner, the painter, becomes famous, the negroes get angry because he is referred to as an American painter, and not mentioned as a negro, which he is.

How prejudice against negroes has been melted in New York is perhaps best illustrated by the recent enormous

success of the singer, Roland Hayes. For years and years this great artist has sought an opportunity to show his ability and his great art. It has been refused to him only because of his color. Managers raised their brows. No white population would come to hear a negro singer, they claimed. In despair Hayes went to England, where in less than a year after his arrival he was summoned to sing before the King. When he returned to New York on a visit to his parents in 1923, he found quite a different attitude. His success was overwhelming. I counted four white out of every five people in the audience at some of his concerts. And although he sang very beautifully in several languages, he never reached such heights or depths as when singing the simple spirituals of his own race. Even those who had come to scoff remained to praise and admire.

Hundreds of negroes arrive daily in New York from every Southern state. It is pathetic, the eagerness with which the other negroes, poor and overcrowded as they live, extend hospitality to the newcomers. Yet hundreds find themselves on the street. The Harlem Forum, where many are taken care of out of charity, is overcrowded nightly with shivering, ragged, hungry creatures who look as though they had just escaped from hell. There is no way to stop the invasion. There is no way to enlarge the houses in which negroes live. Space inclosed by walls is rigid. Segregation breeds immorality, criminality, diseases, and increases mortality. One twelfth of the population of a city cannot be restricted to live in one fortieth of its area harmlessly, and be excluded from most decent means of earning its livelihood. Prostitution, bootlegging, and charlatanism are rampant on every corner. The saloons are wide open. So are gambling dens and dope joints. I have been accosted by boys under twelve who offered to sell me gin, while the policeman on the corner twirled his club and looked aside. Rents are high. Wages are small. Trade unions are adverse. And yet . . . Harlem goes earlier to work than any other district. Street-cleaners, dishwashers, chauffeurs, elevator men, and the home-sleeping servant girls have to be early at work. And at night ten thousand men, exceedingly well dressed and looking more prosperous than the others, go to their employment, for that many are regularly employed in cabarets and dance halls as musicians.

And yet . . . watch them in the street cars, subways, and the elevated trains. They laugh and giggle. Their eyes sparkle and their white teeth flash, recounting last night's dance, last night's party, last night's meeting, last night's affair at the church. Never do they call one another by Christian names. It is always Mister, Missus. And when one of them recently gave me his visiting card it read: "Mr. Eleazar Godson, *Chief Indoor Aviator*, etc., etc." I puzzled long before I discovered "Indoor Aviator" meant elevator man, and that "Of Hygeinist Bureau" meant Street Cleaning Department.

If there should be another such displacement of negroes from the South to the North as took place in 1923, when nearly five hundred thousand abandoned their home states, the day is not far off when there will be a negro population of a million in the city. Their political power is already a considerable one. Political machinery is at work to swing it this way and that in exchange for winked-at liberties and favors. Whether the negroes in New York can be permanently segregated in one particular quarter is very problematical.

And one of them bitterly remarked to me the other day, "They sing our songs, the whites do. They dance to the music we make. They dance our dances. And the bullets made no difference when they killed us in the War, whether we were white or black. And yet when it comes to renting us an apartment they turn up their noses. As soon as I get enough money I shall go to live in France where they don't discriminate against us."

IN THE FOREST OF MALAYA

Entertainment and Adventure beyond the Roads of Civilization

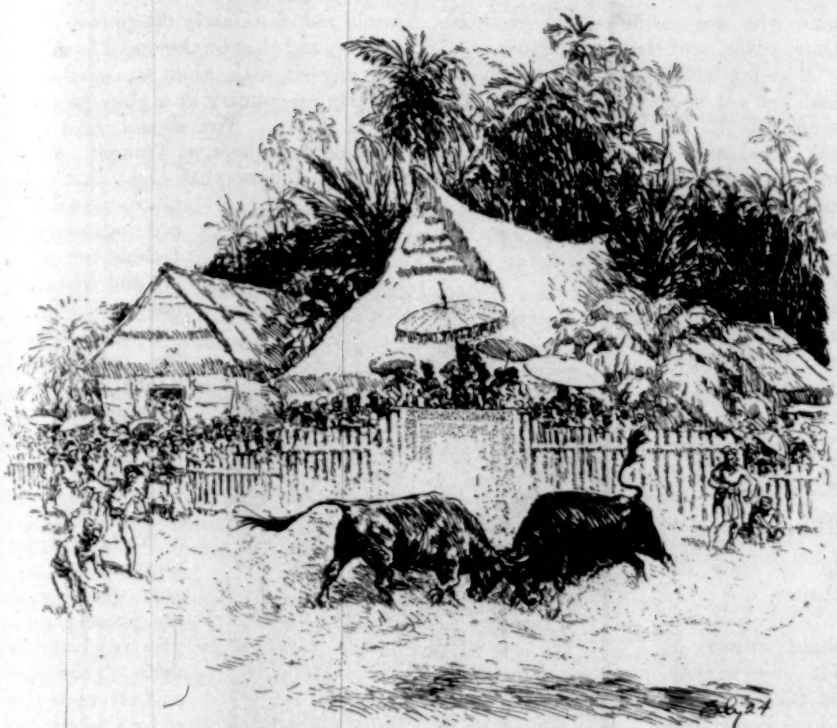
BY H. M. TOMLINSON

WHEN our little coasting steamer had worked clear of the noisy bewilderment of Singapore's crowded harbor, the reality of the East dissolved. The East again was only a silent presentiment. For several days I saw to port the somber hills of Johore, Pahang, and Trengganu, and behind them each day the sun disappeared in an appalling splendor of thunder and flames. But those hills by the China Sea and the wrack of day above them were in the same world; one was no nearer to me than the other. The weather was heated and tranquil, and the sea was glazed, for the monsoon was southwest.

I was bound for Bangkok. Yet Malaya was implicit in that magnificent dread to port at dayfall; though how could I enter it? How does one reach the sunset clouds? I had come to see Malaya, but I had given it up. I was going to Bangkok instead. Singapore is not Malaya—it is more Chinese than anything else; nor Penang, nor even Malacca. You may drift about from one anchorage to another in the China Sea and the Bay of Bengal—voyage along both sides of that strip of Asia which reaches down to the equator, and is called the Malay Peninsula; or travel leisurely in a railway coach for days past inland stations with pleasing native names, or career for weeks over excellent roads, through miles of rubber plantations, jungle, tin-mining districts, old Malay hamlets, and modern Chinese compounds, and feel all the time that you will never enter Malaya. I had tried every device in an effort to glimpse it, but it had eluded me; and soon I must go home. We ought to have more sense, of course, than to try to touch a dream, or to reach that place which exists but in the glamour of a name.

The agent of our steamer at one sleepy coastal station, when I asked him whether it was possible to travel inland away from the usual roads, shook his head. He did not know. He thought not. It was wild and uncertain. Nobody ever did it. He had been there nine years and had not been more than ten miles inland. That overseer of cargoes and manifests looked toward the hills, and I thought for a moment that his glance was half-regretful. "No," he said, "I shall never know what is behind them. I'm too busy. And when I'm finished here I shall go, please God, straight to Dorking. Do you know Dorking in Surrey? That's where my hills are."

And his, I think, is the experience of nearly all exiles from Europe on that coast. Those men are not really incurious. Their youthful ardor, the zest for adventure which carried them out, has been subdued. Commerce caught them on the way, and imprisoned and disciplined them. They have not and will never see more of their fate than the coconut and rubber plantations, estate inventories, poker at the club, tin mines, coastal go-downs, and cargo manifests. They do not talk with the natives but with commercial travelers. The extent of London and New York and their unquestioned control is terrifying. Our maps give no indication of it. They seem to have men everywhere in bondage, and you find the chains are



THE FIGHTERS STOOD WITH HORNS INTERLOCKED AND THE CROWD RAISED THE MALAY WAR CRY

as despairingly stout and reliable on a Siamese beach as they are where fixed to their awful staples in Threadneedle or Wall Streets.

So Bangkok, another great city, was the best that I could do. Nobody could help me to anything better. I was free to regard distantly from my steamer the home of the Sekai, the hills where the little forest people use poisoned arrows, and where, in fact, life is still unaware that it is more than four hundred years since Vasco da Gama rounded Good Hope. But I was no nearer to those hills than if I were still in London. There was nothing for it but to remain contented as a happy tourist, and not ask for too much. A week's journey inland from most of those roadsteads by river mouth would get me to where the Malay folk were living in the way which was traditional before the coming of the English, even before the coming of the Portuguese. But if any sedentary person supposes that it is easy to break through the spell of the settled highways of this world, then he had better try it. Only good luck will get one through; and I should like to hear how to arrange for the advent of that angel. In another two days we were due in Bangkok. There I should see fantastic temples, smell stale drainage, buy pictures of the place at the hotel office, drink and gossip with cynical exiles to kill the evenings, and then be more than glad to embark again. To feel the spirit of enterprise moving you is not enough; a door must be found and the key to it. Malaya, however, was closed to me, as in fact it is to all but a few government officials, prospectors, and

men who are indifferent to prudence, time, space, and the neat virtues.

A young fellow-passenger, to whom I had not yet spoken, that evening said something to the captain which I did not hear, and the captain thereupon turned to regard him in mild surprise and amusement. "Are you though?" the captain said, with a wise smile. "I hope you will like it, but I think not." An elderly planter next to me chuckled. The young man began to hum a tune as though he did not hear.

"How will you do it?" said the planter.

"Oh, on an elephant; or walk it, if it comes to that. Or take a *prahu*. I don't know. But I'm going."

"And you call that a holiday?" said the planter, smiling bitterly.

"No, I call it a lark," said the young man.

"I wouldn't do it for a tenth share in the ship," the captain assured me.

"Do what?" I asked, in suspicious curiosity.

"Why, make my own way to Ulu Kelantan, where that river rises, somewhere among the rhinoceroses over there." The skipper pointed at the night beyond the open ports of the tiny saloon.

After that dinner I forgot my excursion to Bangkok. I did not want it. The young man assured me that he would not obstinately disapprove of my society, and that he thought I could furnish myself with what was needed for the trip up-country at a place he called Kota Bharu. We should land next morning near there, at Tumpat. It was fortunate for me that night that those places were not on my map, and that I could not prove my new friend did not know what he was talking about, for otherwise I might still have been prudent and continued in comfort and boredom my voyage to the Gulf of Siam.

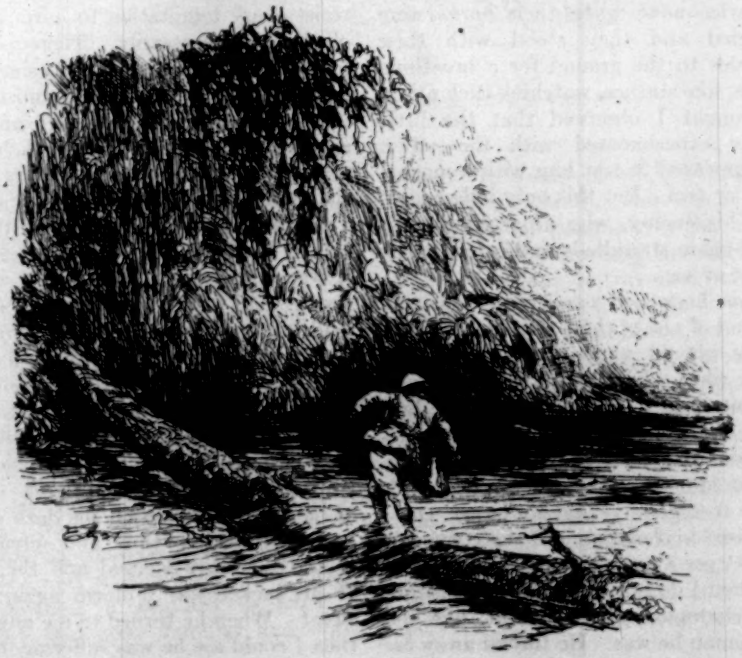
THE TRACK BECAME A TUNNEL IN THE FOREST

We landed next morning at Tumpat, which is on the present main channel of the delta of the Kelantan river, a river which changes its mind about its channels now and then; and from there we crossed to Kota Bharu and found a rest-house. That city is the capital of the native state of Kelanton, and there its Sultan resides. My share of the work then was to go to a Chinese shop and buy provender and frying pans; and my friend, whose name may be Smith—he called on the Sultan's Prime Minister, or Lord Chancellor, or Caliph, to acquire a mandate which would require *pengawas* or local chiefs to regard us friendlywise. That afternoon, by invitation, we attended a bullfight at which the Sultan and his court were present. It was a

curious festival. The colors of the silk sarongs and head scarves of the lithe ladies of Kelantan were momentous, and from the ambush of those clustered dyes came the distracting shrill challenges of many immediate bulls, waiting their call. The animals were small but athletic creatures, with brass or silver guards to the points of their horns. Their hoofs were polished. Their coats played like satin with the light. They were haughty. To the caresses which would have won the coldest lady they were massively indifferent. They appeared to know their part in the show and to anticipate it. The favorite was a little black animal. He was quiet, even sleepy. He submitted to the shampooing of his coat and the massaging of his limbs with the proud nonchalance of a popular champion. Children might play with him and they did. And while the children played, the bookmakers gave the picture a familiar touch of Epsom Downs. Malays are dour and irreclaimable gamblers, and I found that to share this human failing with them no knowledge of the vernacular is necessary. The betting was two to one on the champion.

The two bulls for the first round were led by their backers into a large enclosure. There for a space they were fondled in opposite corners, while, so far as I could see, good advice was whispered earnestly into their ears. Their horn guards were removed, and a backer from each went over to inspect the sharp horns of the other animal, probably for poison. Then a gong droned; and the comely gladiators were marched to face each other at a distance of about fifty yards. The gong crashed, and the crowd raised the shrill and fearful Malay war cry. Each bull exploded in a cloud of dust.

I felt at that moment a spasm of apprehensive indignation at the cruelty of it; but the bulls understood each other. It was all right. Anyhow, one bull



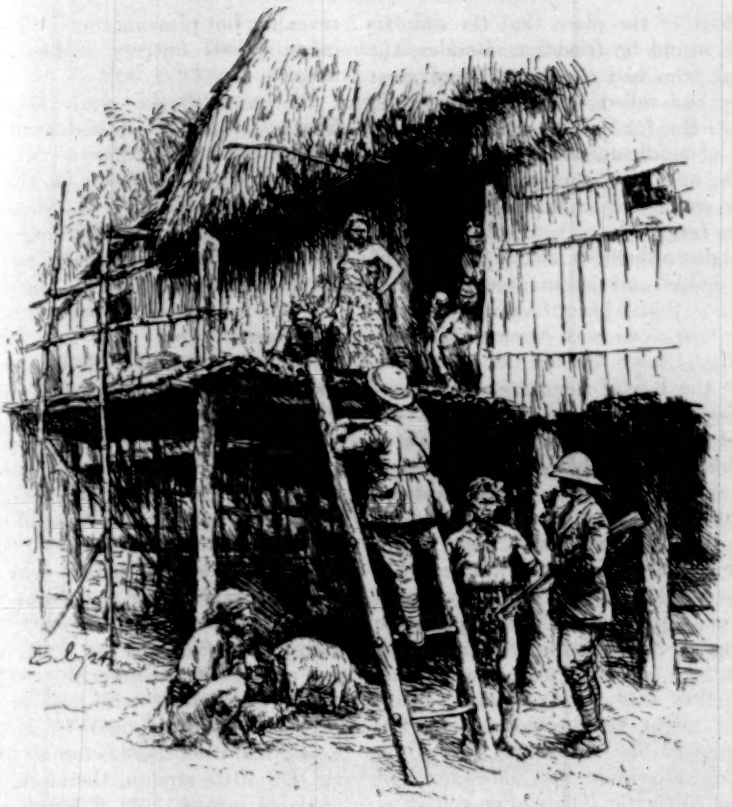
HE BEGAN TO TREAT HIS FOOTHOLD WITH TOO PRECIOUS A CARE

understood the other. The little champion appeared to be outmatched. He kept his front carefully on feet as nimble as a cat's, but was pushed about the field. I felt I could only wait for his end. There were sharp, convulsive onsets; or the fighters stood with horns interlocked, waiting for each other to move. But I noticed each time that it was the big aggressive fellow who moved first. Once the two separated—gazed round calmly at us while their flanks heaved—ignored each other—showed clearly that this was fun and that they had had enough of it. But the war cry roused them, and the cry rose an octave when they met in the shock of another charge. The champion stumbled at the impact. His opponent instantly became distinctly savage and more active, and the bookmakers thereupon raced round the enclosure offering three to one on the champion, which I thought was ridiculous logic. The champion was bleeding at the shoulder. He was tired, and was being pushed all over the field. Once or twice now, when their horns were mingled and they stood with their muzzles to the ground for a breathing space, like statues, watching each other, I thought I observed that the little fellow experimented with the other. He appeared to test him with a modest feint or two. Yet this only inflamed to fury his enemy, who drove him backward again straddle-legged over a dozen yards or so.

This happened once too often. At the end of one of these retreats the little fellow played some caper. I do not know what. I could not see it. It was instantaneous. But there the big bull was, on his ribs, and the champion's armed front was prodding his belly, daring him to move. The beaten bull, lately so aggressive, did not move. Once he raised his head; and if there was not in his eyes a pathetic appeal to let him off, then I do not know that expression. The champion understood it, like the gentleman he was. He turned away his head as though he had forgotten something, and on the instant the defeated gladiator was on his feet and trotting away briskly to his corner.

With our possessions assembled into six small packs roped in rubber sheets, next morning at daybreak we took train to Rantau Panjang, a village on the east bank of the Golok river twenty miles from its mouth, just in case there should be any curiosity to discover exactly where we were. The Golok is the division between Malaya and Siam. At that little village the chief, on reading our mandate, found three men for us without parley. And the chief of police, who happened to be an Englishman, was so alarmed by the inadequacy of our preparations and the puerility of our plans that he forced on me also a rifle and ammunition. I understood from him that I might be required to shoot a tiger or a *seladang* at any moment. "But don't shoot an elephant," he admonished me "unless you must." I assured him that I would resist every temptation to harm a wild elephant unnecessarily. Thereupon we marched off. The policeman shook his head over us in mirthful pessimism.

It was ten in the morning; and the spaciousness of the bare and brazen prospect to which we set our faces under that sun was a matter for firm courage. I could have played tennis with the rifle at the start. In less than an hour it was a worse evil than many tigers. For we had to cross some miles of padi fields and open land, all of it hard and rough in the dry season, with the loam of the furrows and ridges as unaccommodating as granite. We marched toward a line of blue hills, but the shelter of their woods seemed at a distance no effort could measure. Smith was ahead of me, so I could watch the dark stains begin on his khaki tunic and spread till their boundaries merged and the back of his jacket was uniform again with sweat. When he turned to me now and then I could see he was suffering, for he was of a stout and rounded habit. But



THE CHIEF'S HOUSE HAD A LADDER TO ITS VERANDA

certainly this was better than all the motorcars and steamers, for at least we hardly knew where we were going, and had no idea where we should be that night. A spot named Nipong was mentioned; but by looking first at the chart and then at Smith, I judged that Nipong was best considered as a fond dream. We came to a swamp, then managed a small tree over a much larger stream (a rifle is useless as a balancing pole) and the track became a tunnel in a forest immediately it left the far end of the fallen trunk.

Nothing could be guessed of that path except that it would get more illegible the farther it beguiled us from the things that were familiar and understood. It would please itself, though perhaps not Smith, who was a little sketchy in his geography. He, indeed, appeared to be sure only that there was a lot of jungle to be traversed before we reached Nipong, where folk lived; we were going to rely on Malay hospitality for shelter for the night. So I wondered, under these circumstances, what had gone amiss with me, because it is odd to feel tired yet sure you can light-heartedly continue till the best man of the party has had enough of it. I felt I had known the Malay jungle all my life. This place had no incubus. It was still the first day there, and not even noon. I would not have used that rifle on any polite tiger, and it occurred to me from

the look of the place that the animals there would be friendly. Besides, the Malay who had chosen to march near to me had rolled his sarong into a loin cloth. But for that he was naked. He was a middle-aged man, slender and tough, and his bronze figure appeared to be so proper to that somber place, where fragments of sunlight had foundered down the deep silence to groups of improbable and immovable leaves on the floor, that I knew I should be lucky if the two of us were destined to go on like that till we reached the other side, where the Bay of Bengal would stop us at a beach. I liked the mild but critical eye of that fellow. He did not look at me, but there could be no doubt that he was appraising, by a standard we should find difficult to meet, the two white men who were with him; and I am bound to say I desired that that barbarian should not view me in any miserable, inadequate, thin, faded, apologetic loin rag of civilization. I did not want my culture to shame me. I will swear that fellow was a sound judge, whose verdict might be guessed only in the aloofness of his contempt. When the police inspector that morning had pointed to the far hills and peered at us sardonically as we turned to go there, I was a little dubious of my sanity. Why was I asking for trouble? But something had happened to me in the meantime. I would have repudiated my past if I could have done so, denied St. Paul, pretended I had never heard of Matthew Arnold, and swapped all the noble heritage of two thousand years of London for a couple of bananas—only there is no escape from what we are. I wished then that Mr. Santayana were with us. I would have given even the bananas for a sly peep at that Malay as he viewed in that wild our more tenuous refinement. I wonder to what it really amounts? An accidental beam from the roof of that forest had dropped on it, and you could hardly tell Ancoats from Oxford; yet the Malay's quick and questioning glance had been not only revealing but pleasing to me. There are other worlds but we seldom glimpse them.

We came to the sandy shore of a larger stream. It flowed swiftly and silently out of the darkness on one side of us and into the shades on the other. There was no bridge. Quite naturally I looked for it, because it is our right to cross a river by a bridge, and to find an inn on the other side of it. Our Malays did not pause. They walked straight in, somehow kept their feet with the water swirling near their shoulders, climbed the opposite bank, and vanished within the foliage without looking round.

It began to occur to me that I was expected to get wet; and I followed the natives with but the briefest hesitation. We are so used to the provision of bridges and such accommodating things that at first it appears to be an oversight on the part of Nature, and an affront to our dignity, to have to wet the shirt. Something was broken in my mind during that pause. On the other side, as I went up the sandy slope with heavier boots, I saw a footprint not made by our party. A tiger had been there before us. Crossing that little stream, therefore, translated me into a quite different region, where the usual counters of thought were not current. We use the supports of our civilization without knowing they are there, and even suppose we are supporting ourselves. Fine philosophers themselves will do this, unaware that without the favor of the rude tinkers, tailors, and candlestick makers beneath them, their minds would give way and drop them flat on an earth even ruder and more intractable than a revolutionary tinker, and that they would perish long before they could raise a few coarse oats for sustenance. I followed my Malay as though I had not gone over a boundary which parted me from all that hitherto had kept my feet. What my civilization had given me, I realized, was altogether inadequate and counterfeit. It could not help me now. Even my rifle was fraudulent. A

philosopher's finest thought cannot move the infernal quickness of a tiger.

A little later another stream ran athwart our way. There was no wading over that. It was wide and swift, and moved with a silent power that betrayed its depth. There was no passage over it but by a fallen tree. The huge butt of the tree was on our side and descended in a nasty curve to the center of the river, which in places eddied over the partly submerged bole. I knew I could not do it. My Malay gave me a warning and trotted over without a fault. And crocodiles too? Smith went over ahead of me. He began to treat his foothold with too precious a care just when his daring courage should have entered recklessly into both his feet; stopped and made to look back; tried to go forward again; and fell. I was at that moment on a greasy length of it, waving the rifle about helplessly, and trying not to judge how many more seconds I should last. Smith bumped off, but snatched at a projection and hung on desperately. The current carried his legs downstream.

The Malays had disappeared ahead. What could I do? I cried savagely to him that if he let go he would have to die. I knew he was almost at an extremity with fatigue, but at the shout he became lively, grabbed a better hold, and at last was aboard again, panting. I have no idea how I got over.

A tropical rain-forest is an experience which goes far to alter your conception of the quality of life. Life does not seem to be a tender plant. In the north, on the exposed ridges and sandy barrens of the world, life might be a patient but timid invader, grateful for the stoniest comfort, doing its best against the adverse verdict of fate, and perishing meekly in adversity. In a jungle of the equatorial rains the earth itself is alive, and there is no death, and not even change. There are no seasons. Life is visibly as dominant a fact in the universe as great Orion in a winter sky. It is immortal. It is terrifying in its heedless and unscrupulous arrogance, as triumphant as the blazing sun, and has no doubt that God has justified its ways. You may live with it if you can. It has no other terms.

This Malay forest varied in character. Where the ground was high it was more open, yet more dim; the trees were greater and their buttressed trunks rose like the pillars of a cathedral whose roof was night. But on swampy ground, where day could in some diffused sort reach the earth, we could not step aside from the track. A lower riot of foliage was caught between the masts of the

THE HEAVY SHADOWS WERE HARDLY MOVED BY THE LITTLE OIL LAMP

forests: spinous, tough, and exuberant. Bare cables were looped and pendant from above, roots meandered over the earth like flat walls and like the rounded bodies of dead reptiles of interminable length. Climbing palms, the rattans, lifted green feathers into every space, and their barbed and flexible ropes frustrated every pass. Epiphytes and ferns were posed on all the knots and protuberances of the masts and spars, and one fern, the elk's horn, projected its masses of palmated green antlers in such abundance that is was more remarkable than the hosts on which it was parasitic. There was no sound. Nothing moved. I paused to watch some colored flies hovering in a lathe of sunlight and their murmuring might have been the audible energy of the tense and still uprush of life about me. It was while alone, watching those insects, that I was surprised by my Malay coming back to me. He was evidently bothered by a difficulty. He told me that the other *tuan* was ill, was lying down in the path and could not move.

Poor Smith was on his back. He had propped his head on his helmet, and he confessed that this heat and fatigue was outside his specification. He was finished. He could not go another step. While kneeling beside him, pointing out that he was yet too young to give himself as food for ants, I noticed that my breeches were bloody, and had to touch the leaches off my legs with my pipe. This was our introduction to those indefatigable creatures. The revulsion was mental, not physical. It is a shock to see the worms feeding on you before their time. Such haste is unseemly and not by the rules. I glanced at Smith and then saw a group of them attached to his belly. He had not noticed them. How soon he was up! How well he stepped out! Even leeches can have their good points.

The day was slanting fast toward sunset, but there was no sign of any end to the forest. I found myself the leading file, and so discovered that when one reached a queer place in the woods, some resolution is required to take it ahead of the others. For I came out of the trees suddenly and unannounced, and saw below us an extensive and forbidding enclosure in the jungle: a level lake of pale reeds round which the gloomy cliffs of the forest rose as though to keep private and secluded what was there. The day, sure of its privacy, was reposing in that secret bay within the darkness of the woods. Even Adam must have had some hesitancy in the far corners of his garden. The grass rose several feet above my head, and as I parted it to find a way, I thought of tales of the *seladang*, the bison that weighs a ton, does not wait to be insulted but takes the initiative, and can reverse like a cat. Then the forest began again.

Within an hour of sunset, when even the Malays looked as though they had had enough of it, we came upon a wide clearing. The hills of indigo, which had been far from us in the morning, were now near. They were part of the forest. That open space was grown over with shrubs, bright with blossoms, and heavy with scents which stirred only when we moved past, as though nothing moved in that place except when man disturbed it. Its peace seemed as settled as eternal truth. I could look upon the pale bare stretches there of the sands of old floods as if this were not only another country, but I had entered another existence. Tired? I felt I could drop. But why are some moments and some scenes of such nameless significance that, though all is strange, we feel there is no need to ask what is truth? The Golok river was near us. It might have been an upper reach of the river of life. It was of crystal and beryl. The façade of the forest above it on the opposite bank was in gracious pilasters of palms, with cornices and capitals of plumes, and the roof was domed. The clouds of evening were of rose.

But Smith was done. No more of it. The Malays, he said, were deceiving us.

This was Nipong. "There," he said, pointing "is a house. I can see the plantains from here." Our men stood by, disconsolate. They said nothing. But when I went to inspect this house, something loathly stirred within the rank herbage on its floor; for it had no roof and most of its walls of palm matting had gone. We got going again. And it was almost dark when, for the first time in that long trek, we came to betel and coconut palms (no doubt of it now) and presently to huts. There was a fair cluster of them, all raised on stilts with clear spaces under them, and the paths between were obstructed by the big black shapes of buffaloes. The beasts gave one sullen stare at us and lumbered off in a panic, with about as much sense of direction as runaway lorries. I thought they would carry the houses off their props, and that we should be left shelterless after all. But anyhow, the irruption brought out a frowning and elderly little man who stood at a distance while he read the Sultan's letter.

He took us home. It was a larger house than the rest, with a great length of ladder to its veranda. A corner of its bamboo floor was given to us, and a group of children became intent on our unpacking. The chief showed us the river, where we could wash. When I returned from it the day had gone, and I sat crosslegged with the Malays, dressed like them in sarong and *baju*, and feeling that I would have gone twice the distance for such a night. The heavy shadows of that old barnlike structure were hardly moved by a little brass oil lamp. Some men of the village gathered to gossip, and the women and children vanished I don't know where, but I could hear their voices somewhere in the rafters. Brass dishes were placed between us on the floor with fruits and nuts: lansats, rambutans, mangosteens, and a kernel which tasted like walnut. One felt quite at home with these people. They spoke in low voices. They asked modestly about the outer world, but said nothing in criticism. Smith fell asleep, and I lay on a mat which the chief spread for me and pretended to sleep, but lay listening, smelling the whiffs which came up through the flooring of old durian shards, looking at the gossiping heads of the chief and his cronies, and at the grotesque shapes on the wall—whether antlers or horns or shadows I did not know. When I woke, the day was beginning to enter the hut in splinters.

SHE LOOKS BEYOND TO-MORROW

BY RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

I WILL wear purple bonnets
And high black shoes.
Too soon, too soon,
Youth is all we lose.
Losing Life is nothing much
After youth is gone.
Tell me I am sweet to touch
For old age will be long;
Tell me that this yellow dress
Is a part of loveliness—
Like a jonquil in the spring—
Tell me any foolish thing!

LITTLE BROTHER OF THE UNDERBRUSH

A Story

BY MARIUS-ARY LEBLOND

Translated by Louise Collier Willcox

EDJA is a poor lost little military post at the extreme southern end of Madagascar—in the thick underbrush, a few straw huts like beehives under the spreading mango trees. No mortuary stakes or sculptured tombs, but before each cabin—torches in the glow of the setting sun—gleamed enormous bunches of red corn, made up of all the red ears of the harvest, which the Mahafalies tie at the top of tall poles to keep them from the rats.

In the courtyard of the post, where our runners arrived at a gallop, a long figure was stretched in a folding chair—chairs such as one sees on the decks of steamboats or in the colonial hospitals. As soon as he perceived us he rose painfully.

"Sergeant Des Billard," he said, bowing, "chief representative of the army," and at the same moment he took off his helmet.

I recognized it at once, that helmet—the helmet of a drunkard in the tropics; the helmet of a tipsy man, of a soliloquist, of an irascible creature; a helmet that one has fought, with which one has fought, and against which one has fought. But this helmet—flabby as a fireman's collapsible pail—was singular in that it was pierced, battered, full of holes in every part, so that it looked like a thing already in process of decay.

"I beg pardon," he said, "but I am commander of this Post only in name; those who really command here are *the rats*."

They had already forewarned me that this military guard was a type: "One of the last of those administrators left, or rather forgotten, there since the military occupation." I asked him what he meant.

"Rats, monsieur," he said, "flourish here. They attack everything, wood, copper, man—to such an extent that he has to renounce all idea of defending himself." And to spare himself further explanation, with a noble gesture he indicated his person from top to bottom.

His boots ripped, like a beggar's; his white trousers, clean, but hanging in fringes; his shirt, his waistcoat so full of holes, so eaten up that the linen on his body looked leprous. His face, too, was so mangled and pockmarked that it looked like a piece of lace. But it was not the rats that had gnawed it; right at his hand, on the ground, was a row of bottles of iodide of potassium.

I asked him to show me the lodging.

"Everything here is torn to pieces," he replied gently; "the personnel no less than the habitation. Here are two old barns of houses, and that is the entire Post. They served formerly as rice granaries and it's a long time since messieurs the Rats have taken them by assault. They accomplished their end. They have forced me to sleep in one of the native cabins."

"And who is this?" I asked, pointing to a little dog of the fox-terrier family, who, while we were talking, watched his master with a kind of feverish interest. "Doesn't he catch rats?"

"His name is Bidet," he said, turning his eyes from me to the dog. "And Bidet, little brother of the underbrush, has eyes for no one on earth but his master!"

It was evident that the dog noticed no one but Des Billard. He had not barked at our carriers. He did not even look at me. But as his master was speaking to some one other than himself, he watched him the more anxiously. He neither moved nor growled. It was only in the fixity of his eyes that one guessed the beast's passion. I had already noticed this breed of dogs in military outposts, especially among the officers; the life of the colonies seemed to inoculate them with a kind of neurasthenia. Isolated from their kind, they bear the solitude only by clinging to men. Parted from them, they die of boredom. In the end they become a kind of misanthrope who can bear only *one* man—their own. At the office, the club, they crouch under his chair; at home, under his bed; traveling, they run under his palankeens. They follow him everywhere and everywhere they see, hear, smell only him. They are no longer friends of man but his parasite. It is affection in the morbid sense of the word.

"It goes without saying that you will do us the *honor*, Bidet and me, of taking dinner with us?" he said jestingly.

We went into the first of the two lodgings. As soon as one entered one felt one's gorge rising; my host had taken the precaution of watering the ground and the smell of dust was asphyxiating. But the smell of rats was stronger still, a stale smell, sharp and acrid as of fermenting musk.

"Because of these filthy nibblers," he said, "I am obliged to keep everything that I have under lock and key—but as you see—it isn't much."

It was the setting of a drunkard. A table and four chairs, all of them tilting; unbreakable crockery; dishes and saucepans all of wrought iron.

He showed no embarrassment, no shame, at showing himself as he was, in all his nakedness; dropping to pieces with sheer lassitude; just as one shows oneself unashamed degraded by illnesses for which one is not responsible. His flat voice, even more than his decrepit body, had the same resigned languor as his faded blue eyes in his wan face. Nevertheless, he made a point of showing me, very prettily too, that he drank only water. Men obliged to cure themselves of their vices for the sake of health—are they not often touching, since their souls have suddenly been converted? Courteously and amiably he asked me to sit down and began a conversation.

He was emaciated from fever, yellowed by abscesses on his liver, embittered by rheumatism; deaf by reason of long solitude, and yet there were still ideas in the head of this tatterdemalion. "The French," he explained, "are not colonizers. In this line the English always excel us. They command the natives with a club in their hand, but we put on gloves! The English, sir, everywhere and always, in their colonies remain faithful to what I call a policy of glory; even on the lowest rounds of the administrative ladder their functionaries are honorably remunerated. But with us French what we pompously call honorary posts are only famine appointments. For example, what respect could they possibly have for a pariah like me? They see me here debased by misery—these princes and lords around me, these Mahafalies, of whom the least can parade his Homeric herd of three thousand cattle, and the greatest boasts of sacrificing two dozen horned creatures for his funeral feast! Think of it, monsieur! in all conscience, is it not too absurd that I, in my own person—so little honorable!—must represent to them France and its glory? Come! you may be sure they don't think a quarter of what Bidet thinks of me."

Seated on a case of absinthe, marked on the side, *pharmacy*, Bidet, careless of what we were eating, kept his eyes fixed on Des Billard's face, as if that were his food and he lived on it. Those dog's eyes, by dint of fixing themselves on the face of man, had become burning and oozed a strange moisture, the color of iodine.

"Here in this rat-hole, for fifteen years —ten of them with my mascot, Bidet— I have been getting moldy like an old crust. But thank God, there's an end to all things! In twelve more days, monsieur, I shall be re-established in France, in perpetuity! I am so afraid of missing the steamboat that I shall reach the port four days in advance. Do you know how long my squad of carriers, most carefully chosen, have been here under guard? *For one month!* And not one of them dares leave the village. If they break down under me, if they don't carry me swiftly and well, when the time comes, the eighty kilometers a day—let them look out for a revolver!"

He stretched out his fist; then, as if the gesture of menace had fatigued him, he went on with sorrow:

"One thing poisons all my pleasure: What am I to do with Bidet? I don't want to leave him with my cook; that ape loves nothing on earth but the accordeon I bought her. She detests Bidet because they both love sugar; she is wild about sugar and sometimes I give one more than the other. Then, though she is quite devoid of sentiment, it grieves her to the heart that only Bidet is allowed to share my bed: I make her sleep in the kitchen and as my boy is paying court to her, I lock her up there."

He tried to laugh, but his toothless mouth would no longer even smile.

"As to leaving Bidet to the tender mercies of these savages—that? Never! These Mahafalies would commit follies for an ox that they wouldn't commit for a woman; they would commit a crime; to steal an ox they would go miles and miles on a dark night and expose themselves to javelins. But they are as penurious as they are rich; they would let a traveling Malgache die of hunger rather than offer him cassavi or rice. Better the little dog should go."

I turned toward Bidet. He must have been a native dog; his hair was as shaggy as the brushwood, all in disorder, as if it were standing up in rage, and there were doubtful yellow patches on his muzzle that gave him that—I don't know what sort of an air—of a cur.

"Why not take him with you?" I suggested.

The man seemed put out.

"You don't realize—a dog? You can't transport one as easily as a lémur which French soldiers wrap around their necks. The maritime freight would cost me half a month's pay in European money."

Turning aside he looked at his dog.

"What will you? It's always the same story, one thinks one has broken with family, friends, women, everything—and there is always something to which one remains bound!"

A silence.

"In the end, as a last resort, I must get up courage—"

And fearing without doubt that if he said the word Bidet would understand, he put a finger on his lips, and pointed to a partition.

There, above a shelf covered with glasses full of shot, hung a gun.

Moved, I turned to look at this man, this skeleton, who hardly had energy enough to hold himself upright, and yet imagined he had enough to shoot his dog.

It was the morning when Des Billard was to start. At last! Nevertheless, he got up in a bad humor. Settled outside in his armchair, he began to pack, himself: stones brought back from his wanderings—stones that you can have in Madagascar for the trouble of picking them up, emerging from the night of the soil, shining like butterflies in the shadowy forests—amethysts, onyx, garnets, rubies, pink diamonds; charming aigrettes black as jet, and white ones—whiter than silk; natural plumage—yellow, blue, green, like metal ore; snake skins and shells of crocodiles. Bidet, as his master took up each object in his hands, looked at him, his head on one side, as if at each one he had the same memory as his master. Then with one paw he scratched at Des Billard's knee.

"Ah, nervous this morning? Poor

old brother, you say to yourself that they are packing up for a final leave, and you are giving yourself dog-sickness asking what I am going to do with you!"

Bidet shivered in all his hairy coat as if he were freezing. There was nothing he loved like hearing his master talk *alone*, just to him. Des Billard never stroked him, for he had the mange; the man's voice was the only caress. "Ah well, then, listen! You have decidedly no luck, nobody wants to take care of you. I begged that brute of a *habitant* but he has but one idea: digging ore—as if Bidet were not worth his weight in gold! As for his Lordship, my successor here, I humiliated myself to get him to accept you as a left-over account, but his whim is to educate the natives!—as if these anthropoidal apes were worth one beast that one has learned to love. . . . The devil knows, my poor beast, I don't know whom to leave you to!"

He stopped and swallowed a mixture.

When he raised his head the dog was no longer beside him.

He had dragged away into the court one of the crocodile skins which Des Billard was about to pack, and full of rage, as if the animal had just been killed, barked as he tore at its scales.

Des Billard watched him tenderly, with a mixture of love and malice: "To your last day you will have a crocodile under your nose?"

Then he was silent.

Suddenly he was struck by what he had said, and with his lids lowered, he lay there, his arms hanging, immovable. . . . Then without a murmur he got up, spat, went into the hut and took down his gun and, his weapon over his shoulder, started out back of the Post.

Bidet was already in front of him, on the path that they always took when they went hunting.

Des Billard walked like a man ill of fever, a phantom step so languishing that it seemed at times to stop altogether. It was nearly noon. Under the rays of the Madagascar sun one felt at times as if one must drop, but over the wild prairie long breaths of wind blew, regularly, at intervals, coming from one knew not where; over the high underbrush that the noon sun burned to the depths they glided, hot, sizzling, but so sweet, sugary with an odor of *tizane*. Breathing them in, one lifted one's head, one's chest swelled, and the body took heart again.

At the end of half an hour they were at the marsh. Oddly, although it was midday, not a single muzzle of a crocodile showed, watching for the men, the cattle, the dogs that come down at noon to drink.

"Voay! Voay!" said Des Billard in a low voice that only Bidet could hear.

Bidet understood; to bring up the crocodiles he must bark, then he howled wildly.

Nothing came up.

Bluer than the sky itself, the marsh slept among its red reeds. Under the great mauve lotuses on the surface one felt it heavy with a carpet of crocodiles, as the enormous tamarind tree on the other bank was heavy with hidden birds, moss, and flowers, till it bent its long branches down into the water.

Impatient, Des Billard raised his gun to his shoulder and fired!

In the same instant, like bubbles, four black muzzles, like ends of dead wood, appeared among the lotus-flowers. (In these regions it is like that—the crocodiles, unused to the sound of arms, push their heads out of the water to see what is happening.)

"Do you see them? Do you see them?"

Bidet shivered, pawed the ground, stood on his hind legs, ready to jump.

Usually Des Billard had to call and beat him to hold him back, for Bidet belonged to that race of hunters which fling themselves on a crocodile as soon as they spy it.

This time Des Billard neither called nor struck.

In a choking voice he whispered:

"Go on! Go on!"

Bidet did not understand anything—to understand he had to consult his master's eyes and to-day the master spoke to him with his eyes cast down as if he did not want to look at him. It was that which overwhelmed his poor dog heart and made him tremble, and in a rage at the crocodiles he threw himself into the water.

He swam! With his little paws he beat at the marsh! He held up his head covered with slime, not to lose sight of his master, and now he had found them again, Des Billard's eyes—those eyes, so far away, never turned from him, watched him, coaxed him, spoke to him, held him!

Slowly, always toward the same point, the little black nose glided. . . .

It was only a faint howl; the last gasp of a lost—no, not an animal—but a child, a drowning child.

Des Billard had not counted on the *voice*. As if his resolve to kill his dog had come to him only as a *vision*—as if he had counted on only having to have the courage to *see* it—overcome, he lost his head.

"O you filthy beasts!" he groaned.

His heart torn, panting, he ran into the water, and as if he could still save his old Bidet, shot all his bullets at the gathering crocodiles.

In the azure above sounded a cry and a sweep of wings. Already nothing swam on the surface of the marsh.

Haggard, despairing, Des Billard seized his helmet. Furious, he flung it into the mud, among the reeds and, bareheaded, eager to expose himself to the sun and drop right there, he dragged his steps homeward. As if draped in flame, the immense waste of prairie undulated, glittered. The man walked through a nightmare of fire. Once or twice, from habit, he turned to look back.

His head down, he was just entering the Post when, catching the sound of an accordeon, he stopped short.

"Ramatou," he yelled.

A young Malgachian ran up, her blouse torn open, her breasts shaking: saw before her a face green as death, sweating great drops from every pore—saw a gun and, seized with terror, turned to run. Des Billard threw himself on her, tore the instrument from her hands and with one gash of his knife cut out the whole inside of the accordeon.

"Bidet is dead," he murmured in a hollow voice, "and there'll be no more accordeons in this house."

And that evening, having counted his men, counted his baggage, showed his revolver to his runners, the military-guard mounted his palankeen.

VICTUS

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

BEWILDERED in a dense and mystic maze,
Tortured by fear, and agonized by doubt,
I followed feverishly the endless ways,
Knowing that one must surely lead me out . . .
For hope was mine until I learned how hard
It was to find the gate—and find it barred.

A LITTLE ONE-CHIMNEYED HOUSE IN ITS LONELINESS

SALTING THE CATTLE

A New Hampshire Idyl

BY KATHARINE UPHAM HUNTER

IT is a *jour de fête* when we go to "salt the cattle," for we take the tea basket, the picnic kit, and books; and we loiter in the upland pasture until shadows come creeping down the high hills and chase us back to the grass-ribboned way where the car was left some hours ago. Indeed, it is the car that makes our weekly pilgrimage so simply possible, for it effaces the miles between our farm and the hilly ridges where our young stock pass the summer pleasantly chewing their cud.

One hundred years—and fifty more—ago (so it pleases me to fancy) when the energetic and cultured Tory gentleman who carved our farm from the wilderness went over these lanes (probably then not even bridle paths) to salt his cattle, he ambled through the woods on a sure-footed horse with the salt in his saddle bag, stopping now and then at some farmstead to bolster His Majesty's cause; and the journey there and back must have consumed many of the hours between sunrise and sunset. Now, this afternoon, because we live in the twentieth century instead of the eighteenth century, we can compass that journey in less than an hour. The car turns out

of the same drive over which the Tory trotted. In a few minutes we leave the State Highway and follow a tortuous, bush-grown road which climbs steadily upward through a region of knolled sheep pastures. Now and then these pastures bow, as it were, their heads in homage, and then we glimpse Our Mountain, shadow-flecked and benignly young in the spring sunshine. For the Mountain, as well as the tempered steel of Toledo, responds to the wrist-play of the Seasons and, like those wise old people who keep their hearts unwrinkled, comprehends youth. The road dips into deep pine woods and disappears; we coast eagerly after it into a perpetual, soundless twilight; here in these solemn woods spring flowers are nodding under the shadowy boles; we see their fragile, innocent faces as we speed through the bogey pines.

At a crossroad we swing left through mixed woods where white and yellow birches, hemlocks, and lindens line a ferny, bowlder-filled brook; the brook brawls lustily beside us—a wild brook that may during a summer storm respond to the elemental fury and run "amok" down the road—(I remember one of our salting trips when the brook was "amok" and I would have exchanged six cylinders for the Tory gentleman's mare!) Later in its headwaters, in its babyhood as it were, it meanders gently through the emerald meadows of an intervale. But we are bound for more Arcadian country, to reach which we turn acutely right over a rickety bridge, and again climb into the hills past tilled and abandoned farms, into a rugged region which grows steadily more rugged with outcroppings of granite ledges and with shiny bald knobs. We begin the last upgrade to our pasture. Ah, now we catch sight of its granite-powdered flanks, but they are in the distance and still the motor toils as we climb up, up into this wild, rough upland New England. And now we are scanning a slice of our uptilted pasture for a sight of the heifers—the young Jerseys.

When we see them, the shapely, soft fawn and mouse-colored, deer-eyed heifers, it is the climax to the journey; the goal has been achieved and we sigh in satisfaction, "They are exquisite as deer." When they are not visible, and seemingly untenanted acres unroll before our anxious eyes, deerlike qualities other than grace and beauty arise disturbingly to mind, an anticlimax of inconvenience; indeed, it impinges on any day: a jangle of the telephone bell and into one's ear is poured in no uncertain tones the iniquities of heifers, "Say, your young stock is out all over the road and into Charlie Tift's oats and some of 'em are running wild on the Twickensbury place in the mowin'."

"But we have just fixed the fence this morning," I interrupt, confident that this time at least we are irreproachably fenced.

"Well, they got through—them Jerseys can git through anything and we can't do nothin' with them."—Deerlike heifers indeed!

But I have digressed. The car has purred up into the most idyllic spot and parked where the high pasture slope comes down, bringing its brook, to greet some other high pasture slope; and in their meeting-ground before the noisy brook, which has scrambled into a mossy water-trough, only to sprawl out again into a wild-mint bed, is a little house of white clapboards and weather-stained shingles, a little one-chimneyed house that, in its loneliness and endurance (its courage and faith, as it were), typifies New England.

For the nonce we will cheer it, we and the cattle—for the horned creatures are now bounding down the steep hillside to investigate us. They group themselves about the moss-grown trough, the brook swirling about their feet; but when Agricola with the salt bag steps among them they follow him to drier ground, where they relish the lumps of salt which he throws down for them. We count them: there are six heifers missing and, as they have banded them-

selves away from the herd, we decide to picnic first and hunt them afterward. The little old house regards us wistfully as we climb up the steep hill along the channel of the brook, following zigzag cowpaths which connive with purple pasture-violets to lead us on. But they are thwarted; the pathetic little house so begs for cheer that we make our picnic fire before the hemlocks hide it from view. All picnics are delectable, and a picnic with a cooking fire on a tongue of turf above the cascading, laughing brook, wherein are cooling bottles of Jersey milk and cream and desert, deserves superlatives. These the children, who have blissfully waded and blissfully eaten to contentment, voice for us.

Says Agricola, lighting his pipe, "I will burn a little incense to the gods of this country," and as it rises we spend long minutes watching the white clouds sail lazily in the azure above us, and following the brook as it runs songfully down the long pasture slope to the little old house. It is the recollection of minutes like these, simple yet replete, that one cherishes and that one's children store unconsciously into the very fiber of memory. Now the fair head and the dark head are bending in eager, happy absorption over their water-play —could we give them more than this free, healthful, beautiful country life, I wonder! . . .

We hunt the pasture to its many odd corners for the missing heifers, and as time presses we hunt singly, and in silence—save for the rustle of our feet through the fern and the occasional "bos co' bos" that does not materialize the six lost ones; no, promising dun patches of pasture refuse to move! . .

Down below a young porcupine went leisurely across the path; up here on the height of land I have attained not a leaf quivers, not a beastie rustles in the bush; the solemn hush is broken only by the sweet, sad hymn of the vesper sparrow—I see him run noiselessly over the sparse grass and disappear amid woolly crosiers which (lacking the bishops!) will unfurl themselves into ferns with a few more hours of warm sunshine. Around me is panorama; to the west, our Mountain, changed in shape, great in majesty, but veiled in the same amethystine garments; north and south, passing at the Mountain's feet, unfolds the noble valley of the Connecticut. The broad, silver riband, bordered by wooded hills, which now and then assume an Umbrian character, is hidden for the most part from me by other intercepting hills, but it is richly there for all that. If one has been born in this valley, even if one as a stranger has come to it and lived in it, one returns. The legendary lore of Europe is not here: there are no Rhine maidens to entice by their singing, there are no craggy castles; but the wooded hills so delicately individual, the tilled meadows wrested by the pioneers from the forest and cultivated in hourly peril of death from lurking Red Men, these make their appeal; and the Mountain and the shining, broad river call with a voice sweetly, witchingly insistent. . . . North lies an upland country, east more hills. Way below me, rising out of a maze of country lanes, is God's Acre, a little graveyard whose markers are touched shining white by the long rays of late sunshine. It is pathetic in its isolation, yet to me it is gloriously hallowed, for simple men and women of industry, perseverance, and faith lie buried there: tillers of the soil, patriots, the backbone of the nation. And south where the land wrinkles to the horizon—half wild in forests, half tamed in farmlands—their habitations stand and others carry on; the little red or white weather-worn houses catch the eyes of the sun in their tiny old panes.

All these things I see from the hilltop of the pasture, and when the call comes up from below that the lost heifers are found, I go to their salting with a heart full of psalmody that the earth is ours to delve in and to garner.

THE BIBLE AND COMMON SENSE

4. The Bible and Dogma

BY BASIL KING

ONE of the difficulties which the modern man must meet in his reading of the Bible arises from the necessity of viewing ideas essentially Hebraic through a Greco-Latin perspective. It is like turning a blue light on what should be seen in a white one. The atmosphere is changed. The reader's mind is charged with assumptions which were not in that of the writer. Not only are the original issues confused, but new issues are, in a measure, put in their place. It is no exaggeration to say that between the Christian thought of the twentieth century, largely Greco-Latin in its essence, and that of the New Testament, there is as wide a divergence as between the aspect of the streets of New York and that of Jerusalem or Pompeii. To reach the original intention we must make allowances for this coloration, working our way behind it.

It is a fact that what we call the Christian Religion passed almost from its inception into Greco-Latin keeping and development. An evolution purely Hebraic up to the death, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ, it was Hellenized and Latinized in the course of two or three generations. By that operation it was moved from the basis on which it was placed at the beginning. What we call the Early Church was no longer the church of the Upper Room or of St. Paul's missionary gatherings. There is no indication in the New Testament that the Founder and His followers expected to separate from the Hebrew body politic. The Master taught daily in the Temple; wherever the Apostles traveled they spoke in the synagogues first. Nothing but excommunication drove them to assemblies of their own.

It must be remembered that the word *ecclesia*, translated *church*, meant in the New Testament no more than an assembly. The elaborate senses we now attach to it must, in the main, be read into it through what we have developed in later times. Though the question is both too large and too involved to be discussed here, we may reasonably doubt if any such concept, or series of concepts, as we have worked out in the course of the Christian centuries was in the mind of either the Lord or the Apostles. Had it been their intention to establish a unit, or a phalanx of units, so complex as any of our churches has become, their teachings and writings must have rung with it.

For the modern man the chances are that some particular church, with its formulas and passwords, stands in the forefront of all his thoughts of Christ. It is what he thinks of first. It is the Way, the Truth, the Life by which he must reach any other Way and Truth and Life, and through whose portals he must pass. That Christianity had a right to develop along these lines may be conceded, but that is not our theme. My only point is that to understand the Scriptures, even in their latest form, we must see them as antedating the system of ecclesiastical polities which now rise up between the reader and the page.

As it is, the beaten path to that understanding is the one which the Greco-Latin has marked out for us. The fact is significant for the reason that in one special respect the difference between

the Greco-Latin and the Hebrew mentality was radical.

The ruling characteristic of the Hebrew mind lay in the fact that its thought was vast, suggestive, poetic, but indefinite. Exactness was not part of its endowment. It threw out ideas but left them fluid and unfixed. The words of richest import in the Hebrew tongue are broad and deep, capable of many implications. They rarely crystallize. They state few thoughts with what Emerson calls "the solid angularity of facts." Neither the Old Testament nor the New explains or delimits. Neither of them lays down anything like what we call a dogma. Neither of them draws up a creed. If they were analyzed they would be found to deal with very few principles, and these the most general and fundamental: God, righteousness, mercy, forgiveness, love! A list of such universal themes would soon exhaust them all. Even St. Paul, who is often called the doctrinal writer among those of the New Testament, is philosophical rather than dogmatic. Dogma must be read into him retroactively. Had the Greco-Latin never developed dogma it would not be found in St. Paul's epistles. Creeds and doctrines, as we now understand these words, were alike outside the range of the Hebrew genius.

That genius, let me repeat, was for the vague and pregnant. It could never have produced such a document as, let us say, the Athanasian Creed with its presentation of God in terms almost geometric. It could not have given us the Westminster Confession, or that of the Council of Trent. The most sharply positive statement Jesus of Nazareth makes concerning God is that He is the Father. Even from that He leaves us to infer what we have the grace and power to infer. He enforces nothing. He repudiates verbal tests and merely formal adhesions. "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father." His only test is in conduct. Conduct is the proof of faith. It is the standard of both the Testaments. Faith in God is one of the most potent of all the spiritual impulses; yet without being lived in practice it is dead. But once that faith in God *was* lived in practice, the Hebrew exactions came to an end. In speculative matters the individual's liberty of thinking for himself was not so much a conceded right as it was a matter of course.

Now the Greco-Latin mind, which almost at once took charge of Christianity, was the opposite of all this. It was clear, logical, definite. Above all, it was disputatious and dictatorial. It lived on argument. The history of Athens was that of its schools of discussion. To disembowel a subject till it yielded its last shred of significance was a mental sport. What the Greek thought out the Latin codified. They played into each other's hands, the Greek by laying bare the idea, the Latin by hardening it into a formula. Though they differed in gifts, their propensities were similar.

It must be noted, too, that outside the narrow circle of which Jerusalem was the center, the Greco-Latin civilization was that of the educated world. When I speak of the Greco-Latin, then, I speak of a sphere of influence, rather than in terms either ethnical or geographical.

The new ideas which Christianity brought to the centers of this European culture became at once the subject of the verbal wars in which Greeks, Latins, and all their disciples had come to delight. The time was opportune. Old topics, the very greatest, had been worn out by generations of dispute. There was nothing novel left to talk about, and to talk was an imperative social need. Without undervaluing whatever was sincere in some of the greatest conversions, it can hardly be doubted that the fascination of new subjects of debate was powerful. Though we can hardly suppose that anyone ever became a Christian because of the freshness of the themes which Christianity presented,

yet the freshness of the themes was an attraction. On those themes the Greco-Latin convert fell like a starving animal on its victim. The Christian literature of the first three or four centuries shows an appetite for talk both voracious and insatiate.

Where, too, the old themes had been discussed in select academies, the new were the topics of all classes of society. For the educated Greco-Latin Christian nothing was too abstract, nothing too far removed for human pursuit to follow after. The God whom the Hebraic Scriptures had held as indefinable and indescribable was tracked beyond time, beyond His relations with man, into the deepest recesses of His relation with Himself. It was a realm in which the Greco-Latin mind exulted, and from the inner conclaves of the learned the sport spread outward to the multitude.

Doctrines which we ourselves sometimes consider too sacred to mention outside a church were, among the Christians of the Roman Empire, the themes of ribald songs in circuses and of drunken debates in wineshops. A favorite topic was the composition of the Trinity, and the method by which the Son was born of the Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeded from them both. "Every corner, every alley of the city," Neander quotes from Gregory of Nyssa, a bishop of the fourth century, "was full of these discussions—the streets, the market-places, the drapers, the banks, the victualers. Ask a man, 'How many oboli?' He answers by dogmatizing on generated and ungenerated being. Inquire the price of bread, and you are told, 'The Son is subordinate to the Father.' Ask if the bath is ready, and you are informed, 'The Son was created out of nothing.'" This quotation, which is often reproduced, is given merely to illustrate the passion with which the Greco-Latin gave himself up to verbal contention; for out of this tendency grew whatever we know as dogma or the science of theology.

The Bible is Hebraic; theology is European. It is European in spirit whether its protagonists spring from Italy, Byzantium, or North Africa. The churches, therefore, are European too. They are Greco-Latin rather than Hebraic in their origin. They sprang, for the most part, out of the Greco-Latin instinct for discussion. Had a multitude of questions which the sacred writers seem never to have dreamed of not been raised, it is possible that our lamentable schisms might never have come about. As it is, the Greco-Latin intellect with its imperious will to dispute, to docket, to classify, to codify, dominates most of our Christian thinking.

Taking the Greco-Latin church as the first to emerge with strong self-assertion from obscurity, most of our Protestant bodies may be seen as variants on this model. All show traces of their inheritance. They have the same habits, tastes, and methods. Leaving the Greek Church out of the discussion as remote from us Americans, our other denominations can be seen as true blood-relatives of the Church of Rome. To this statement the Society of Friends, the Christian Science Church, and a few other cults of less importance may be taken as exceptions; but the great historic communions—Anglican, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian—differ from their Roman prototype in details rather than in essence. None in spirit goes back beyond the methods evolved after a Hebraic religion had already passed under Greco-Latin guardianship. None reverts to the simple suggestiveness, with a large liberty of private judgment, which can easily be seen as the staple of the Old and New Testaments. All are dogmatic, in the spirit of the fourth and fifth centuries. On touchstones of dogma all found admission to their membership. For lapses from dogma all would excommunicate. Faith, as a test, has been swung from its place as faith in God, where the Hebrew had been content to leave it, to that of a conditional principle as faith in a set of formulas. Against all our churches the

charge might be brought that the set of formulas has been made more important than God. As a matter of fact, a choice between sets of formulas is what is chiefly offered to mankind by the churches of to-day, while there is something like an assumption that you can hardly be reckoned as a Christian without selecting one of them.

Is a set of formulas, then, to be deplored?

The question is often asked. The answer is so often given that *it is* to be deplored, and given without much reflection, that a few words from one far from dogmatic by temperament may not be wholly presumptuous.

In the first place, there is nothing to be gained by quarreling with the course which history has taken. If Christianity, after springing from a Hebrew source, has become to all intents and purposes a Greco-Latin religion, there is doubtless some good reason for the transmutation. Having become a Greco-Latin religion, it was bound also to become a dogmatic religion, since the European mind would not have had it otherwise. To fall in with this is merely common sense. Most of the churches being dogmatic, we can only suppose that they know the conditions necessary to their purposes. The individual who objects to their methods is no longer compelled to subscribe to their creeds.

For the fact remains that the vast majority of those who can accept Christianity at all prefer to accept it dogmatically. Notwithstanding the rebellion which the last half-century has raised against dogma, it still prevails over all forms of undogmatic religion. It may even be said that only a small proportion of the spiritually-minded *want* an undogmatic religion or would know what to do with it. For the enormous mass of Christians in Europe and America a faith in which all the *i*'s are dotted and all the *t*'s crossed would seem to be the only one that can, even remotely, be assimilated or understood. That is what dogma means; an explanation so obvious that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot grossly misinterpret it. It must never be forgotten that the message of the Master came to an undeveloped race, and that the race, after two thousand years, is only slightly more advanced than it was when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea.

For the childish mind anything serious whatever must be made so plain that there is no mistaking it. That, apparently, is what the teachers of the church in the early centuries undertook to do. Not to have done it would have been to leave the Christian religion to the uproar of irresponsible tongues. It is probable that without the strong hand of the Roman Church, the Christianity of the early ages would have drifted into a wild sectarianism even more disastrous than the disunion and eccentricity of the present day. For a people of Greco-Latin tendencies some amount of definition was the only course. They were not the Hebraic people, with an inherited awe of a Holy of Holies into which no man dared force his way. They were an excitable, audacious populace of disputants, only to be kept in order by autocratic decree. The refusal of such decree would have meant the folly and confusion of the Christian world.

The same thing would be true to-day. Were the churches to lift their restraints of dogma it would soon be seen that the Christian mind is not yet ready for such freedom. Since we must take human nature as it is, we must take it with its limitations. Among the first of those limitations is the average man's disability as to knowing what to think. He is always under tutelage. That tutelage is exercised now by the press, now by the politician, now by the force of a standardized public opinion, and largely by the churches. In the United States as much as in any other country, the churches sway, and often for good, a huge percentage of minds that would otherwise be lost amid pros and cons with which they are incapable of dealing.

Control by the church in such countries as Spain and French-Canada is often the subject of comment; but scarcely less stringent is the similar control in important sections of the United States. Though in one case the control is Catholic and in the other Protestant, the principle is the same.

Without a strongly dogmatic system this leadership would be impossible. It seems necessary for the Christian world in its present stage of progress to be divided into groups, each with its watchwords. The watchwords serve a purpose. Like political slogans, they concentrate thoughts which would otherwise be scattered through the wildness of much speaking. Dogmas do the same. A world without the signposts of dogma might come to know something of God and be a better world than this one, but at present we have not got it. *What seems to be true* is the first meaning our best-known Greek lexicon gives to the word "dogma," and an authority able to point out *what seems to be true* cannot be other than a useful one.

Whether or not it is wise for the churches to make binding on the conscience of its members what only seems to be true, is still another question; but there again they presumably know their own business. If to fulfill the functions they elect to serve, they make it a rule that the individual must subscribe to their doctrines or give up their fellowship, no one can contest their right. To raise public outcry when this is done is not only foolish; it is indefensible. No one compels a man to be a Presbyterian, an Anglican, or a Catholic. If he chooses to be so enrolled he should surely be true to the terms of his enrollment. To call himself a Catholic, an Anglican, or a Presbyterian, and then appeal to public clamor to support him in being something else, is an outrage to liberty of conscience.

What it comes to, it seems to me, is the right of the individual. There are those who possess what we may call the Greco-Latin temperament, who demand definitions, who seek a clearly marked course which they have no choice but to follow. With a religion which did not provide them with this they would be unhappy. There are not only individuals of whom this is true; there are nations and races. Nearly all the Southern-European peoples have this spiritual submission in their blood, and nearly all the Celts. Socially and politically, too, they are subjects of group-consciousness rather than fiercely independent personalities. Just as in any Celtic or Latin country the clan, the sept, or the family will be found to dominate the man, so among them, too, dogma delivered from above, with a ritual to express it, will overbear the tendency toward thinking for themselves. For those who by racial make-up are inclined this way there must be a legitimate place in a religion so generous as Christ's.

On the other hand there are those who are not inclined this way, and to whom the cell built by walls of dogma is nothing but a prison. A large part of the struggle always going on within what we call the Christian Church gets its incitement from the dogmatist's effort to control those to whom dogma is abhorrent. Among all races, even among the Celts and the South Europeans, there are those who need to be free, who insist on seeking truth along the lines on which they themselves best know how to pursue it. There are also races and nations among whom this instinct is imperative.

It may be pointed out here that the Anglo-Saxon race especially has long been recognized as having a natural affinity with the Hebraic mind. It is, I think, a fact that of all the modern languages English alone has some of the large suggestiveness of the Hebrew. It is the least conjugated of the European tongues, the least exact, and yet the richest in overtones and implications. It is probably for this reason that English translations of the Bible have been con-

sidered to reflect most fully the spirit of the original. Each medium has the same broad comprehensiveness, not too positive, not delimited. Each is pregnant with idea and yet each is restrained by a reserve which is not Greco-Latin. Where everything is not said in words there is always the wider latitude for thinking.

The wider latitude for thinking possibly makes the Anglo-Saxon "heretical" by instinct. It is well to remember here just what is implied by "heretical." "Heresy" meant at first no more than the power of choosing for oneself. Not till the ages of the great ecclesiastical controversies was a sinister significance attached to the word. Only in proportion as faith was wrested from God to be applied to formulas did the act of choosing for oneself become first an offense, and later a crime for which no punishment was too terrible. But to this crime the Anglo-Saxon race has always been predisposed. The English mind in particular is notoriously restive to dictation. Whether in politics, adventure, or religion its bent is to choose for itself. Choosing for itself, it has rarely failed to recognize the right of others to choose for themselves, and so has evolved the notable English capacity for compromise.

If I had a plea to make, which I have not, it would be for some degree of compromise between the Christian "dogmatist" and the equally Christian "heretic." By compromise I do not mean that either should relax his principles, but that each should grant to the other an acknowledged place in the scheme of things. The "dogmatist" might remember that the purest religion ever known, that which centered round the visible presence of the Master, existed before there was dogma of any kind. On his side the "heretic" might recall the fact that, had dogma never been proclaimed, there might not now be any Christian religion in the world. All I should beg is the recognition of something which seems self-evident: that what is good for one is not of necessity good for another, and that each should be free to follow his own bent.

Here it may not be amiss to speak of an episode in the New Testament which presents the most obvious difficulties to the American man-in-the-street. It is perhaps the more permissible to do this since the episode often inspires in the press sensational headlines not unsuggestive of the earlier quoted words of Gregory of Nyssa. I mean the story which embodies what is commonly called the Virgin Birth of Jesus of Nazareth.

The subject is naturally too vast to be resolved in a few paragraphs in a magazine article; and yet what I have to say of it can be put into few words.

First of all, in considering God or anything Divine, I start from the fact that we human creatures, whether as individuals or as churches, know nothing whatever of the Being of God. We are ignorant of what He is like and of what He consists in. His Name is more often on our lips than that of any other entity, and yet of what constitutes His Entity there is not the smallest single detail which of our own experience we can affirm. In this respect the Bible gives us no help in either of its Testaments. On the contrary, it clings on this subject to the deepest possible reticence. If it did not cling to this reticence it would lay itself open to suspicion.

"No man," St. John writes, "hath seen God at any time. The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." But He has not described Him. He has spoken of Him as Spirit, but of Spirit He has given us none of the textures, or tissues, or component parts. All we can know of God is what we are able to infer.

This inference extends only to His qualities. From the past experience of mankind, supported by some personal proof of our own, we come to the conclusion that He is eternal, almighty, and infinitely loving. To sum up these and many other attributes, the Master found the words "Heavenly Father." This

being as far as even He could go, He left the whole subject there.

There, I feel sure, the Hebraic mind would have left it too. There, I think, the Nordic—and especially the Anglo-Saxon—mind would have left it. But not so the Greco-Latin. It cannot be irreverent to presume that had it not been for the Greco-Latin's glee in dialectic, no questions as to the exact relations of the Father to the Son, and of the Father and the Son to the Holy Ghost—transcending as they do all human thought—would ever have come up. From contemporaneous history of the days when these were living popular issues we do not gather that they were inspired by devotion or by what is known as zeal for God. Rather, they seem to have been raised by the avidity for debate, for hunting a given concept to the last extremity, which was the ruling passion of the time. The assemblies in which these issues were fought to a finish were not, as we sometimes suppose, consecrated gatherings of saints waiting to be moved by the Holy Spirit. They have been aptly called "pitched battles." These battles were fought along the lines of a general election in England, or a life-and-death struggle between Republicans and Democrats in America. Not only did the spoils belong to the victors, but the defeated went down to exile, ignominy, death. There was hardly any fury of revenge too savage for the partisans of a conquering doctrine to exult in.

None the less, certain decisions were reached in this way which an immense majority of Christians have accepted. To remain a Christian and yet to dissent from that majority is to take on oneself a degree of responsibility not easily borne by a single individual. We are bound to admit that the mission of the churches is the highest we know anything about. We must also admit that, allowing for the shortcomings due to human nature, that mission on the whole is nobly carried out. To break with this great tradition is a grave step for anyone to take; and we break with it when we deny the teaching of which the least we can say is that centuries have hallowed it. Were there no truth in it at all, we can feel reasonably sure that in the course of these centuries the churches would have found it out.

At the same time, to follow the churches into their analysis of God is not possible for every man, and I, as an individual, have ceased to make this attempt. My Nordic, or Anglo-Saxon, mind does not permit me to enter into holy places which I cannot tread. I feel myself at liberty to stand away. I stand away in awe and, I hope, in reverence. If others feel the power to go on and fathom the depths of the Being of God, let them go. It is not for me to stop them or to tell them that they have no such capacity. When I know that I have no such capacity, I know all that I can assert.

This attitude, given the bewildering conditions of our time, seems to me a legitimate one. If the churches teach what I cannot understand, I can at least incline before them with honor and respect. If they know what I do not know, I see no merit in contradicting them. If they claim to know more than what seems to me possible for anyone to know on earth, that is their business and not mine. Mine is to know what I can know myself. Beyond that the better part is silence.

In this way I stand off with awe and reverence from what is known as the Virgin Birth. With a sense of the supreme beauty of the idea, I shrink from discussing it, even in my own thought. I see nothing to be gained by doing so. I would not lose the first three chapters of the Gospel According to St. Luke for a large part of the literature of the world. I doubt if many people would so lose it. Merely as one of the loveliest episodes ever related to man, the story of the Babe of Bethlehem is without a parallel.

Were I asked if I believed it to be true I could only reply that I do not know

what possibilities are open to Almightiness. I do not know what natural laws lie beyond the very few of such laws which up to 1924 have come under our observation. It is certain that within a generation we have with our mortal eyes seen things come easily to pass that we supposed to be out of all question. Matter has been reduced to a tenuity not very different from spirit, while the boundaries of the finite have been removed and removed again till it almost melts into the infinite. How can we say that this could not happen or that could not happen when we do not know?

Personally, I have no difficulty in thinking that a human being might come into the world by some other process than the one we know as generation. The religions of the East and the classical mythologies have many traces of the tradition. Far from tending to discredit the possibility, these legendary vestiges incline me to think that there may have been some prehistoric knowledge on the subject which we of to-day have lost. In any case, God has too many forms of Self-manifestation for me to say which are within His power and which are not. I am able, therefore, to stand at a humble distance from the Manger of Bethlehem or to kneel with the Sages and offer my gold, frankincense, and myrrh without too many Greco-Latin questions or too much introspection. This is not a case of ignorance being bliss; it is one of the Socratic aphorism that no one knows anything till he knows that he knows nothing.

There is this also to be said: that while the Virgin Birth may be questioned as a physical or historical fact, it is too late to uproot it from the hearts of Christendom. There are facts of beauty as well as those of history; facts of poetry as well as those of natural law. Truth cannot always be measured by a yardstick. Beauty can be Truth just as Truth can be Beauty. There is a wisdom of God as well as a wisdom of Men. The wisdom of Men has to sift and weigh and speculate; the wisdom of God is large and bold, filling the universe with wonders.

Wherever the Evangelist St. Luke got his information, he drew it from the sources of the loveliest things ever conceived of by man. No such story as his had ever before been told to human ears. There is no single detail in which he does not touch, in one and the same act, the highest sublimity and the deepest, simplest human tenderness.

His very words are music: "In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail thou that are highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women! . . . The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. . . . And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. . . . And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

This narrative has been accepted as the Truth wherever men's hearts have opened to the appeal of the Infant Jesus. It may stand for Truth beyond all our

known facts, and as to which our known facts are but broken reflections. I do not know. I do not know what St. Luke means when he says that "the Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee." The Church may explain it to me in doctrines of the Incarnation, and yet my spirit stands aloof Another man's spirit may press forward and assimilate all that the Church has beaten out through its centuries of discussion. For me it is enough to know that somehow, somewhere, it has been demonstrated in one great act of Love and Beauty that God and man are caught up together in a single community of being.

Something like this—to be expressed in as many ways as there are men and women to express it—the Christian world has taken as the starting point of its faith. The stable at Bethlehem, the the Babe in the manger, the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, the trooping angels singing "Gloria in Excelsis! Peace on earth! Good will toward men!"—these are visions of Beauty and Truth which the Christian cannot and never will let go.

And lest I should seem to base this clinging to tradition on grounds of sentiment only, let me add that there is no authority on earth—however scholarly, however scientific—with the right to assert that St. Luke's narrative of the birth of Jesus is not true. There are learned men who can reason against it, who can trace to their own satisfaction the methods by which it grew as a legend, and who themselves may disbelieve it and refuse to teach it. But that is as far as they can go. They cannot prove that it never happened. The simplest Christian who believes that it did happen has as much right on his side as they can have on theirs. At its most radical point the question must still remain an open one. It lies in that region where the heart has reasons which the head cannot know, but which none the less have their validity. To dogmatize against the narrative of St. Luke is at least as Greco-Latin as to dogmatize in its favor, and probably more dangerous. The Hebrew mind, and in many ways the modern mind at large, would rather wonder and wait, standing outside with the angels who frankly acknowledge that there are holy places where they fear to tread.

After all, in spiritual things of which we know so little, why be too vigorous in denial? Denial is our greatest danger, since it shuts the mind. So long as the mind is open the spirit is receptive. With a closed mind the life becomes narrowed and new ideas are brought to it in vain.

Not without an immense significance did Goethe make his Mephistopheles describe himself in the words: "I am the Spirit that Denies—*Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint.*" The Spirit that Denies is perhaps the most subtle of all the anti-progressive forces. It is the fanatic, schismatic factor in the history of churches, the instinct that brings enmities, persecutions, wars into the life of man.

There is a sense in which what we deny is a surer index to our characters than what we affirm. What we affirm concerns ourselves only; what we deny concerns others. When I recite my own creed I am responsible for myself alone; when I deny another man's creed I become in a measure responsible for him. In this way we violate liberty of conscience and rouse resentments and hostilities.

If the Bible is anything at all it is the charter of a vast religious freedom. By freedom I mean the right of any man to believe what he can grasp, and to progress as he is able. If he is far behind what the churches teach—as many are, and as I confess I am myself—it simply means that he has that much ground to cover before he catches up. The important thing is to make what we do understand a possession. There was an undogmatic religion before there was a dogmatic one. Where both have merits, the individual, it seems to me, must be free to choose from both in the degree which best helps him to know God.

Portrait of Lady Ellenborough

BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

REYNOLDS and Hoppner have been discussed here; this month it is a follower of the one and a rival of the other, Thomas Lawrence, who began taking likenesses at the age of five, and supporting his mother and father and several brothers at the age of eleven. Before he was twenty-one he was presented at court. Before twenty-five he was made a full Academician, crowded with royal commissions and, working breezily for the well-born and fashionable, too occupied with orders to study or attempt to broaden his work. It was not till middle life that he made a trip to the Continent; and then his tour was a succession of quick portraits of kings, princes, statesmen, and leaders. If Reynolds had famous patrons, Lawrence had more famous ones. And if Hoppner was the "painter of beautiful women," Lawrence's beauties are more vivacious—"gaudy" was Hoppner's jealous comment. His success was greater than theirs put together. His competitors and the art of English portraiture itself were left far behind by this energetic stylist who made a "snatch at nature."

It may seem strange that the precocious youth and accomplished courtier did not show more vanity over his immediate fame; he foresaw that his works would never have "so great an interest at any future time as they have now." But he was not a deep thinker; his "professional labors," as he called portraiture, consisted mainly of "habits of accuracy," and his own words prove that he was careless of his limitations, knowing as he did enough about ideals of art to make the finest collection of drawings by the old masters ever assembled in England and to testify clearly to the excellencies of the Elgin marbles. He liked praise, as do all precocious people, but on the other hand bitter criticism did not distress him. Even Pasquin's description of "Satan Calling His Legions"—"a mad German sugar baker dancing naked in a conflagration of his own treacle," had no effect. And the criticism in this case seems much more just than usual.

As to character we read in Lawrence's brush strokes the same qualities which we read in his own handwriting—"some appearance of fortitude . . . but wholly unconnected with reason." Fanny Kemble, said that "his sentimentality was of a particularly mischievous order, as it not only induced women to fall in love with him, but enabled him to persuade himself that he was in love with them, and, apparently, with more than one at the same time." The "incident" of his interest in the elder daughter of Mrs. Siddons, then in the younger, and then in both is proof of his thoughtlessness. Suave and lively, he seems to have been little more than the surface of a man. Dexterous and ambitious, he seems to have had little more than the hand of an artist. But surface and hand were enough to make him one of the most popular of English painters.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

JULIE CANE

A NOVEL—PART VIII

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

XXXVI

JULIE had been telephoning for the doctor when Alan rang her—with Cane laboring for breath on a stool against the counter—and the doctor, just starting out on his morning calls, had replied that he would arrive immediately; but before she took her father upstairs she locked the door and put the bar across it, in case Alan should come; and while Cane was getting back into bed with his wife's silent assistance, Julie returned to the shop to wait for the doctor.

Alan arrived while she was still waiting, sitting on a box in the door of the storeroom, invisible to him in the shadows; and she watched him inscrutably while he knocked and pounded. She merely closed the door to the kitchen stairway when she thought that the noise he was making might be heard above her.

He went away. The telephone began to ring again. She let it ring until it occurred to her that the doctor might be calling her; then she listened at the receiver and heard Alan arguing with central. At that she got a piece of blotting paper from the office, doubled it up between the hammer and the 'phone bells to muffle the ringing, and sat down again. Later she saw him across the street, looking up at the second-story windows. She turned away from the sight of him without the faintest emotion—with an indifference more complete than if he had been a stranger, for she might have felt at least a little curiosity about a stranger.

The doctor drove up while the 'phone was ringing for the third time, and she let him in calmly, free of any apprehension that Alan might appear, since it was probably he who was on the 'phone. She locked the door and led the way upstairs. "I'm afraid he's very ill," she said.

"Everyone always thinks that," he smiled.

She waited for him in the dining room with her hat on; and when he came out of the bedroom at last she knew from his face that her fears were justified. It was pneumonia—both lungs affected. "He should have been in bed days ago," the doctor complained. He was a young man and he had to have some one to blame.

She did not defend herself. She was guilty. She had been letting Alan kiss her and make love to her while her father was ill. She listened dumbly to the doctor's instructions. He would pass the druggist's and leave his prescription there. She was to go for it in half an hour. He had told her mother what to do. They ought to have a trained nurse, but Mrs. Cane objected. Well—. She followed him downstairs to let him out; and Alan, having seen the carriage at the curb, was waiting on the steps.

She had the door open before he heard her. "Julia!" he cried, and started toward her, but the doctor got in his way and she slammed the door and turned the key before he could get to her. She put the bar across his pleading face without so much as looking at him. "Julia!" he called faintly, hammering on the wooden casement as she turned away.

She went to the telephone and asked

for the Perrins' number; and while she was waiting for it she watched him talking to the doctor. When the doctor drove off Alan returned to the door again. He could see her through the glass. She turned her back on him.

"Hello?" she said. "Is that Fanny? This is Julia Cane. Will you please tell Miss Martha I can't come this afternoon. No. My father's ill—very ill. Pneumonia."

She hung up abruptly because her voice failed her. Alan was making signs to her. He had scribbled something on a piece of paper, and he was holding it up and tapping on the glass with his pencil. She took the telephone book from the hook and found the Birdsall number. When a servant answered she asked for Van Schoeck.

Alan had put the paper under the door. He pointed to it beseechingly.

"This is Julia Cane," she said to Van Schoeck. "I can't come out this afternoon. My father's very ill—pneumonia—in both lungs." And at his shocked commiseration she began to weep. "He should—he must have had it yesterday. I should have been looking after him—"

"Let me come over," Van Schoeck begged. "I may be able to help—to run messages or something—to answer the telephone."

"Come," she said, "and take away this—this—Alan's here, pounding on the door. Take him away."

She wished to go at once to the druggist's and wait there for the prescription to be made up, so as to have it the moment it was ready; Alan prevented her. She might go out the back door and around through an alley; but the drug store was on the corner of Center Street, and Alan could see it from the shop steps. She was not afraid of him and she knew that he could not move her with any plea whatever; but she preferred not to acknowledge that he existed. If she could have wiped him out of the world with one deadly wish she would not have exerted herself to do it.

He stood in an attitude of passionate patience in the doorway, begging her, in dumb show, to read the note which he had written. She went back to the storeroom, sat down on a box of canned goods, and waited for Van Schoeck to take him away.

And how was Van Schoeck to take him away? He was perfectly aware himself that he could do no good by staying—that he ought to disappear until her resentment faded—but he could not act on his judgment. He was held as remorselessly as if he were hypnotized by the fact that she knew he was there. He had to compel her to open the door to him. She had challenged him to a contest of wills, and he had to defeat her. Like many another Byronic lover, he could be meek, humiliated, ridiculous; a lovesick suitor yearning on her doorstep—in fact, he did not care what appearance he made or what pose he took—but she had to open that door. Black clouds had come sailing over the hills and shut out the sun; the wind was blowing colder; he shivered with suppressed wrath and waited.

"Hello, Alan," Van Schoeck said behind him.

"What!" The long-faced fool had come meddling again. "What the devil—"

"Miss Cane just 'phoned that she can't see us to-day. Her father has pneumonia. I came down to ask if I could be of any use."

"Why didn't you ask her over the 'phone?"

Van Schoeck had put on an overcoat and warm gloves. He was buttoned up and comfortable. It gave him an advantage. He looked placidly at the chilled sneer on Alan's face.

"The darn fools can't hear their door," Alan explained. "They live upstairs."

"Let's go and 'phone, then."

"They can't hear that either. Anyway, they don't answer it."

"Oh." He gazed vacantly at Alan, not knowing how to get rid of him. "You ought to have a coat on. I had to go back for mine."

"You might have brought *me* one."

"You didn't tell me where you were going."

"Well, I was coming here. . . . And I'm going to stay here till some one opens that door."

Van Schoeck cleared his throat. He regarded the sky, which threatened snow rather than rain. He regarded the barred door. "I'll wait and tell them," he said, "if you want to run back and get a coat."

Alan sank his hands in his trousers pockets and went into a long, crafty study of the situation. "Look here, Biddy," he decided, at last, "I've got to see this girl. I've got to explain something to her that she misunderstands. If she comes to the door while I'm gone you'll have to try to hold her till I get back. Will you?"

Van Schoeck nodded. "I'll try."

Alan examined the face that went with this promise. It was a poker face, as noncommittal as the back of a playing card. "All right," he said. "I'll be only a few minutes."

He hurried off, his hands in his pockets, his shoulders hunched, blown along by the cold wind behind him. As soon as he was well on his way, Van Schoeck knocked on the door, and Julie, who had been watching them from within, came forward to open it.

Grief had deepened and softened her eyes. It had made more tender the modeling of her clear-cut features. It had broken the independence of her manner and put a touching uncertainty into the hand she held out to him.

"He's gone," he said. "He's gone to get a coat."

She let him in and locked the door. "I have to get a prescription from the druggist's. Could you go for it?"

"Certainly."

"You can come in the back way. I'll leave the door open. There's a lane."

"I'll find it."

"Perhaps you'd better go out that way and see."

She led him through the empty shop into the darkness of the storeroom. He blundered against a barrel and stood waiting for her, unable to find his way. She opened a solid door that was like a lid on the blackness, and the cold light showed her drooping tragically as she stepped back to let him pass, unconscious of him, with her empty gaze on the squalid disorder of a yard that was full of broken boxes, barrels that had lost their hoops, dirty sawdust, and the winter's ashes. She pointed to a gate in the fence. He nodded and went to it.

It opened on a lane which led to High Street, and the drug store was on the corner of Center Street and High. He saw nothing but Julie's grief-stricken face until the clerk in the drug store said "Yes?"—and smiled at him as he blinked and came to himself.

He explained what he wanted. He was told, "It'll be ready in a minute." He stood staring unseeingly at a shelf of patent medicines at his eye's level, until the amused clerk returned and wrapped up a bottle and a box of pills and a sheaf of powders, and said, "Will you pay for it? Or—"

He paid for it, though he did not know later how much it had cost. He still had his change in his hand when he knocked on the back door and Julie opened it. The sight of her brought him to an instant co-ordination of sight and perception. "If it's pneumonia," he said, "you've got to have good nursing, and I want to 'phone to my doctor in town. He's a specialist in this sort of thing. Let me use your 'phone."

She held the package of medicines in her hands as hopelessly as if she were on a ship that was sinking in mid-ocean, and the last boat had swamped, and some one had given her a lifebelt to put on.

"It'll be all right," he promised. "If anyone can help him, *he* will. Let me get him."

She looked back at the shop, trying to tell him that the 'phone was in there.

"Never mind," he said. "I'll find it. You go upstairs. I'll wait here—in case you need me."

"JULIA," HE CALLED FAINTLY, HAMMERING ON THE WOODEN CASEMENT

When she had disappeared up the kitchen stairway, and he had closed the door behind him, he lighted a match to see his way into the shop. And the shop was as black as the storeroom. She had pulled down the blinds on the windows and the door—blinds that were not usually lowered on Sunday until the afternoon sun reached that side of the street—and it took another match to find the 'phone. Then, in the darkness, he proceeded to carry out the plan which had occupied his mind while he was in the drug store.

He got a New York number and a "Dr. Schelling"; and in a tentative and hesitating manner he proposed that Schelling should come at once to Findellen to see Cane and bring with him two of his most experienced nurses. He suggested it with an excess of unassuming politeness, but he did not seem surprised when Schelling agreed to come, and he made no show of relief or gratitude. It was evident, in fact, that his diffidence was the pleasant affectation of a young man who knew he needed only to ask for what he wanted in order to get it—because he would pay whatever exorbitant price was asked. He made no explanation of why he wanted it; he did not insist upon the urgency or importance of it; he merely asked for it as mildly as possible, gave his explicit directions with little apologetic coughs between sentences, and ended, "Yes, if you will. Yes, thanks. If you don't mind—Good-by."

Some one had knocked on the front door. He went, as you might say, pen-

sively to a crack of light that showed beside the door-blind; and seeing Alan, he came back as pensively to the telephone.

He called another New York number and got a man named Crawford, with whom he appeared to have a business relation. To Crawford he proposed that two experienced clerks should be sent to Findellen to take charge of Cane's grocery while the proprietor was ill. "Perhaps," he said, "it wouldn't be a bad idea to make one of them an appraiser or something like that—if you know what I mean—so as to find out what the business is worth; and then, if the family has to sell, they'll have some idea—Yes, if you don't mind. And I'd be glad to have them here first thing in the morning, if that's convenient for you. Yes. And you can reach me, if you wish to, by calling on Cane's 'phone. Yes, that will be all right. Yes, if it isn't too much trouble. Yes. Thanks. Good-by."

And having settled these matters briefly, with an appearance of extreme inefficiency and lack of executive ability, he went out the back door and down the lane toward High Street—to speak to Alan—meekly innocent and absent-minded.

XXXVII

Alan, in his overcoat, had hastened back to the shop so resolved to see Julie that he felt confident of seeing her—because the need of seeing her had become too urgent to permit of doubt. With his head down against the wind, overcoming opposition determinedly, he had returned along the river road at a rousing pace and rate of progress that put his hope up with his heartbeat; and by the time he reached the station-square and saw the faded red of the little shop-front, he was in a state of unreasonably buoyant expectation. He felt cheerful, magnanimous, tender and true. Her father was ill; she was unhappy. Somewhere in his thoughts a voice kept saying, "The darling—the dear girl." She would forgive him, and he would console her. And if her father died—There! That would end every cause of quarrel between them about the grocery and her connection with it. He would take her away from all this sordidness that irritated him, and they would be forever happy together in an aesthetic and congenial world.

When Alan saw that Biddy was not at his post in the doorway he looked to find him somewhere about, standing on the corner or walking up and down the street. No? What had—? The blinds had been drawn on the windows and on the door. It looked like—death? Could Cane have suddenly collapsed, with some failure of the heart, perhaps?

He stood before the shop steps, thoughtful, with his head bowed in an unconscious pose of respect for mourning; and that attitude brought his gaze down to a tiny corner of white paper showing under the door. It was the note which he had written her. Well, naturally, in her anxiety and distress she had not seen it. That was what he told himself but the expression of his face belied it; his eyes saw an insult offered and his lips tightened to accept it silently. He knocked on the door to make sure that the shop was empty. Then he stooped down and withdrew the paper with a finger nail. It was obviously his note, but he opened it to make sure that she had not written a reply at the bottom of it.

No. It read, "Dearest—I love you. Nothing else matters. I love you. A."

She had left it there, with all its pathetic and sincere appeal, to be read by anyone who might find it. He was hurt, he was resentful, and he was sorry for himself. Moved by the first of these feelings, he started to tear the note in pieces; but the second caused him to stop. He would compel her to read it yet, and be ashamed, and humble herself to him. He thrust it in his overcoat pocket.

And now, how was he to reach her? It was useless to knock. It was equally vain to telephone. There was nothing to do but to wait at her door. And that act

of patient humbleness was supported by a mixed emotion in him—a feeling of self-pity which sought humiliation and a feeling of resentment which welcomed humiliation as a just cause for anger and revenge. If *she* had come repentant to *his* doorstep—no matter what she had done to him—would he have left her there with her plea for forgiveness unread? She was inhuman. Compared to her he was a model of sweet and charitable constancy.

He was in this mood when Van Schoeck, coming round the corner of High Street, approached him in the manner of a Sunday idler back from a walk. Alan leaned against the frame of the window and watched him come. Van Schoeck shook his head before he was near enough to speak. "I'm afraid," he said, "it's no use waiting."

"Have you seen her?"

"Well—yes."

"Why didn't you hold her for me?"

"She's too worried. Her father's illness—it's dangerous. He may be dying."

"What was he doing out this morning, then?"

"I don't know. Was *he*?"

Van Schoeck seemed more than usually dumb and vague, and Alan fumed and nagged at him in vain. What had she said? Nothing except that her father was very ill. Was she going to the Perrins'? No, he thought not. When were they to see her, then?

"Well," Van Schoeck said, "if you could let it go for a day or two it might be a good plan." And with that he turned away, as if his part in the affair were ended, and drifted down the street toward the river road.

The rain had begun to fall.

Alan watched him go, but what he saw was not Van Schoeck's broad indifferent back; he saw Julie, thrown

THE SQUALID DISORDER OF A YARD FULL OF BROKEN BOXES AND BARRELS

on the world by her father's death, frightened and broken-spirited, turning to him for help and consolation. And the world, like Biddy, walked away and left her to him. She would know then who her true friends were. Of all the doors at which she might knock, only his would open to her. "Come in," he would say, forgiving but reserved, and then he would stand aside to let his mother receive and welcome her. She would burst into tears of shamed repentance—

Absorbed in this consoling drama, he left the scene of his defeat and followed after Van Schoeck—but with no intention of overtaking him—and he did not notice that when Van Schoeck came to Mountain Avenue he turned north instead of continuing toward the river road. And by the time that Alan had dawdled across the bridge and found the vista of the road empty ahead of him, Van Schoeck had regained High Street and was hastening toward the lane that was the squalid and muddy path of his return to Julie.

When he came to the lane he looked at it as if he liked its dirty slovenliness. It had, perhaps, for him the same quality as the tawdry little shop and Julie's dumb grief and the fumbling hand she had held out when she opened the door—a quality of sincere reality that may have seemed to initiate him into some franker and more wholesome relation with life than he had known—as if this were the way that people lived when they were not protected by wealth, packed in cotton wool, and padded against all harsh contacts with adversity. That Julie had come out of such surroundings could only make her the more wonderful to him.

Some considerations of the sort must have sustained him in the contentment with which he accepted the hours of waiting that ensued; sitting on a barrel in the storeroom, with the back door open for light, listening to the rain drum on the empty boxes in the yard, and facing the meager stock of cases of canned goods, chests of tea, sacks and barrels and tubs and firkins from which Cane kept his shelves supplied. Certainly an undejected interest and enthusiasm sounded in his voice when he answered the telephone and explained to Martha Perrin that he could not call Julie but would take a message for her, and received with little congratulatory murmurs Martha's excited account of how she had determined to get up as soon as she heard of Julie's trouble, and how she had succeeded miraculously in walking without help, a trifle weak and dizzy but not more than was to be expected after such a long time in bed. "And tell her, *please*," she said, "not to worry about her classes to-morrow morning. I'm quite able to take them. Tell her they assisted me downstairs, but I believe I could have done it without them. And tell her I telephoned *myself*." And so forth.

It was a birdlike and chirruping gentle voice, and he answered it sympathetically, obviously pleased to share with Julie in the intimacy and excitement of it. When Martha had rung off he called up the Birdsalls in another tone—the tone of turning from friendship to formalities—and left word that he would not be in for luncheon. Then he went back to his barrel in the storeroom, took off his hat and overcoat, and sat there with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, like a boy who had escaped from his elders and found a congenial attic to dream in on a wet day.

The sound of the rain prevented him from hearing Julie as she descended the stairs, and she came as unexpectedly as a ghost out of the shadows into the bedraggled half-light that was sad and cold in the doorway. She did not see him. She stood staring at desolation, with a hand up to her head, her fingers clenching and unclenching in her hair and tugging at it as if she were trying to relieve a headache by the painful counter-irritant of that massage. It was a homely but tragic pose, and it took him in the throat. He coughed.

Her fingers stopped, tangled in her hair, but she did not turn or look at him.

"The doctor's coming," he said at last, hoarsely. "And two nurses."

She shook her head in hopelessness—and continued shaking it slowly from side to side as if she found this movement a relief.

He watched her, miserable, unable to help. He said with an effort, "If you—if you could—" and hesitated, and swallowed his last reserve, and went on humbly, "When it happened to *me*, I used to cry every night—and all night—in school. I could bear it better."

Her expression did not change but her hand came slowly down the side of her head and stopped at her cheek. He saw that she was breathing open-mouthed, with quick and shallow pantings. Her jaw was trembling, and it was this that her hand tried to cover.

He looked down at his feet, unable to endure the sight of her misery. And it must have been with some foolish idea of trying to get her mind off her tragedy, for the moment at least, that he said, "Miss Perrin telephoned—Martha Perrin. She asked me to tell you that she got up and found she could walk—"

At the name "Martha Perrin" she had turned as suddenly as if some one whom she wished to escape had appeared in the doorway; she tried to get back to the stairs but she stumbled against a barrel, caught the top of it in her hands, and bent over it as if it were a breakfast tray that she were carrying; then a frightful sob burst from her in a convulsion that shook her to the knees, and she began to sink to the floor, clinging to the barrel-top in an agony of spasmodic dry chokings and horrible sounds. He sprang to her, frightened. She dropped in a huddle, her face in her hands, trying to stifle the noise that she made. He stooped down beside her and caught her in his arms. "No, no," he cried. "My God, no!" It was too painful. "You mustn't. Don't cry like that!" He held her to him, trying to restrain with the pressure of his embrace the anguished spasms that tortured her. "No, no. Listen. It'll be all right. I've got a good doctor—the best."

She shook her head like a terror-stricken child, her eyes glazed, her mouth open, fighting for breath against the paroxysms that strangled her. "It's—it's father," she gasped. "*Father!*" And at that the tears came on a long shuddering wail and she fell back against him, her head on his shoulder as limp as if her heart had been pierced; and she wept and wept, helplessly, in an exhausted abandonment of all attempt at self-control.

He drew a long sigh of relief, though the tears had started to his own eyes. He blinked them back, holding her to him and saying nothing. As she gradually quieted he got on one knee and lifted her to the barrel with no apparent effort, and stood beside her with his arm around her. He gave her a handkerchief and she buried her face in it against his shoulder, weeping endlessly.

"This Doctor Schelling," he said, to console her, "he's a great man. One of my—one of my grandfathers—my mother's father—founded that hospital for consumptives. And the family has been supporting it ever since. And Schelling's at the head of it." He spoke a phrase at a time, with long pauses. "He's on his way out here with two of his best nurses, and it won't cost anybody a cent, and he'll stay till your father's out of danger. You needn't be afraid. He'll pull him through. He's a wizard."

She made some broken and smothered reply that was unintelligible.

"Then I 'phoned another man who has a chain of grocery stores in New York. And asked him to have two clerks out here to-morrow morning. So you won't have to worry about the shop. My father started them up in business years ago. And our family still owns stock in the firm, so he's glad to do it. They'll stay till your father's well again—if you let them—no matter how long it takes. And I'll hang around too, if you don't

THE LANE THAT WAS THE MUDDY PATH OF HIS RETURN TO JULIA

mind, so as to see that they keep on the job."

She wiped her eyes and tried to control herself in order to speak.

"No, no," he said. "Don't try to talk. I'm just explaining what I've been doing. So you'll understand who these people are when they arrive. And I've told Alan that you can't see him for a day or two. And I'll ask the clerks to keep him away if you wish. There'll be no need to worry about that. You'll have nothing to do but help Schelling and the nurses to get your father well."

She made a grateful sound, a sort of thankful moan.

"That's all right," he said. "I'm glad to be of any use."

And having offered all the explanations he thought necessary, he waited in silence, looking thoughtfully out at the rain and holding her to him. He had a peculiar expression of sober and responsible happiness. She lay at last as quietly in his arms as if she were sleeping.

There was a knock at the front door. "That's probably Schelling," he said. He patted her on the shoulder before he freed himself. She reached his hand and pressed it dumbly. He raised hers to his lips. And though neither of them spoke, the handclasp and the caress were, in effect, her tearful surrender and his almost tearful acceptance of it.

XXXVIII

He found Schelling at the door with an assistant and two nurses.

The profession regarded Schelling as a great man, and he had at least one of the almost invariable traits of greatness—he was without any self-conscious dignity. Dressed in an informal business suit, with a soft felt hat raked down over one eyebrow, he faced the world as he now faced Van Schoeck, with a shrewd and wrinkled diagnostic scrutiny which asked for no respect and gave none. "Oh, you're *here*," he said. "Where's the patient?"

"Upstairs."

He did not shake hands and he did not introduce his staff. His assistant nodded to Van Schoeck as they entered. The younger of the two nurses slipped past meekly; the elder ignored Van Schoeck with an unnecessary haughtiness.

"If you'll go through to the back," he said. "The stairs are there."

Schelling led them briskly through the darkened shop without any comment. He merely glanced at Julie when he saw her standing in the light of the back door, and then looked around from her in search of the stairway.

"Miss Cane, let me—This is Doctor Schelling," Van Schoeck presented him.

"Yes, I see," he said. "Where are the stairs?"

"This is Miss Cane," Van Schoeck insisted.

"Oh." He took off his hat. "Yes. How do you do?" He held out his hand.

She did not see it. She seemed to be trying to find in his face the skill that could save her father.

"All right," he said. "Where is he?"

She turned and led the way upstairs.

And Van Schoeck went to the telephone, called up his apartment in New York, and directed a servant to come immediately to Findellen, engage rooms for them at the Union Hotel, and take his bag there from the Birdsall's.

What this action indicated was plain enough when Schelling came impatiently down the stairs, with his hat on, and announced in a tone of contemptuous frankness, "I can do no good here. He hasn't a chance."

He tried to brush past on his way out to the shop. Van Schoeck blocked his path. "Why not?" he asked evenly.

Schelling scowled at him. "He's been starving with malnutrition—indigestion—for ten years or more. He has no stamina. His heart's bad. It's no use wasting my time."

"You'll not be wasting it," Van Schoeck said. "I wish you'd stay and do what you can."

Schelling took a long look at him. "Oh." He reflected, frowning. His frown slowly cleared. He asked, at last, "Are you going to marry this—Cane girl?"

"Yes," Van Schoeck said, "if I can."

"I see." He went over Van Schoeck's face, feature by feature.

"I'd like her to be—to be interested in your work," Van Schoeck hinted.

"I see."

What he saw, of course, was this: since Van Schoeck had come of age he had been one of the trustees of the fund upon which the hospital depended; and he had contributed to make up its yearly deficits and to support the research work that had made Schelling famous. Van Schoeck's wife would inevitably have a voice in his affairs. If anything happened to Van Schoeck she would probably administer his estate. It was part of Schelling's success in life that he knew how to handle the people from whom he needed money.

He nodded. "I see," he said. "In that case, of course—" He looked out the open door at the condition of the back yard. "Her mother," he asked, "is a religious maniac, isn't she?"

"I don't know. I've never met her."

He narrowed his eyes thoughtfully. "The girl looks healthy."

"Quite."

"Do your cousins know her?"

"No."

"I see. Well, I'll do what I can." He turned to go back upstairs.

"I don't mean," Van Schoeck said, "that Miss Cane knows anything of this."

"I understand."

And from that moment Julie was no longer her mere self, her father was no longer simply her father, and their house was not at all their house. They had all been altered by their new relation to the Van Schoeck estate. It was as if Julie had been picked to marry into royal prerogatives. She became a power-elect, though not yet in office. Cane was prospectively Van Schoeck's father-in-law. And the house was no more than a ward in the Van Schoeck hospital.

"Mrs. Cane," Schelling said at her first interference, "I doubt whether I can save your husband's life, but I'm willing to do my best. I must have a free hand, however, and if you hamper my nurses in any way, I'll hold you responsible for my failure."

"Mother," Julie pleaded, "take my room upstairs. Let them—"

"Who's goin' to pay for all this?" her mother demanded.

"*I* am," Julie said.

Mrs. Cane made a gesture of bitter abdication. "Go on. Do what you like. I'm nobody. You an' your father—" She went to the attic staircase, stopped as if she were about to make her final shot at them, gathered her old coat-sweater across her bosom with the air of wrapping herself in her dignity, and disappeared without a word.

"Thank you." Schelling took Julie's hand and patted it. "If his heart holds out we can pull him through, I think. I'll do my best, but you mustn't blame me if I fail."

She asked only, "What can I do—to help?"

"Keep a stiff upper lip. Don't let him see you're frightened." He smiled at her encouragingly. "The nurses will take care of you. Have you had any lunch?"

She did not wish any. Schelling spoke to the younger nurse and a few minutes later she came to Julie with a steaming bowl of beef tea, interested, staring, but respectful. From that time on she was Julie's nurse, detailed for that special service, although everyone kept up the pretense that she was nursing Cane. And when two other nurses arrived to do night duty, one of them devoted herself watchfully to Julie.

Julie remained indifferent to their attention because she was unaware of it. She had no eyes for their quick and competent movements in and out of her father's sick room. She had no ears for their noiseless bustle or for their reassuring murmurs when they spoke to her. She was like a gambler at a roulette table, absorbed in watching a spinning ball which meant her father's life or death. The suspense had now become so great and so terrible that it left her no capacity for any other emotion. She waited in a dumb, blank, exhausted restlessness—standing at a window in the dining room and looking out on the tar-and-gravel roof of the storeroom where she had played as a child—standing in the parlor, staring at the empty arm-chair in which she had so often sat on his knee—standing in the doorway of the bedroom where her father had stood when she drew her first wailing breath, and gazing at him sleeping feverishly with a nurse beside his pillow and a doctor setting up a tank of oxygen.

She was unable to do anything to help; she knew nothing of illness. The nurses, on Schelling's orders, had taken over the kitchen; they and the doctors had engaged rooms at the hotel and ate their meals there, so she had no household management to consider. She carried upstairs to her mother a tray which had been prepared for her, but Mrs. Cane was too happy in her grievance to jeopardize it by any communication with anyone. She was, quite humanly, letting her resentment occupy her mind to the exclusion of more painful feelings.

Julie wandered down from the attic to the storeroom, intending to ask Van Schoeck if he had had any food, but

when she arrived there she had forgotten what she came for. The storeroom was empty. She heard voices in the shop. An angry voice—Alan's voice—drew her to the door. He was scolding Van Schoeck, accusing him of—what? She went in to them, unnoticed. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Julia!" Alan cried.

"Go away," she said. "You have no business here."

"Business! Business! I've as much business as *he* has." She turned to go back. "Julia," he pleaded, "don't act like this to me. Let me help. I didn't know he was ill. I didn't mean to—Look. Here's the letter I wrote you. Read it. Here."

"No. No—never." She waved him away. "Nothing. Nothing from you. Never. Never again."

The shop was now so dark, even with the door open, that he could hardly see her. "Julia!" He followed her, trying to reach her, to touch her. Van Schoeck grasped him by the arm.

"You'd better go away," Biddy said.

Alan tried to throw off his hold, cursing in a sudden insane rage that vented all his accumulated feelings against Julie. Van Schoeck swung him round, pinned down his arms in a hug from behind, caught both wrists in one powerful hand, picked him up with an arm about his knees, and carried him, kicking and swearing, to the door. "If you come back here again," he said, setting him on his feet, "I'll *spank* you."

HE STOOPED DOWN BESIDE HER AND CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS

He gave him a shove from behind that shot him down the steps into the street.

When Alan turned, hatless, the door was shut. He sprang at it and kicked it furiously. Biddy plucked it open, caught him by the collar, and jerked him into the shop. "Now!" There was a silent scuffle in the darkness. It ended with Alan, choked by a hand twisted in the back of his linen collar, lying face down across Van Schoeck's bent knee. At the first resounding whack of the spanking he went limp, and Biddy stopped. "I'm sorry," he said. He put the trembling boy on his feet and shoved him gently out the door. "Please go away."

He went. He picked up his hat from the steps and went without a word, without even a look behind him. He turned up his overcoat collar to cover his bruised throat, sank his hands in his pockets, and staggered away, shuddering weakly. At the corner he dropped his head to hide his face because he was crying. When he came to the river road he was afraid to approach the bridge; he was afraid that he might throw himself in the river. He turned north on Mountain Avenue.

And yet, two hours later when he was nearing his home, tired out, he saw Alice Carey and her father coming toward him, and he drew himself up jauntily to meet them and saluted them with an airy bow. Then as he passed Alice—on an impulse of resentment that seemed independent of his will—he slipped into her hand, unseen by her father, the note that he had written Julie.

XXXIX

Cane had been dreaming. He dreamed that he was standing on the hill above Findellen, looking down on the little town and feeling a peculiar inflation and buoyancy in his chest; he flexed his knees and sprang into the air. He rose, astonished. He rose and seemed for a moment to float, suspended, before he sank lightly back.

Gosh! He did not believe that he had done it, but when he tried it again, with a stronger leap, there was no doubting it. He rose like a toy balloon. "I can do it!" he thought. "I must've been able to, all along—all my life—an' I never knew it. I believed I couldn't because people told me I couldn't!" And leaping for the third time, in an exultant confidence, he found that by treading down the air and making little finlike movements with his hands, he could not only remain aloft above the treetops—he could rise and continue rising, higher and higher, gloriously.

The sun had been sinking. Its lower edge had already touched the western hills. But as he soared he seemed to raise the sun with him, because as he ascended he cleared the shadow of the earth and caught the rays like a sunset cloud. "Gosh!" he said. "I can keep it—sunlight. If I go on up it'll never be night." And this delighted him because he hated darkness. "No more night! Gosh!" Once free of the revolutions of the earth, of course there would be no more night. He would float in eternal sunlight, in the immense spaces of the sky. "Why?" he asked himself, "why didn't I think of it before? It just shows you. People don't realize their powers."

He looked down contemptuously at the landscape below him. There it was, dead, inert, immovable. It could never escape the night, as he could. It could never escape from the earth, as he could. It had to be rolled around and rolled around forever, from day to night, from winter to summer, the mountain looking down at the village and the village looking up at the mountain. He felt superior. He pitied the everlasting hills. He was off—on his way—leaving them.

And then, of course, he remembered. He remembered that he had to see someone—his mother?—to say good-by—to explain where he was going and to tell her not to worry about him—that he was all right. He reversed the movements of his hands and he began at once to descend. He lit on tiptoe, at the top

of Mountain Avenue, and he started to bound down the road toward home in long flying leaps that were as graceful and effortless as the soaring and dipping of a bird. The excitement of it was so great—it was so breathless and it set his heart to racing so wildly—that it woke him up.

He was lying on his back, panting, the whole bed shaken by his heartbeat. The nurse had put a hand under his shoulder to turn him on his side. "Say, maw," he said—and recognized that she was not his mother. "Huh!" he grunted painfully. And then he smiled.

He smiled with the superior and pityingly complacent feeling that he had had in his dream. Here was this same dull old room, in the unchangeable old house, set forever in the mud and pavements of the immovable old town, looking at the everlastingly imprisoning hills, and stupidly unable to get away from them. He was different. He did not have to live forever. Gosh! He had never thought of that before—not *that* way.

The nurse had noticed the movements of his hands in his dream. Now, as he smiled in the dim light of the lowered gas-jet, she put a clinical thermometer in his mouth. He grinned. He felt placidly contemptuous of her and her nursing. His body seemed asleep in a dull ache of its own that left his mind swimming free. He let his eyes move contentedly over the walls and the furniture.

Nearsighted eyes, everything was blurred and vague to them, but he knew the room by heart. It had not changed since he first entered it. He had brought nothing into it but his clothes, and they were few. There was the dresser, for instance. It had belonged to old Sowers, and the brush and comb on it were Sowers', and the round box in which he kept his collars had been Sowers' too. And outside of the room nothing was his own but the few books he had bought and kept; the house, the shop, the business, the furniture—all were Sowers'. There they were, just as Sowers had left them—stupid, enduring, imprisoned things.

At the thought of them he looked exactly as he had looked at the immovable landscape in his dream, though he was not aware of that origin of his feeling. What had been a fear in him that he was going to die—a fear confirmed by the arrival of so many doctors and nurses—had somehow changed itself into this placid and contemptuous sense of superiority over these things around him which he would leave behind. He seemed almost to float above them in his bed—happy, airy, free.

And then, of course, he remembered. He remembered that he had to say good-by to some one—his mother?—to tell her not to worry about him, that he was all right. His mother? He frowned, perplexed. It was a young woman like his mother, with red hair, but it was not—

Julie!

It struck him with a physical pain in the heart that wrung a groan from him. Julie! He was leaving Julie. And lying there with the thermometer in his mouth, he stared tragically at the thought of her.

When the nurse took the thermometer, he said feebly, "I want—my daughter." She bent over him to see him better. "It's all right," he said, in a stronger voice. "I'm all right."

She withdrew behind him. He took a long breath that crackled in his chest, controlled a desire to cough because he did not feel able to cough, and waited, saving his strength to smile at her.

She was beside him before he saw her. He smiled at the dim figure that he knew was she. "Sit down a minute," he whispered, trying to pat the bed.

She sat down and took his hand, and he wanted to respond to the pressure of her clasp but his fingers felt swollen, enormous, and stiff. He could not move them. He made an effort to clear his sight, blinking, but even when she kissed him it was only from the wetness of her face that he knew she was weeping.

"It's all right," he whispered. "I'm all right. I just wanted to tell you. I feel better—a lot better. I'll get well all right. But I wanted to tell you—if I *don't*, see?—if this thing gets me—don't you worry." He gasped it out, word by word, with a persistent cheerful feebleness. "I was here before you came, wasn't I? For a good many years before you were born, I was here waiting for you, see? I was finding out things so's to be able to tip you off when you arrived, wasn't I? Well, if I have to move on, I'll do the same thing over there. Don't you be scared. I'll be finding out what's what. I'll have it all lined up by the time you come, just the way I had here." He rested, every now and then, like a man toiling up an exhausting ascent. "I'm not going yet—not by a darned sight—but I'm not scared, at that, no matter what happens. An' don't *you* be, see? You an' me, we're not scared of anything. If we hang together they won't put much over on us—anywhere—any more than they did here."

"DO WHAT YOU LIKE—I'M NOBODY"

She was unable to reply. She pressed his hand, blinded and choked with tears. He panted hoarsely, catching his breath.

"Besides," he went on more faintly, "there's a lot o' things I can't find out here, see? I *got* to find out. An' I can do it. An' I know exactly how I'm *going* to do it, too. I've believed I couldn't just because people said I couldn't, but I've been trying out a little experiment lately an' it's as easy as swimming." He frowned uncertainly. There was something wrong, something unreal about his memory of himself soaring up into the sunlight, but he could not decide what was the matter with it. "Well, never mind about that," he mumbled. "We'll keep that to ourselves, see? People don't believe that sort of thing. They're like this Birdseed boy." He looked at her anxiously. "What're you going to do about *him*?"

"I've told him—I'll never see him again. Never."

"That's the talk. He's no good. Well, that's all right. Nobody needs to worry about you. You got brains. That's all right. What I wanted to say was—well, let's see. What I wanted to say—" He closed his eyes and relapsed into a long, faintly gasping silence. "Yah. That's it. I'll know you the minute I see you—the same as I did here. Don't be scared. It's like that machine o' mine—that anti-gravity one—only you don't need a machine, see? You just have to know you can do it. Confidence, see? Know your powers. You can do anything. Yah. —Well, I just came back to tell you not to worry. I'm all right. I'm fine. It just shows you, Julie—"

He had not opened his eyes. She waited for him to go on. She waited a long time before she realized that he was asleep. Then she released his hand and rose to tiptoe out of the room, consoled in spite of her anxiety, as he had always consoled her.

She had no suspicion that she was never again to hear herself called "Julie" by anyone.

They had brought from the attic the cot on which Cane used to sleep in the storeroom before he married, and she lay down on it, still dressed. She woke several times in the night to hear his painful breathing in the next room—a breathing that became slower and slower, feebler and feebler, stopped, and then started up again with a fierce, eager, fighting rapidity. She did not know enough to be worried by it. At last she slept in a dead exhaustion.

When she wakened there was sunlight on the window blind—and silence from the bedroom. She was covered with a shawl. Van Schoeck was sitting beside her. She knew from his look what the silence in the bedroom meant. She turned and hid her face in the pillow and reached out her hand to him.

He caught it. "Julia!"

Her reply was in the way in which her fingers clung to his.

Of all the impossible possibilities that have since come out of Findellen, perhaps the most improbable has been Julie Cane's success in the life and environment of Julia Van Schoeck; for whatever else you may think of her, she has certainly been successful—as conspicuously successful as Niagara Falls. Her career has been such a public performance that it must take precedence as a marvel even over the private miracle of Alice Carey's happy marriage to Alan Birdsall—a marriage which infuriates everybody who sees it, in spite of the fact that the husband is blissfully contented doing as he pleases, and his wife is sweetly pleased to let him. The third prodigy, Martha Perrin's complete recovery from bedridden invalidism, made the reputation of Doctor Beck, but his is only a local reputation after all. And it is only in what you might call the business circles of Findellen that the sale of Cane's grocery to a New York firm, for a price sufficient to retire the widow on a pension, is recognized as the holy wonder that it was.

(THE END)

ON REREADING CATULLUS

BY HARRY KEMP

THE flutes, the silver flutes began with dawn,
With dawn the flutes and hidden birds began;
All tremulous with stops the music ran
Of light, skilled fingers lifted or laid on;
The birds were practiced, too, and played upon
Obedient throats that tracked no casual plan:
For as they played they all looked up at Pan—
Nor had the flutes his leadership foregone.

Then I saw altars gleaming, marble-pure,
With fire—or day—too bright to shine in words;
Again, I saw the satyrs' quick pursuits,
The nymphs' delayed escapes, with yielding sure,
While—was it flutes that waked the hidden birds
Or birds that brought awakening to the flutes?

THE LION'S MOUTH

JACK AND JILL

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

I HAVE been doing some pretty heavy thinking about the intellectual differences between the two sexes. Are women, I have been wondering, born conservative, and are men born radical? In support of this hypothesis I offer you the facts with regard to a small girl, aged three and a fraction, and an even smaller boy, aged exactly two. Let us regard them as Exhibit A and Exhibit B in our investigation, and survey them with the cold eye of science.

Jill is a standpatter. She views with alarm any departure from the established routine. She must always sit in the same chair to eat her evening dish of prunes, and if apple sauce is substituted for prunes she is thrown into confusion. She stands for the rights of property; if her brother Jack appropriates her toy taxicab she raises a hubbub beside which the protests of Judge Gary at the machinations of Mr. W. Z. Foster are as nothing. She believes in discipline; the word "mustn't" is constantly in her mouth. "Mustn't go out without a coat on," she says severely to her father in the same tone of voice in which members of the Committee on Foreign Relations say, "Mustn't go into the World Court without reservations on." She prefers to have things done to-morrow as they were done yesterday. Even Senator Lodge could hardly be more insistent than she on having his customary piece of zweiback presented to him at the customary moment as he kicks off his slippers and climbs into his crib for the night. She doesn't smash the furniture or other established institutions. We used to take upon ourselves the credit for her behavior; when other parents lamented the ink bottles spilt on the carpet by their young barbarians, we smiled indulgently and prided ourselves on the masterly training that kept Jill in the ways of peace. But now we know better. Up to the age of three at least, we have decided, the female of the species is more lawful and orderly than the male.

It was Jack who brought us to humility.

I shouldn't like to give the impression that Jack is deliberately destructive. The better word would be headlong. Like other good radicals, if he destroys things it is not from a love of destruction but merely from an excess of zeal coupled with a lack of experience. He wants to examine everything, climb over it, push it around, and test its qualities of resistance by banging it against something else. He combines the exploratory fervor of a Balboa with the indefatigability of a La Follette—except that if he ever reached a peak in Darien he wouldn't stand silent but would immediately charge full tilt for the Pacific to see if it was any good for splashing, and that, unlike the Senator from Wisconsin, he is always in uproarious humor. He does not agree with the editors of the *Nation* that the world is a bad place and reform a weary task; he is delighted to find it a place in which there are so many things right-side up that might be turned upside down by the experimental mind with undeniably comic effect. Jill holds that whatever is, is right; Jack's view is that whatever is should be taken apart to see if it is amusing enough to be right.

"Hello, hello, and what have we here?" he seems to be thinking as he comes charging into the room where I am working. "A waste basket? That's worth looking into. Curious thing, this theory that waste baskets look better right side up. Now my idea is that their contents should be spread about on the floor. Would you like to bet that there is nothing of a humorous nature in this basket? I thought so—the pictorial section of the *Times*. Such funny pictures! May I show them to you, Daddy, and leave them in your lap, after proving that the paper on which they are printed may be torn quite easily and with a pleasant sound? I wonder if it would make more noise if I beat on the mahogany desk with the ash tray or with that silver candlestick on the table. That one over there. Just a minute and I'll climb up on the armchair and get it. Rather a job to climb up. Now that I'm up, I think I'll just let the candlestick go for a minute and get down and climb up again about seventeen times to see if I can't find a better way of doing it. Immense sport, climbing.". . .

That is about what Jack would say during the first three minutes of a standard hour of his life if he were given to more fluent speech. Long after you have quietly left the room because the atmosphere seems uncongenial to anything so conservative as work, you can hear him climbing up the chair and down again with chuckles of appreciation, slamming the door at various velocities to study the action of the latch, falling over the waste basket that he himself left in the middle of the floor, and enjoying everything prodigiously and audibly. Yes, he is the cheerful radical: put him in politics and in thirty seconds he'd be saying, "Well, well, if here aren't a lot of coal mines. Let's nationalize them. I offer a bill to that effect. And bless my soul, if here aren't some farmers. I offer a bill to appropriate a billion dollars for the farmers. Nothing like a little experimentation. If you don't like it we'll try something else."

When Jill sits beside me in the flivver she is all for caution and safety first. "Put your other hand on the wheel," she admonishes when she sees me endangering private property by driving with one hand. Jack's vocabulary to date contains only such more vital words as "Daddy," and cannot express his true feelings; but I am sure that if he were as voluble as she, he would be crying, "Faster! Faster! Why use any hands on the wheel at all? How long do you suppose we'd stay in the road? I say five seconds; do you say more or less? Here's a corner—wouldn't it be more fun if we ran over the traffic officer instead of going round him?"

Sometimes I try to imagine what Jack will be like when he grows up. But my imagination is unequal to the task. A minute ago I spoke of him as he might behave as a Senator. But in my mental picture he insists on rushing jovially about the Senate Chamber, banging the desk, scattering public documents, climbing upon the Senatorial chairs and jumping off them; and I realize that as I visualize him he is wearing a little blue print suit buttoned about his waist with large white buttons, and is only just two years old and not a Senator at all, and that my imagination has accomplished nothing.

Perhaps he will have exhausted all the joys of experiment long before he reaches years of discretion, and will become a sedate conservative who prefers a reliable business administration, low surtaxes, and no entangling alliances; while his sister, weary of a youth of regularity, will scandalize him by sympathizing with the Soviet Government and voting the Farmer-Labor ticket and coming out openly for prunes and apple sauce on alternate nights. But there, you see, my imagination has gone back on me again. I can't do more for my hypothesis about the intellectual difference between the sexes than offer my evidence about these two small children as they are to-day.

Let's leave them so for the present. Only let's not leave Jack in the same room with anything breakable unless Jill is there to say "mustn't," as all good conservatives say to all good radicals.

THE HIGHBOY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

MY wife must have heard a sound of some kind, for she looked up from her book in distinct irritation.

"What are you laughing at?" she demanded.

"That wasn't a laugh," I replied. "That was a sigh—a sigh of artistic satisfaction. I have just evolved a perfect work of art, an absolute *bijou*, flawless in form and profound in conception."

With an air of somewhat ostentatious martyrdom, Maude turned down the page of her book and laid it beside her on the table.

"What is this masterpiece, this absolute *bijou*?"

"It is a short story," I replied, "a short story *par excellence*, not to say *ne plus ultra*. It has all the compactness of Chekov, plus the sardonic truth of de Maupassant, plus the little flick at the end of O. Henry."

"All that?" asked Maude dully. "Well, carry on."

"The story," I explained brightly, "is this: The hero—we'll call him John Jones—is a struggling young author who has lived for eight years with his wife in a little white house in the country."

My wife looked at me suspiciously, but she made no remark.

"They are just like Darby and Joan," I continued, "this Jones and his wife. For eight long years they have lived together without the slightest ripple on the water. To be sure, they have no money—"

"I gathered that about two sentences back," remarked Maude. "You said he was an author."

"Old stuff!" I retorted. "Just for that I'll make him a bond salesman. I seem to know a certain young lady's brother who is a bloated broker in Wall Street, yet has no compunction about letting a poor author pay for the seats every time they go to the theater together."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed my wife. "It happened only once."

"Three times," I corrected, "not to mention train fare between New York and Stockbridge and a telephone bill of nearly twenty dollars at the New Brighton Hotel."

"But, goodness gracious!" admitted Maude, "if you are going to keep an exact dollars-and-cents account of your social life with your friends—I thought you said this was a short story."

"I did," I replied, "and it is if you'll let me tell it. This, then, is the plot in two words: Here you have this Jones and his wife, two honest lovers, living a quiet, self-sacrificing life in the country. He is wrapped up in his work—"

"And what is she wrapped up in?" demanded Maude quickly.

"Well, she's wrapped up in him," I had to confess. "I know it isn't ideal but there they are—both in their original wrappers. Now will the listener kindly keep in mind that for eight long years they've never had an unpleasant moment. If his work has met with rebuff and defeat, she has always taken him to her arms and consoled him. On the other hand, if she herself has ever wanted anything: jewels, fine gowns, horses and carriages, she has never said anything about it—just stifled it."

I looked up cautiously at that, expecting a swift return from the net, but my wife was apparently not listening. I spoke a little louder.

"She stifled it," I repeated. "If she wanted fine gowns or horses and carriages, she stifled it."

"Oh, I heard you the first time," answered Maude, wearily. "To my mind, she's a simp."

"At any rate she was a great help to Jones."

My wife looked up suddenly, with

flashing eyes. "For Heaven's sake," she demanded, "if you admire that kind of woman—all spectacles and highbrow and loving-kindness, why in the world didn't you marry one and be done with it?"

"I didn't say I did admire her," I retorted. "I didn't even say that Mrs. Jones was that kind."

"You make her sound like it," replied Maude. "I can see her now—old-fashioned, high-boned corsets, and shirt-waists with a belt. Belongs to a drama league and is good to the birds. Detestable type of woman, I call her. I suppose you'd like *me* to pull my hair straight back off my eyes and wear flannel nightgowns with a little frill at the neck."

"My dear girl," I begged, holding up my hand, "don't get all worked up about poor Jonesey's wife. Can't you learn to look impersonally at a work of art? Do you suppose that Goya or Dante admired his own creations—as people they'd want to take to the club? Just try to consider this pair of simple lovers as I consider them—purely as figures in a drama, as puppets of fate."

"Exactly the word for them," replied Maude. "Come on. Push along."

"Of course," I suggested painfully, "if you don't want to hear this story you needn't."

Maude softened distinctly. "Oh, don't be an ass," she replied. "I *do* want to hear it. It was just because you went rambling off about those theater tickets. Now what about Jonesey?"

I began again. "Well, here they have lived for eight years in the country—"

"Yes, I know all that," replied Maude. "No horses and carriages."

"And no ripples!" I insisted firmly. "But one day this author's wife was going through an antique shop in the village and she happened to see a perfectly marvelous old bonnet-top highboy, the first she had ever discovered outside a museum."

To be candid, this was the only point in the story that I had really dreaded. I looked up cautiously; but to my relief, while my wife was blushing she was also laughing.

"So *that's* it, is it?" she asked. "I knew there was going to be *some* dirty dig in this fable."

"Not at all," I replied. "We can call it a lowboy if you want, or even a footstool. It doesn't matter. The highboy is merely symbolic—the symbol of a wife's desires. You see, all these years this wife in the story had bravely squelched her secret longings for gowns and jewels. Those didn't affect her. But she was artistic at heart, and so when she saw this genuine bonnet-top highboy—"

"She fell for it."

"Exactly," I said. "That's just what happened. Highboys were the one weak spot in her armor—her price, if you will. At the same time she realized that this one was way beyond her husband's means and for days and days she tried to drive even the thought of it out of her mind."

"But it wouldn't drive," suggested Maude. "The sinful little hussy!"

"Of course, to her," I agreed, "it did seem sinful. You see that's the delicate little note of pathos in the tale. This woman had been so good all her life that merely to want a highboy which she couldn't afford was as sinful in her mind as if she had planned to commit—"

"I get your point," replied Maude, "but in the story you'd better say 'arson.' Adultery's rather rococo, don't you think?"

"I'll fix it somehow," I answered. "But now begin the daily and hourly struggles of this poor, tortured creature. The first thing she does is go back to look at the highboy—in secret—feeling as guilty as Zaza. Timidly, furtively she asks the dealer to hold it for her. He consents to do so for exactly one week, and by a curious coincidence it also happens that one week from that day is her birthday."

At this word Maude half leaped from her chair. "You darling!" she cried. "You're not honestly planning—?"

"Eyes in the boat!" I commanded sharply. "No, Sweetheart, I'm planning nothing. I'm simply trying to tell a story—against odds. Please remember that up to this point the husband doesn't know a thing about the old highboy; but little by little he begins to see that at last some mysterious ripple is creeping across the perfect pool of his wife's idyllic happiness. At first she refuses to tell him what it is but finally, after threats and entreaty, he worms it out of her. Did you get that last? He *wormed* it out of her."

"Yes, I got it," replied Maude, unconcerned. "But, good heavens and earth! Just because I happened to see a perfectly marvelous highboy and your own cousin says it would be absolutely criminal not to snap it up at the price, and just because I happened to mention it casually two or three times, you try to make it appear that I have been carping on it every day for a month. Besides, if you didn't want to get a rise out of me, why did you put in that about the wife's birthday?"

"In a story," I answered, "facts are unimportant or accidental. It is the eternal, underlying moral struggle that really counts."

"Oh, fish!" retorted my wife. "Did she, or did she not, get the highboy? That's all I want to know."

"And that's exactly what every reader will want to know," I answered. "That's the artistry of the story—element of suspense. For you see that now, in addition to his wife's mental struggles, the husband began a set of his own. To him the whole question came down to this: How could he get the price of the highboy before his wife's birthday?"

"And that's all the question there was to it anyway," commented Maude. "That's the first sensible thing you've made him do."

"Thus," I continued, "as Jones had no trade except that of author, he sat down and wrote a story. He had a bully idea. He wrote a story about a young author and his wife who had lived eight years in the country and one day the wife came to her husband and confessed that she wanted a highboy."

"Oh, help!" exclaimed Maude. "And I suppose that in Jones's story the second author sat down and wrote a story about an author who had a wife who wanted a highboy, and so he in turn sat down and wrote a story about a man whose wife wanted a highboy and so on *ad infinitum*."

"Precisely," I answered. "Isn't it beautiful? But I'll tell you where I got the idea. It was from a box of Quaker Oats. You know, on every box there's a picture of a Quaker holding a box of Quaker Oats in his hand. And on the box that he holds is a little Quaker holding a still smaller box. And on the smaller box is a tiny Quaker holding an infinitesimal box. And on the infinitesimal box—"

"That's enough," interrupted Maude. "No doubt it's very subtle, but if you don't mind I'd rather follow this tale with the coarse eye of the general public. It's action we want, not infinity. You started with Jonesey, so let's see him through. He wrote the story, you say?"

"He did, and he sent it right off to a great magazine. It took him only one day to write it because, you see, he was fired by the loving help of his wife. But there were now only six days left in which to get a verdict. So, every morning right after breakfast he walked to the post office to see how fate was going to turn. You remember, I think, that they lived in the country and so all his mail was put in plain sight in his own little box, with a tiny glass door and a number. And I'll describe in the story how the box was right opposite the door, so he could see whether or not it was empty the minute he walked in. Then, of course, in his daily anxiety he got so keyed up that he could tell even from the street whether or not there was anything in the box."

Maude squirmed and drew one foot up under her.

"I can easily see where it might get

you excited," she confessed. "Poor Mrs. Jones!"

"And every day," I continued, "you can feel the suspense getting tighter and tighter. I'll just pull those poor devils through a slow, lingering agony.

"First day, of course, nothing doing—but Jones didn't expect it. Nevertheless, awfully worried on the way home. Second day, he begins to hope but pretends that he doesn't. Nothing doing, of course, but this time his wife meets him at the door and searches his face. Both try to be flippant about it. Laugh it off. Very hollow—ha-ha. Third day, neither one can eat any breakfast. They quarrel a little as to which one shall go to the post office. Husband goes. Sees from the door. Nothing in the box. Just blank glass. Fourth day, both of them getting decidedly pettish. Try to pretend they aren't worried. Husband goes to the post office. Asks the postmaster whether mail ever gets missent. Fifth day, wife on the verge of tears. Husband kicks the dog, then repents. Love of animals stuff. Still nothing doing. Box empty."

I held up my hand. Maude followed the gesture with wide-open eyes as if she expected to see me take a rabbit out of my palm.

"And now," I announced, "comes the big moment. Dawning of the sixth day, after a sleepless night. It is the wife's birthday and also she's had a notice from the man in the antique shop that a millionaire wants to buy the highboy, regardless of price, and that he cannot hold it one moment after twelve o'clock noon. Business of gulping down coffee. Husband must save all his strength. Both give way to all sorts of little private superstitions. Wife's hand trembles as she gives husband his hat. If they'd only had a child perhaps they wouldn't have wanted the highboy so badly—"

"Oh, come on, for goodness sake," interrupted Maude. "Cut out the artistry. What finally happened?"

"To get the whole effect," I replied, very slowly, "I think I'd better tell it to you just as I'm going to write it. Now listen, for here is the crux:

. . . As Jones turned out of the dusty highway and into the village street, he could feel his knees hit together and his heart pound like a trip-hammer. His hands were bloodless and his mouth was dry. A passer spoke to him but he heeded not. His eyes, his ears, and all his senses were focused on the door of that post office and beyond it, in the shadows, on a little numbered box.

It seemed to loom out from the others like a dread, malignant eye of some monster, glaring glassily to mock his overwrought nerves. For a moment a dizziness of uncertainty overwhelmed him; then, as his vision grew clearer, he looked at the tiny, fateful square of crystal and he saw . . .

"He probably saw a notice, 'Box Rent Due,'" suggested Maude. "He would—after all that time."

"No," I answered, "I'm not going to tell what he saw. I'm just going to carry the story up to that point, then put in a line of dots and leave it."

"Leave it to the reader's imagination?" asked Maude, in disgust.

"Not a bit of it. Leave it to the editor's imagination. Don't you see the idea? That's just what Jones did with *his* story and presumably what all the others did with theirs. Each one of them simply wrote out his heart in his story, letting an editor know how a certain brave little woman was dying for a highboy. Then at the crucial point he ended with that plaintive little row of dots. It was just as if he raised his hands at the end and said, 'Well, Mr. Editor, how about it?'"

"Um-m," mused Maude, doubtfully. "It might work and again it might not. Of course, I want a highboy—"

Then suddenly she broke off with firm resolution. "But anyway, write a nice, joshing letter and tell them to hurry. For it isn't really six days to my birthday." She looked down at the dying embers, then up at the clock. "It's now only five."

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

THE VOTER AND THE PRESIDENT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IT SEEMS more incredible than usual that this should be the October number of the Magazine. The summer did not start until July, and strawberries were current and well regarded long after the middle of that month, whereas in these latitudes they usually culminate by the Fourth. That summer is gone, one may admit, but hardly that autumn is a month old. And what an autumn! With all the problems of contemporary life pressing in on us demanding opinions and insisting that we shall settle all problems of humanity by a vote.

We won't do it, because a vote is not up to so big a job, but doubtless as far as a vote will go, we shall settle them. October is the real take-off of the year, as we are annually reminded. Then schools begin; people come back to town; there are new fashions in the shop windows. Everything begins except politics, which has still a full month to go, the hottest of the whole campaign.

Theophilus Broadhead has been thinking about boys' schools and their imperfections, and even writing on that subject. He discussed it with a philosopher who finally suggested that he should begin by discussing what is a boy. So when we discuss politics we have to begin by considering what is a voter. Surely an appalling subject. A voter! It would not be too much to say Hell and Maria! particularly as voters nowadays are of both genders. Is there any variety of misconception of any subject, dead or alive, that is not entertained by one or another bloc of the electorate of the United States? And probably the wrongest-headed people are the surest to vote! Consider how little voters vote with their minds and how much they vote with their livers, or their spleens, or wherever is the seat of prejudice. They vote according to racial promptings; according to whether their grandmothers were Presbyterians, Quakers, Jews, or Catholics; according to whether their grandfathers voted for Andrew Jackson or John Quincy Adams; according to their affections, their antipathies, their wages, the state of business, the price of wheat, the prosperity or otherwise of sugar or steel; according to their views about Darwin, or whether New York is a useful center of population or an ogre that threatens to gobble up the West and all its money. Let each of us think of himself—of the interests, the traditions, the derivations and the environments that affect our judgments; let each of us who is a voter consider how he himself is going to vote and why. The result may not be very flattering, in spite of our natural desire to think as well of ourselves as we can. How much worse when we think of voters in the mass! How extravagant seems the hope of getting out of them a righteous and intelligent verdict in accordance with the facts!

And yet that hope survives all experience; better than that, indeed, in our country, is considerably supported by experience. For some mystical reason the voter is apt to beat both the political machinist and the sophisticated reasoner in getting to the man the times need.

Sophisticated citizens and politicians are both apt to see some things bigger than they are and to be warped in their choice of candidates and in their efforts to elect them by considerations which are not really vital, though they seem so. The voters do not so much think as feel. They go more by instinct. The mass of them unorganized cannot provide government: they need leaders; they need some political machinery; but when candidates are offered to them they can make a choice. They can choose between parties, too, shifting from one party to another. In President-making the fact that the candidates must take the verdict of the voters affects the choice of candidates and probably, on the whole, affects it favorably.

The voters' capacity for mischief is limited in several ways. In most elections there are only two or three ways that voters can vote. If they don't vote for one candidate they vote for the other, and even when there are three the chances are at least one in three that they pick the best man. A lot of their aspirations and antipathies cannot find expression in a ballot. If their vote is to count for anything they must vote for some one who is sane enough to be backed by a considerable following, because otherwise he could not be a serious candidate.

Besides that, the voter, taken by and large, is subject to influences from without himself. When a notion or persuasion sweeps through the country strongly enough, it may carry him along with it and deposit his vote without much help from his personal judgment. When that happens there befall what are called landslides.

"And another thing—" continued a commencement orator last June—"and another thing: do not be satisfied merely with the visible world. There is a lot more to existence than that. The visible world, the things of which your senses alone make you aware, is not enough. You may glut all your senses and still not be satisfied. There is something else that you will need and there is something in you that will always reach out to supply that need."

So too with politics. There is more in it than is visible. In nothing else is there a more appreciable sense of mortal mind—as the Christian Scientists would say—trying to swing jobs that are a little beyond the capacity of its best efforts. When the politicians have worked their heads off to pick the best issues and sort out the likeliest candidates, they are still sensible, in spite of all their protestations of certainty, that the outcome is beyond them. They know—most of them—that, except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it, and, still doing their best and sticking to their chosen purpose, they watch and wait to see how nearly their endeavors will finally consort with destiny.

Perhaps that is one reason why political conventions in this country are so prayerful. The more obvious reason is that it placates the more pious voters to have them so, but that is not the whole story. In Europe prayers and politics are much less mixed, and one recalls the complaints from Americans because the help of the Almighty was not formally solicited by the statesmen who built the Versailles Treaty. Franklin, who was not notably religious but incomparably wise, finally called for prayer to help out the deliberations of the convention which made the Constitution, very much as Bryan did when the Democratic platform threatened to die a-borning. It was the appeal to the invisible to help the seen, and in both cases it was timely medicine.

At this writing the political calculators are busy with lists of the states, assignments of some of them to one or another of the candidates, and conjectures about the large group left over whereof the final disposition is still pure guesswork. For this seems, even more than usual, a campaign in which anything may happen, and in which any one of a collection of issues may forge to the front overnight and decide the election. For Europe is

an issue, with Ireland liable at any minute to develop into a separate one. In so far as the Catholics make an issue of the Klan, they make an issue more or less of the Roman Catholic Church. Union labor seems ambitious to be an issue. The farmers are another. Something in the campaign may make an issue of Volstead. And then there is that regular performer, the tariff, and the new aspirant, the surtax, and plenty more, so that it amounts to this: that there is an unusual number of subjects on which some group or other is or affects to be sensitive, and is ready to make a violent outcry if any candidate or campaign orator makes injudicious remarks on that subject.

Now a good deal of all that is affectation. When Mr. Gompers says the American Federation of Labor is going for La Follette because there is something in the Democratic platform that does not suit it, or when Judge Cohalan, who is nominally a Democrat, disapproves of Mr. Davis because he is too fond of England or because, as the Judge says, the Democratic platform was surrendered to the Klan—in either case the reasons are not impressive. Mr. Gompers simply did what he had to do, and Judge Cohalan behaved naturally, and both of them put out the best reasons they could think of at the time. Really in a multitude of issues there is a kind of safety. They make for caution in discourse, but they are only symptoms of what the election will really turn on. There is a new political group in power in England which, working with a new political group in power in France, has brought new hope to a world that needed it. Any group which can do that for us is going to be welcome. Both our chief parties, though they are not new, are under new leadership. President Coolidge is a very decided change from President Harding. Mr. Davis, as a candidate and a shaper of policies, is a new hand and all the more so because Mr. Wilson has died. Mr. La Follette's party is new, so new indeed that it is hard to say just what it stands for. It has no record. Its platform is Mr. La Follette. It stands for him but no one expects him to be elected, though it is recognized as quite possible that he may have the power to decide which of four men shall be our next President. The best political word just now is "progressive." The Labor party in Britain is progressive. Herriot's party in France is progressive. The most truly progressive of the two great parties here ought to get the most votes, and probably it will develop in the campaign that the favorite epithet with which the speakers of one party assail the candidates of another will be "stand-patter." Reactionaries and stand-patters are not in demand. It is not to them that one looks for the cure of the current perils of civilization.

The great issue of all is Europe and the averting of war. That job is so enormously important that all the other issues seem petty beside it. Besides that, it includes all the others. Everything that anybody wants out of an election except office, which for many is the main thing, is something which they think or pretend to think will make life go better for them. But the great wholesale improvement of life lies in breaking up the war habit, or so at least it seems to be. Winston Spencer Churchill had a piece lately in one of Mr. Hearst's magazines discussing whether civilization should commit suicide, for that and nothing less was what he felt that a big new war with all the modern improvements would amount to. And of course he knows what the modern improvements are. It is true that we may have mistaken notions of what is good for us, what is good for civilization, and what is good for this world; but if we think it is bad for the works of man to be destroyed and vast numbers of people killed off, and what is left of the surplus wealth of the world to be used up in more fighting, then we must feel that the great issue in politics is the averting of war and the development of some method of co-operation by which the

nations may succeed habitually in sprinkling salt on the tail feathers of the Dove of Peace. So of our coming election one may say that the man we ought to choose is the one who will be the best man at promoting peace.

And this is a considerable office that we are invited to fill. There will not be much dispute nowadays that, all things considered, it is the greatest office in the world. The President has more power than any considerable sovereign that is left. He has a more certain continuity in office, for better or worse, than any Premier in Europe. Mr. Davis has spoken of running for President as the greatest adventure a man can undertake. Really, the Presidency is a big job, more than a man-size job; an office of such ceaseless duties, such profound responsibilities, and such opportunities as almost inevitably to lift its occupant out of himself and make him feel that he is, or ought to be, working in co-operation with the higher powers. Indeed, to get along at all it would seem that the President must regard himself as an instrument of powers invisible, and must feel that he is only responsible for what he is, and that when he has done his level best in any crisis the issue lies with fate and not with him. For that reason it seems improper, and in a way foolhardy, for any aspirant to insist on being nominated. To be willing to serve, to disclose his opinions and define his position, is enough. Some candidates have gone beyond that and practiced to get control of the machinery which secures nomination, but this is better done by a candidate's supporters than by himself. For really, the Presidency in the strict sense of a much abused adjective is an awful job, that a man does well to approach with his hat off and to undertake it, if it comes to him, with more or less fasting and prayer. One remembers Grover Cleveland and his practice now and then of taking out a new consecration. It needs to be done by folks in general but especially by Presidents.

Of course the President is not an absolute monarch. He exercises the powers of his office under the law, is responsible to the people who chose him, can be impeached by Congress and turned out of office if he has transgressed the limitations of his place. Of course, too, he has advisers and takes counsel with them, and a large proportion of his duties are discharged by proxy; but in his power of appointment, his power of initiative, his power as the leader of his party, his power to influence legislation, and his power as the voice of the government of the United States, he is sure to be an extremely conspicuous figure and may be a tremendous one. His power of voice is one of the greatest endowments that his office brings him. What he says on any important matter, and a great deal that he says and does about things of slight importance, goes all over the country, finds space in all the newspapers, and, nowadays, is carried everywhere by radio. Because of that, not only the man's public life but his private life also is a constant influence so long as he holds office.

And so not only what a President does but what he is counts for very much. Once elected and in office, the instinct of the country is to support him. He stands for the law. He stands, while his term lasts, for something like divine right, since it is no great strain on democratic intelligence to see in the chosen of the people the chosen of the Lord.

A President ought to be a politician. He should understand the processes of politics, its mechanisms and the men who run them. That is a branch of knowledge not in high repute because men who are proficient in it are often limited to that proficiency, and try to use it to accomplish low or trifling aims. But a President, if he is to do much, must have a party to back him, and must know how to hold it together. Whether he is a great President or not depends on whether he holds it to great policies or small ones.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

IN

THE SECOND COMPETITION

OF THE

HARPER SHORT STORY CONTEST

The Editors announce the following awards in the second competition of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE *Short Story Contest, which closed June 30, 1924:*

FIRST PRIZE *of $1250.00 to Fleta Campbell Springer, for* "LEGEND."

SECOND PRIZES *of $750.00 each to Conrad Aiken, for* "THE DISCIPLE," *and to Edwina Stanton Babcock, for* "WAVERING GOLD."

These two stories were tied for second place, having an equal number of points according to the system of scoring agreed upon in advance with the judges, Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale, and Bliss Perry, and it was therefore decided that instead of awarding a second prize of $750.00 and a third prize of $500.00, the Magazine should award two second prizes of $750.00 each.

Three stories received honorable mention: "A Great Club Woman," by Margaret Culkin Banning; "The Elder Brother," by Charles Caldwell Dobie; and "Cameo," by Edgar Valentine Smith.

The first prize story, "Legend," will be published next month, and the second prize stories will follow in subsequent issues.

Further comment on the competition will be found in the Personal and Otherwise pages.

The third competition began on July first and closes September 30.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

WITH the campaign in full swing, more people than ever are asking themselves what is the real difference between a Republican and a Democrat. In our leading article this month, ***Elmer Davis,*** an astute observer who has seen much of politics and politicians as correspondent for *The New York Times*, answers this question in a new way. His conclusions are unorthodox, and many readers will fiercely oppose them; but it will not, we think, be easy to dislodge him from a position surprisingly well fortified with historical facts. Mr. Davis (who, by the way, is not related to the Democratic candidate) is known to readers of the *Times* as the creator of Godfrey Gloom, an unterrified Democrat of Amityville, Indiana, who appears periodically at the political conventions; and to novel readers as the author of two amusing books, *Times Have Changed* and *I'll Show You the Town*.

"Women Come to Judgment," ***Margaret Culkin Banning's*** story, was awarded Third Prize in the first quarterly competition of the Short Story Contest. This is Mrs. Banning's first appearance as a HARPER contributor, but she has written for other magazines and is the author of several novels, including *Half Loaves*, *Country Club People*, and the recently published *A Handmaid of the Lord*. She lives in Duluth.

Arthur Sturges Hildebrand's third and last paper on Magellan's voyage will appear next month, and will tell what happened after the remnant of the Great Navigator's fleet left Cape Dezeado and set sail across the Pacific.

The days of discoveries such as Magellan's have departed. For a present-day parallel to the exploits of the navigators we must turn to the work of modern men of science. The frontier on which ***Elton Mayo*** is pioneering, as an investigator of the psychological problems of industry for the Wharton School of Commerce and Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, is a frontier within the human mind; yet he and his co-workers are none the less breaking new ground. His article contains many implicit suggestions for the more rational ordering of the industrial scheme and of human society on the basis of recent advances in psychology. Many readers will recall his article entitled "Civilized Unreason," which appeared last March.

Viola Paradise's story, "A Calabrian Goes Home," received honorable mention in the first competition of the Short Story Contest. Miss Paradise, who lives in New York, has previously contributed articles to the Magazine on a subject close to that of her story—the effect on European countries of returned American immigrants.

Konrad Bercovici is one of the ablest short-story writers in this country. Artist rather than sociologist, in his article on present-day Harlem he states a tremendous problem without indicating its solution. That is left for the reader to ponder over.

We publish this month the last of a series of articles by one of the masters of modern English prose, ***H. M. Tomlinson.*** Only yesterday we read a newspaper clipping which the literary critic of the Providence *Journal* called "a review of a book not yet in print," expressing the hope that Mr. Tomlinson would bring together these and other papers between book covers. He spoke of Mr. Tomlinson as "a very real genius." It is a pleasure to announce that *Tide Marks*, a chronicle of Mr. Tomlinson's journey to the Moluccas and the forests of Malaya, containing the material which has gone into his HARPER articles and other chapters as yet unpublished, will appear shortly over the imprint of Harper & Brothers.

"Little Brother of the Underbrush" is the work of two brothers, Frenchmen, who collaborate under the name ***Marius-Ary Le-***

blond, and have won a high place among the younger writers in Paris. The translation is by Louise Collier Willcox.

"Salting the Cattle" brings us back from Malaya and Morocco to more familiar scenes. ***Katherine Upham Hunter***, the author of this idyl, lives in West Claremont, New Hampshire; the river of which she writes is the Connecticut, whose annual floods she vividly described last spring in a chronicle entitled "When the Floods Clap Their Hands."

The last of ***Basil King's*** four articles on the Bible appears this month; and this one, it seems to us, is the most important of them all. Mr. King is widely known both as a novelist and as the author of *The Conquest of Fear*. ***Harvey O'Higgins'*** story of Julie Cane—the first novel he has written since he established his reputation as a literary craftsman of unusual quality with his two volumes of short stories, *From the Life* and *Some Distinguished Americans*—comes to an end this month after having been a welcome feature of the Magazine ever since last March. It is to appear this autumn in book form.

The poets of the month include ***Amy Lowell***, internationally known both as poet and critic, who is bringing out this autumn a book on Keats which represents years of research; ***Morrie Ryskind***, a New York writer who contributes to many of the magazines; ***Jessie B. Rittenhouse***, who is best known for her excellent anthologies of modern verse; and ***Harry Kemp***, author of *Tramping on Life* and other books of prose and verse.

The contributions to the "Lion's Mouth" are made by ***Frederick L. Allen*** of the HARPER staff, who writes frequently for this department of the Magazine, and ***Philip Curtiss***, author of the delightful new mystery story, *The Gay Conspirators*. We understand he has recently added a new highboy to the furniture of his house at Norfolk, Connecticut.

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The second quarterly competition of The Short Story Contest closed on June 30th. Nearly three thousand stories were submitted during its three months' duration.

As in the first competition, the Judges differed widely. Each picked a different story for first place. "Legend," by ***Fleta Campbell Springer***, one of the best-known story-writers in the country and a frequent contributor to HARPER'S, was rated first by one Judge, second by another, and fourth by the third. "The Disciple," by ***Conrad Aiken***, a distinguished American poet who has recently taken up short-story writing and is at present living in England, was ranked first by one Judge, and fourth by each of the others. "Wavering Gold," by ***Edwina Stanton Babcock***, another frequent HARPER contributor, secured a first choice and a third, and was not listed among the first four by the other Judge. "A Great Club Woman," by ***Margaret Culkin Banning***, who makes her first appearance in HARPER'S this month with the story which won Third Prize in the first competition, secured a second and a third choice. "The Elder Brother," by ***Charles Caldwell Dobie***, had one second choice to its credit; and "Cameo," by ***Edgar Valentine Smith***, winner of the O. Henry Prize for the best story published in any magazine in 1923, received one third choice.

As stated in the announcement on a preceding page, the application of the point system gave the First Prize of $1,250 to Mrs. Springer. Mr. Aiken and Miss Babcock were tied for second place. As there seemed to be no way of deciding which should have Second Prize and which Third, the Editors concluded to award a Second Prize of $750 to each of them, thus eliminating the Third Prize.

It is interesting and, we believe, significant that the Judges, considering the stories solely on their merits and without knowing who wrote them, awarded the First Prize and one of the Second Prizes to writers who have been represented in HARPER'S for many years. The fact that Mrs. Springer's story was ranked highest by a jury of three disinterested authors and critics, representing different schools of thought but all of them discriminating critics of literature, and none of them aware of its authorship—is not this a notable vindication of the opinion which we have long held, that she is one of the very ablest and most distinguished short-story writers in America? "Legend" will appear in the November issue.